LIBRARY
2465
Pacific Theological Seminary.

ALCOVE, SHELF,

Presented by
Enoch Pond's Son

E. Pond

E. Lane

E. Pond

Seminary Cloth back

THE

POEMS

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK:
HARPER AND BROTHERS.
1846.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by
H. W. Longfellow,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
METCALF AND COMPANY,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

CONTENTS.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

PAGE

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Prelude 7
Hymn to the Night . . . 8
A Psalm of Life 8
The Reaper and the Flowers . 9
The Light of Stars 9
Footsteps of Angels . . . 10
Flowers 10
The Beleaguered City . . . 11
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year 12

EARLIER POEMS.

An April Day 13
Autumn 13
Woods in Winter 14
Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem 14
Sunrise on the Hills . . . 15
The Spirit of Poetry . . . 15
Burial of the Minnisink . . 16

TRANSLATIONS.

Coplas de Manrique 17
The Good Shepherd 23
To-morrow 23
The Native Land 23
The Image of God 24
The Brook 24
The Celestial Pilot . . . 24
The Terrestrial Paradise . . 25
Beatrice 25
Spring 26
The Child Asleep 26
The Grave 27
King Christian 27
The Happiest Land . . . 28
The Wave 28
The Dead 28
The Bird and the Ship . . . 28
Whither? 29
Beware! 29
Song of the Bell 30
The Castle by the Sea . . . 30
The Black Knight . . . 30
Song of the Silent Land . . . 31
L'Envoi 32

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

Preface 33

BALLADS.

The Skeleton in Armor . . . 36
The Wreck of the Hesperus . 38
The Luck of Edenhall . . . 39
The Elected Knight . . . 40
THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER 41

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Village Blacksmith . . 48
Endymion 48
The Two Locks of Hair . . . 49

- It is not always May 49
- The Rainy Day 49
- God's-Acre 50
- To the River Charles . . . 50
- Blind Bartimeus 50
- The Goblet of Life . . . 51
- Maidenhood 51
- Excelsior 52

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

- To William E. Channing . . . 53
- The Slave's Dream 53
- The Good Part 54
- The Slave in the Dismal Swamp . 54
- The Slave singing at Midnight . 54
- The Witnesses 55
- The Quadroon Girl 55
- The Warning 56

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

- The Spanish Student . . . 57
- Notes 95

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

- Carillon 97
- The Belfry of Bruges . . . 98

MISCELLANEOUS.

- A Gleam of Sunshine . . . 99
- The Arsenal at Springfield . 99
- Nuremberg 100
- The Norman Baron 101
- Rain in Summer 102
- To a Child 103
- The Occultation of Orion . . 105
- The Bridge 106
- To the Driving Cloud . . . 106

SONGS.

- Seaweed 107
- The day is done 108
- Afternoon in February . . . 108
- To an Old Danish Song-Book . . 108
- Walter von der Vogelweide . 109
- Drinking Song 110
- The Old Clock on the Stairs . 110
- The Arrow and the Song . . 111

SONNETS.

- The Evening Star 111
- Autumn 112
- Dante 112

TRANSLATIONS.

- The Hemlock-Tree 112
- The Statue over the Cathedral Door 112
- The Legend of the Crossbill . 113
- The sea hath its pearls . . . 113
- Annie of Tharaw 113
- Poetic Aphorisms.
  - Money 114
  - The Best Medicines . . . 114
  - Sin 114
  - Poverty and Blindness . . 114
  - Law of Life 114
  - Creeds 114
  - The Restless Heart . . . 114
  - Christian Love 114
  - Art and Tact 114
  - Retribution 114
  - Truth 114
  - Rhymes 114
- Curfew 115
- Notes 118

POEMS.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

PRELUDE.

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
  And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
  Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
  No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
  The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
  I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
  With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
  The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
  O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
  Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
  Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
  Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
  And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
  Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
  The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
  The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
  I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
  It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
  As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
  "Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
O, I could not choose but go
  Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
  Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
  Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
  Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
  In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
  Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again;

Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds!
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein,
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast,
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
Pallid lips say, 'It is past!
We can return no more!'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

◆

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

◆

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O, no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

◆

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour-wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

◆

FLOWERS.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the selfsame, universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the selfsame powers,

Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

◆

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely, — sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling, —
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing; "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray, — pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers; —
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king, — a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray,
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith, —
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath, —
"Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul, could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson!

EARLIER POEMS.

[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion; "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."]

AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seedtime and harvest, has returned again,
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
'Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! — many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

◆

AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,

That on wild-cherry and red-cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent
teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

◆

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

◆

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it!—till our homes are free!
Guard it!—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But, when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him!—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him!—he our love hath shared!
Spare him!—as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner!—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,

Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

◆

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me; — bathed in light,
They gathered midway round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash, —
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! — No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

◆

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

There is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandalled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds, —
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes, —
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,

Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, — and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature, — of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us, — and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

◆

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose, — and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

TRANSLATIONS.

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on, — calm, dignified, and majestic.]

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O, LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past, — the past, —
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that 's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, — the Good and Wise, —
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;

So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal;
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes,—the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us,—chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me,—the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;
Her swift-revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded bawbles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,—
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay,—but onward speed,
With loosened rein;

And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace, —

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardor show
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the king, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume, —
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!

But, O, how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, — the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array, —
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;

What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of Death
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, — the true
And gallant Master, — whom we knew
Most loved of all, —
Breathe not a whisper of his pride;
He on the gloomy scaffold died, —
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His hamlets green and cities fair,
His mighty power, —
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep, —
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son, —
Roderic Manrique, — he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy, —
Ye saw his deeds!

Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; — how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise!
What grace in youthful gayeties!
In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, — his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, — and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare which of old
'T was his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions than before
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served; —
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;

When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,—

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,—
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man,—nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,—
'T is but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid,—the spirit
Corrupt with sin,—shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart,—thy hope is certainty,—
The third—the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,—
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,—

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind,—

His soul to Him who gave it rose.
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!

And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.*

◆

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Shepherd! that with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me, —
That mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! — thou who for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait! — to thee my weary soul is crying, —
Wait for me! — Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt waiting still for me!

◆

TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, — that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O, strange delusion, that I did not greet
Thy blest approach! and, O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow."

◆

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

Clear fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.

---

* This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

"O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

"Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

"Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

"Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs."

Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

◆

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O Lord! that seest, from yon starry height,
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King! O, let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

◆

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shunn'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

And now, behold! as at the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,

Appeared to me,—may I again behold it!—
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first brightness into wings unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,

He cried aloud; "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!

"See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores!

"See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"

And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,

But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot!
Beatitude seemed written in his face!
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

"*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt!"
Thus sang they all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

◆

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

Longing already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,

Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead, —
No heavier blow than of a pleasant breeze:

Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward towards that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;

Yet not from their upright direction bent,
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime
Singing received they in the midst of foliage
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes;

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I had entered;

And lo! my farther course cut off a river,
Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves,
Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

◆

BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX., XXXI.

Even as the Blessed, in the new covenant,
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,
Wearing again the garments of the flesh,

So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying; "*Benedictus qui venis*,"
And scattering flowers above and round about,
"*Manibus o date lilia plenis.*"

I once beheld, at the approach of day,
The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
And the other heaven with light serene adorned,

And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,
So that, by temperate influence of vapors,
The eye sustained his aspect for long while;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
And down descended inside and without,

With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,
Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,
Vested in colors of the living flame.

. . . . .

Even as the snow, among the living rafters
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through itself,
Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,
Like as a taper melts before a fire,

Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
Before the song of those who chime for ever
After the chiming of the eternal spheres;

But, when I heard in those sweet melodies
Compassion for me, more than had they said,
"O, wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume
him?"

The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
Through lips and eyes came gushing from my
breast.

. . . . .

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my
mouth,
To understand it one had need of sight.

Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark;

So I gave way under this heavy burden,
Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,
And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

◆

SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

XV. CENTURY.

Gentle Spring, in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou — thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and
the rain;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;
But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

◆

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Sweet babe! true portrait of thy father's face!
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast!

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend; —
'T is sweet to watch for thee, — alone for
thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of
harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold
arm?

Awake, my boy! — I tremble with affright! —
Awake, and chase this fatal thought! — Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! — he but slept, — I breathe
again; —
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
O, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

For thee was a house built
Ere thou wert born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee,
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

◆

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD.

King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol';
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave! *

---

* Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or *Thunder-shield*. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

There sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,—
And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there 's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

. . . . .

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land!"

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

"Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

◆

THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK.

How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

◆

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

"The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And every thing, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?"—
"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou may'st stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither poet nor printer may know."

◆

WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

◆

BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

◆

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Bell! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully;
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

◆

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

◆

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'T was Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the king and spake:
"So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
A luxuriant spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the king looked on;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight.
"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon? say!"
"Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I 'm a prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock.
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,—
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls glances,
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin;

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every knight and every dame.
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient king reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:
"Golden wine will make you whole!"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:
"O, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly.
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth;
Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

◆

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

L'ENVOI.

Ye voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

* * *

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar!

* * *

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where Death encamps!

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

PREFACE.

There is one poem in this volume, in reference to which a few introductory remarks may be useful. It is *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér; a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village; and belongs to the same class of poems as the *Luise* of Voss, and the *Hermann und Dorothea* of Goethe.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream, and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir-boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons — an heirloom — to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine-bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks, in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant-women, travelling homeward or town-ward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch-bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road-side, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font or the coffin. In the church-yard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church-spire, with its long, tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the church-yard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church-steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church-pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant-girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding-guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribands and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding-guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and, after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in a neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue, innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones, — "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration, after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage-feast, as he was at the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her boddice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage-chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding-guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; — no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broad-cast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant-girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church-songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on the top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime;

---

* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

and the watchman, whose watchtower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants, —

"Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!"

From his swallow's-nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

I trust that these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong, by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure; that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, "the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all."

Esaias Tegnér, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By in Wärmland, in the year 1782. In 1799, he entered the University of Lund, as a student; and in 1812, was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824, he became Bishop of Wexiö, which office he still holds. He stands first among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. His principal work is Frithiofs Saga; one of the most remarkable poems of the age. This modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes. He is the glory and boast of Sweden; a prophet, honored in his own country, and adding one more to the list of great names that adorn her history.

BALLADS.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

[The following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838–1839, says: —

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century; that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round-arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon, and sometimes Norman, architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with old Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay-magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, — "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."]

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seem to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships, with iron keel,
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As, with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And, when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear, —
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison-bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"*
— Thus the tale ended.

◆

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn-buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main, —
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

---

* In Scandinavia *Skoal* is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O, say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

◆

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

[The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

Of Edenhall the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain, —
The house's oldest seneschal, —
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it *The Luck of Edenhall.*

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all;
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light, —
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'T was right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
We drink deep draughts right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters, at last, like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper, takes a race of might
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang! — with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the flames upstart;
The guests in dust are scattered all
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword!
He in the night had scaled the wall;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall;
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton;
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside;
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall!"

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

[The following strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of knight-errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide;
But never, ah! never, can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
A knight full well equipped;
His steel was black, his helm was barred;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest,
And it was sharper than diamond-stone;
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold;
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven?" quoth he,
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a knight elected?
And have three maidens thee bedight?
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode,
They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the spring sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holyday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! With lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the church-yard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new-twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among the departed
(There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the swift-changing moment,
While all around, at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
In which the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of Heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner were swept and cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions[1]
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church-wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,[2]
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

---

[1] The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

[2] The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft, like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallín,* of David's harp in the North-land,
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the reverend teacher.
Father he hight, and he was, in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds; but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered grave-stone a sunbeam.
As, in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation),
The Artist, the friend of Heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered;
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.
Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
Afterwards, when all was finished, the teacher reëntered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming;
But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident maidens,—
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
Friendly the teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear; for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when springtide approaches,
Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,—
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line, from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-worded answer.

---

[1] A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Now went the old man up to the altar; — and straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate teacher.
Like the Lord's prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment,
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him were transparent,
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered;
This is, moreover, the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye
Lay on your mother's breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor
Rains from the heaven downward; — to-day on the threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
For she knows naught of compulsion, only conviction desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth
Now from your lips the confession; bethink ye before ye make answer!
Think not, O, think not with guile to deceive the questioning teacher!
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on life's journey; the multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge Everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him
Grave your confession, in letters of fire, upon tablets eternal.
Thus, then, — believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created?
Him who redeemed it, the Son? and the Spirit where both are united?
Will ye promise me here (a holy promise!) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?
Will ye promise me here to confirm your faith by your living, —
The heavenly faith of affection? — to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?" — With a clear voice
Answered the young men, Yes! and Yes! with lips softly breathing
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the teacher
Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake on in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!
Yet, — for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,
Ruling them as his own household, — forgiving in turn and chastising:
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.
Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine
Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross suffered and died for.
O, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
O, how soon will ye come, — too soon! — and long to turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,

Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
Life was a play, and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!
Seventy years have I lived already; the Father Eternal
Gave to me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,
Known them all, all again;—they were my childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take, from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,
Follows, so long as she may, her friend; O, do not reject her,
For she cometh from God, and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.—
Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flyeth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames ever upward.
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowers,
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again; and the spirit's longings are worship;
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.
Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the grave-yard,—
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them.
Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?
Therefore fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who
Hung his masonry pendent on naught, when the world he created.
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums
Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing.
Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger,
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roe-buck.
Yet, why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger,
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,
Not in the fire nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.
Love is the root of creation,—God's essence; worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his Spirit

Into the slumbering dust, and, upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
Quench, O, quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother,
Loved you as God has loved you; for 't was that you may be happy
Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour,
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart; and the dead, from their sepulchres rising,
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
The answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigna, — Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection; —
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
Perfect was, before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing,
Lost like thyself, on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate, then, thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; — on earth it is called Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him who forgave, with the crown of thorns round his temples?
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know him?
Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example;
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings;
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly Shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
Hope, — so is called upon earth his recompense, — Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
Him who has given us more; for to us has Hope been illumined,
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Prophet's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,
Fears not the winged crowd; in the midst of them all is her homestead.
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous,
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,

Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate springtide.
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed,—but what they were, only. Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth, until Death's hand
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new-born, 'fore the face of its Father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him.
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and, face to face standing,
Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,
Never forgets he the weary;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter!
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise;
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not;
Earth is but dust, and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.
God of the Universe, hear me! thou Fountain of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word; again may they know me,
Fall on their teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
'Father, lo! I am here, and the children whom thou hast given me!'"

Weeping, he spake in these words; and now, at the beck of the old man,
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's inclosure.
Kneeling, he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.—
Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the teacher silent, and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.
"On the next Sunday,—who knows?—perhaps I shall rest in the grave-yard!
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth. Why delay I? The hour is accomplished;
Warm is the heart. I will so! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now; for what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.

Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions
Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the beginning
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite likewise.
See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.
Brought forth is Sin full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms,
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings,
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
Downward to earth he came and transfigured, thence reascended;
Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token.
Tokens are dead, if the things do not live. The light everlasting
Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed,
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,
Penitence weeping and praying, the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this preserve us, thou heavenly Father!
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,
Yes! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:
"O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!"
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.
O, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the church-yard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver!
But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; there saw they
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand; but all of them pressed he,
Moved, to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

◆

ENDYMION.

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropped her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, — the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity, —
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, — as if, with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long!"

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away, that dream, — away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that, both by night and day,
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought; —
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks — and they are wondrous fair —
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

NO HAY PÁJAROS EN LOS NIDOS DE ANTAÑO.
Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright, — the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new; — the buds, the leaves
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves; —
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, O, it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God.
This is the place where human harvests grow!

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this; — thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

'T is for this, thou Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd; — he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"

And he replies, "O, give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
And Jesus answers, Ὕπαγε·
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty voices three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

◆

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

Filled is life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid, to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
Then sleep we side by side.

◆

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, — life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered; —
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

◆

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

[The following poems, with the exception of the last, were written at sea, in the latter part of October, 1842. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

The pages of thy book I read,
And, as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice that cried
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
This dread Apocalypse!

◆

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand! —
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;

For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
  And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
  Had broken and thrown away!

◆

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

She dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
  In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
  Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
  That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
  All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
  With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
  By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
  Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
  And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
  When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
  Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
  In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
  And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
  To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
  And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
  Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
  Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
  That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
  That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
  The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
  And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glowworms shine,
  In bulrush and in brake;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
  Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
  Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
  Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
  Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
  Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
  All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
  With songs of liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
  From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
  And struck him to the earth!

◆

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,

When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel!
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

◆

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
  Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
  With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
  Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
  No more to sink or rise.

There the black slave-ship swims,
  Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
  Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves;
  They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
  "We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains
  Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
  Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
  In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
  Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
  Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
  That choke life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of slaves;
  They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
  "We are the Witnesses!"

◆

THE QUADROON GIRL.

The slaver in the broad lagoon
  Lay moored with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon,
  And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
  And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
  Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,
  Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from paradise
  Upon a world of crime.

The planter, under his roof of thatch,
  Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The slaver's thumb was on the latch,
  He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides
  In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
  And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
  In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
  A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were, like a falcon's, gray,
  Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore save a kirtle gay,
  And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
  As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
  The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old,"
  The thoughtful planter said;
Then looked upon the slaver's gold,
  And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
  With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
  Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;
  He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
  Her hands as icy cold.

The slaver led her from the door,
  He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
  In a strange and distant land!

◆

THE WARNING.

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore
  The lion in his path, — when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
  Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry, —

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
  His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
  A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor, blind slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
  Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
  And shake the pillars of this commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Victorian,
Hypolito, } *Students of Alcalá.*
The Count of Lara,
Don Carlos, } *Gentlemen of Madrid.*
The Archbishop of Toledo.
A Cardinal.
Beltran Cruzado, *Count of the Gypsies.*
Bartolomé Roman, *a young Gypsy.*
The Padre Cura of Guadarrama.
Pedro Crespo, *Alcalde.*
Pancho, *Alguacil.*
Francisco, *Lara's Servant.*
Chispa, *Victorian's Servant.*
Baltasar, *Innkeeper.*
Preciosa, *a Gypsy Girl.*
Angelica, *a poor Girl.*
Martina, *the Padre Cura's Niece.*
Dolores, *Preciosa's Maid.*
Gypsies, Musicians, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The* Count of Lara's *chambers. Night. The* Count *in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with* Don Carlos.

LARA.

You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;
How happened it?

DON CARLOS.

I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there?

LARA.

Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gaily dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

DON CARLOS.

What was the play?

LARA.

It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.
There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

DON CARLOS.

Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

LARA.

And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

DON CARLOS.

Almost beyond the privilege of woman!
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal, — queen-like, — and her face
As beauteous as a saint's in paradise.

LARA.

May not a saint fall from her paradise,
And be no more a saint?

DON CARLOS.

Why do you ask?

LARA.

Because I have heard it said this angel fell,

And, though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

DON CARLOS.

You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong!
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

LARA.

How credulous you are! Why, look you, friend,
There 's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

DON CARLOS.

You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

LARA.

And therefore won
The easier.

DON CARLOS.

Nay, not to be won at all!
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair;
And yet this woman was above all bribes.
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,
The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
Offered her gold to be what she made others,
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,
And smote him in the face!

LARA.

And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion?

DON CARLOS.

It proves a nobleman may be repulsed
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

LARA.

Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

DON CARLOS (*rising*).

I do not think so.

LARA.

I am sure of it.
But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer,
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

DON CARLOS.

'T is late. I must begone, for if I stay
You will not be persuaded.

LARA.

Yes; persuade me.

DON CARLOS.

No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

LARA.

No one so blind as he who will not see!

DON CARLOS.

And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*

LARA.

Greater faith!
I have the greatest faith; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter* FRANCISCO *with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco,
What speed with Preciosa?

FRANCISCO.

None, my lord.
She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

LARA.

Then I will try some other way to win her.
Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

FRANCISCO.

Yes, my lord;
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

LARA.

What was he doing there?

FRANCISCO.

I saw him buy
A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

LARA.

Was there another like it?

FRANCISCO.

One so like it
I could not choose between them.

LARA.

It is well.
To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.
Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, *followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

CHISPA.

Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here 's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and do n't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

CHISPA.

Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Why so?

CHISPA.

Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

An Aragonese bagpipe.

CHISPA.

Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

No, your honor.

CHISPA.

I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

SECOND AND THIRD MUSICIANS.

We play the bandurria.

CHISPA.

A pleasing instrument. And thou?

FOURTH MUSICIAN.

The fife.

CHISPA.

I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

OTHER MUSICIANS.

We are the singers, please your honor.

CHISPA.

You are too many. Do you think we are

going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden-wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Preciosa's *chamber. She stands at the open window.*

PRECIOSA.

How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

(*Enter* Victorian *by the balcony.*)

VICTORIAN.

Poor, little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

PRECIOSA.

I am so frightened! 'T is for thee I tremble!
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
Did no one see thee?

VICTORIAN.

None, my love, but thou.

PRECIOSA.

'T is very dangerous; and when thou art gone
I chide myself for letting thee come here
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

VICTORIAN.

Since yesterday I 've been in Alcalá.
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

PRECIOSA.

An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

VICTORIAN.

And we shall sit together unmolested,
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
As singing birds from one bough to another.

PRECIOSA.

That were a life indeed to make time envious!
I knew that thou wouldst visit me to-night.
I saw thee at the play.

VICTORIAN.

Sweet child of air!
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night!
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

PRECIOSA.

Am I not always fair?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
And wish that they were blind.

PRECIOSA.

I heed them not;
When thou art present, I see none but thee!

VICTORIAN.

There 's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes
Something from thee that makes it beautiful.

PRECIOSA.

And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

VICTORIAN.

Thou comest between me and those books too often!
I see thy face in every thing I see!
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

PRECIOSA.

In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the schools
To-morrow morning.

VICTORIAN.

And with whom, I pray?

PRECIOSA.

A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace
The Archbishop of Toledo.

VICTORIAN.

What mad jest
Is this?

PRECIOSA.

It is no jest; indeed it is not.

VICTORIAN.

Prithee, explain thyself.

PRECIOSA.

Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

VICTORIAN.

I have heard it whispered.

PRECIOSA.

Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop
Has sent for me ——

VICTORIAN.

That thou may'st dance before them!
Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men!
'T will be thy proudest conquest!

PRECIOSA.

Saving one.
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

VICTORIAN.

The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away!

PRECIOSA.

Dost thou remember
When first we met?

VICTORIAN.

It was at Córdova,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

PRECIOSA.

'T was Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange-boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.

VICTORIAN.

Thou blessed angel!

PRECIOSA.

And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

VICTORIAN.

Remember him no more. Let not his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!
I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

PRECIOSA.

I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

VICTORIAN.

That was the first sound in the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

PRECIOSA.

That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

VICTORIAN.

So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

PRECIOSA.

I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!
I cannot reason; I can only feel!
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world!
The distance that divides us is too great!
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back.

VICTORIAN.

Thou little skeptic!
Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
Compare me with the great men of the earth;
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
But if thou lovest, — mark me! I say lovest, —
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

PRECIOSA.

Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;
But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I more deserve it?

VICTORIAN.

Loving more.

PRECIOSA.

I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

VICTORIAN.

Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
Drink the swift waters of a mountain torrent,
And still do thirst for more.

A WATCHMAN (*in the street*).

Ave, Maria
Purissima! 'T is midnight and serene!

VICTORIAN.

Hear'st thou that cry?

PRECIOSA.

It is a hateful sound,
To scare thee from me!

VICTORIAN.

As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
The moor-fowl from his mate.

PRECIOSA.

Pray, do not go!

VICTORIAN.

I must away to Alcalá to-night.
Think of me when I am away.

PRECIOSA.

Fear not!
I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

VICTORIAN (*giving her a ring*).

And to remind thee of my love, take this;
A serpent, emblem of Eternity;
A ruby, — say, a drop of my heart's blood.

PRECIOSA.

It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

VICTORIAN.

What convent of barefooted Carmelites
Taught thee so much theology?

PRECIOSA (*laying her hand upon his mouth*).

Hush! Hush!

Good night! and may all holy angels guard
thee!

VICTORIAN.

Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!
(*He descends by the balcony.*)

PRECIOSA.

Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou
safe?

VICTORIAN (*from the garden*).

Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?
Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray, shut thy window close;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

PRECIOSA (*throwing down her handkerchief*).

Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes.
It is my benison!

VICTORIAN.

And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

PRECIOSA.

Make not thy voyage long.

VICTORIAN.

To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good
night!

PRECIOSA.

Good night!

WATCHMAN (*at a distance*).

Ave, Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.

An inn on the road to Alcalá. BALTASAR *asleep on a bench. Enter* CHISPA.

CHISPA.

And here we are, half way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

BALTASAR (*waking*).

Here I am.

CHISPA.

Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

BALTASAR.

Where is your master?

CHISPA.

Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

BALTASAR (*setting a light on the table*).

Stewed rabbit.

CHISPA (*eating*).

Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

BALTASAR.

And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

CHISPA (*drinking*).

Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

BALTASAR.

I swear to you, by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

CHISPA.

And I swear to you, by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat, and a great deal of tablecloth.

BALTASAR.

Ha! ha! ha!

CHISPA.

And more noise than nuts.

BALTASAR.

Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

CHISPA.

No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

BALTASAR.

Why does he go so often to Madrid?

CHISPA.

For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

BALTASAR.

I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

CHISPA.

What! are you on fire, too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

VICTORIAN (*without*).

Chispa!

CHISPA.

Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

VICTORIAN.

Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

CHISPA.

Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

VICTORIAN'S *chambers at Alcalá.* HYPOLITO *asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.*

HYPOLITO.

I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!
And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!
The candles have burned low; it must be late.
Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,
The only place in which one cannot find him
Is his own cell. Here 's his guitar, that seldom
Feels the caresses of its master's hand.
Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(*He plays and sings.*)

Padre Francisco!
Padre Francisco!
What do you want of Padre Francisco?
Here is a pretty young maiden
Who wants to confess her sins!
Open the door and let her come in,
I will shrive her from every sin.

(*Enter* VICTORIAN.)

VICTORIAN.

Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

HYPOLITO.

What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

VICTORIAN.

Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,
I am the greatest sinner that doth live.
I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,
A maiden wooed and won.

HYPOLITO.

The same old tale
Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,
Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;
I 'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

VICTORIAN.

Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full
That I must speak.

HYPOLITO.

Alas! that heart of thine
Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain
Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

VICTORIAN.

Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;
Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine together.
But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova
Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

HYPOLITO.

Thou meanest Preciosa.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, the same.
Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She 's in Madrid.

HYPOLITO.

I know it.

VICTORIAN.

And I 'm in love.

HYPOLITO.

And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be
In Alcalá.

VICTORIAN.

O, pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

HYPOLITO.

Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa, —
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave?*
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

Ave! cujus calcem clare
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!

VICTORIAN.

Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!

HYPOLITO.

Seriously enamoured?
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamoured of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

VICTORIAN.

I mean it honestly.

HYPOLITO.

Surely thou wilt not marry her!

VICTORIAN.

Why not?

HYPOLITO.

She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdova.

VICTORIAN.

They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.

HYPOLITO.

But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

VICTORIAN.

In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I 'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

HYPOLITO.

If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,
'T will be indeed a wonder.

VICTORIAN.

Out upon thee,
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray, tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world?

HYPOLITO.

Not much.
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;
Now, while we speak of her?

VICTORIAN.

She lies asleep,
And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and, on her breast,
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.

HYPOLITO.

Which means, in prose,
She 's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

VICTORIAN.

O, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!

HYPOLITO.

And wouldst thou venture?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, indeed I would!

HYPOLITO.

Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now?*

VICTORIAN.

Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
What lovers with their marble lips together!

HYPOLITO.

Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,
That is the very point I most should dread.
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale were better left untold.
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
Desertest for this Glaucè.

VICTORIAN.

Hold thy peace!
She cares not for me. She may wed another,
Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

HYPOLITO (*rising*).

And so, good night! Good morning, I should say. (*Clock strikes three.*)
Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
And so, once more, good night! We 'll speak more largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good night! [*Exit.*

VICTORIAN.

Good night!
But not to bed; for I must read a while.
(*Throws himself into the arm-chair which* HYPOLITO *has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.*)
Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind!
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will, to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action —
The shapeless masses, — the materials —
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws

With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe!
'T is this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!
(*Gradually sinks asleep.*)

◆

ACT II.

SCENE I. PRECIOSA'S *chamber*. *Morning*.
PRECIOSA *and* ANGELICA.

PRECIOSA.

WHY will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
What is your landlord's name?

ANGELICA.

The Count of Lara.

PRECIOSA.

The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!
Mistrust his pity, — hold no parley with him!
And rather die an outcast in the streets
Than touch his gold.

ANGELICA.

You know him, then!

PRECIOSA.

As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.
As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him!

ANGELICA.

Alas! what can I do?
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

PRECIOSA.

Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair
Should have no friends but those of her own sex.
What is your name?

ANGELICA.

Angelica.

PRECIOSA.

That name
Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home paradise, you were her angel.
O, be an angel still! She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

ANGELICA (*rising*).

I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.

PRECIOSA.

Thank me by following it.

ANGELICA.

Indeed I will.

PRECIOSA.

Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

ANGELICA.

My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

PRECIOSA.

Some other time, then, when we meet again.
You must not go away with words alone.
(*Gives her a purse.*)
Take this. Would it were more.

ANGELICA.

I thank you, lady.

PRECIOSA.

No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.
I dance to-night, — perhaps for the last time.
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

ANGELICA.

O, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness?

PRECIOSA.

I deserve no thanks.
Thank Heaven, not me.

ANGELICA.

Both Heaven and you.

PRECIOSA.

Farewell!
Remember that you come again to-morrow.

ANGELICA.

I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. [*Exit.*

PRECIOSA.

May they guard thee, too,
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.
Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,
My richest maja dress, — my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels! Make me look
Fairer than night e'er saw me! I 've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(*Enter* BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

CRUZADO.

Ave Maria!

PRECIOSA.

O God! my evil genius!
What seekest thou here to-day?

CRUZADO.

Thyself, — my child.

PRECIOSA.

What is thy will with me?

CRUZADO.

Gold! gold!

PRECIOSA.

I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

CRUZADO.

The gold of the Busné, — give me his gold!

PRECIOSA.

I gave the last in charity to-day.

CRUZADO.

That is a foolish lie.

PRECIOSA.

It is the truth.

CRUZADO.

Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?
Not to thy father? To whom, then?

PRECIOSA.

To one
Who needs it more.

CRUZADO.

No one can need it more.

PRECIOSA.

Thou art not poor.

CRUZADO.

What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;
I, who am clothed in rags, — Beltran Cruzado, —
Not poor!

PRECIOSA.

Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

CRUZADO.

The gold of the Busné! give me his gold!

PRECIOSA.

Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee; never had a wish
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!
Be merciful, be patient, and, ere long,
Thou shalt have more.

CRUZADO.

And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;
For here we stay not long.

PRECIOSA.

What! march again?

CRUZADO.

Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.
Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

PRECIOSA.

God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

CRUZADO.

Remember who I am, and who thou art!
Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.
Bartolomé Román ——

PRECIOSA (*with emotion*).

O, I beseech thee!
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee
To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone!

CRUZADO.

O child, child, child!
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.
I will not leave thee here in the great city
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
To go with us; and until then remember
A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit.*

PRECIOSA.

Woe is me!
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
But that one deed of charity I 'll do,
Befall what may; they cannot take that from me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S *palace. The* ARCHBISHOP *and a* CARDINAL *seated.*

ARCHBISHOP.

Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
All this you know.

CARDINAL.

Know and approve.

ARCHBISHOP.

And farther,
That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

CARDINAL.

I trust for ever,
It was a cruel sport.

ARCHBISHOP.

A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.

CARDINAL.

Yet the people
Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein;
And therefore have induced your grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(*Enter a servant.*)

SERVANT.

The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians
Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

ARCHBISHOP.

Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(*Enter* PRECIOSA, *with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.*)

CARDINAL (*aside*).

O, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

PRECIOSA (*kneeling before the* ARCHBISHOP).

I have obeyed the order of your grace.
If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

ARCHBISHOP.

May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

CARDINAL (*aside*).

Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa?

PRECIOSA.

Thus I am called.

CARDINAL.

That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father?

PRECIOSA.

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

ARCHBISHOP.

I have a dim remembrance of that man;
He was a bold and reckless character,
A sunburnt Ishmael!

CARDINAL.

Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

PRECIOSA.

Yes; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand, and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and, farther back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace-walls.

ARCHBISHOP.

'T is the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

PRECIOSA.

Your grace shall be obeyed.

(*She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The* ARCHBISHOP *and the* CARDINAL *look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.*)

SCENE III.

The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. DON CARLOS *and* HYPOLITO *meeting.*

DON CARLOS.

Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.

HYPOLITO.

And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.

DON CARLOS.

Command me always.

HYPOLITO.

Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,
The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,
Asks if his money-bags would rise?

DON CARLOS.

I do;
But what of that?

HYPOLITO.

I am that wretched man.

DON CARLOS.

You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

HYPOLITO.

And amen! said the Cid Campeador.

DON CARLOS.

Pray, how much need you?

HYPOLITO.

Some half dozen ounces.
Which, with due interest ——

DON CARLOS (*giving his purse*).

What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at usury?
Here is my purse.

HYPOLITO.

Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;
Perhaps a keepsake.

DON CARLOS.

No, 't is at your service.

HYPOLITO.

Thank you again. Lie there, good Saint Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,
I am the debtor of my friend.

DON CARLOS.

But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?

HYPOLITO.

This moment.

DON CARLOS.

And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

HYPOLITO.

Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.
He is in love.

DON CARLOS.

And is it faring ill
To be in love?

HYPOLITO.

In his case very ill.

DON CARLOS.

Why so?

HYPOLITO.

For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

DON CARLOS.

A common thing with poets. But who is
This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman, — not a mere ideal, —
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it? Tell me.

HYPOLITO.

Well, it is a woman!
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

DON CARLOS.

Well, well! who is this doll?

HYPOLITO.

Why, who do you think?

DON CARLOS.

His cousin Violante.

HYPOLITO.

Guess again.
To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

DON CARLOS.

I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

HYPOLITO.

Not I.

DON CARLOS.

Why not?

HYPOLITO (*mysteriously*).

Why? Because Mari Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

DON CARLOS.

Jesting aside, who is it?

HYPOLITO.

Preciosa.

DON CARLOS.

Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.

HYPOLITO.

Did I say she was?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.

DON CARLOS.

He comes this way.

HYPOLITO.

It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *in front.*)

VICTORIAN.

Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is for ever hallowed.

HYPOLITO.

Mark him well!
See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

DON CARLOS.

What ho! Victorian!

HYPOLITO.

Wilt thou sup with us?

VICTORIAN.

Holá! amigos! Faith, I did not see you.
How fares Don Carlos?

DON CARLOS.

At your service ever.

VICTORIAN.

How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana
That you both wot of?

DON CARLOS.

Ay, soft, emerald eyes!
She has gone back to Cadiz.

HYPOLITO.

Ay de mí!

VICTORIAN.

You are much to blame for letting her go back.
A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

HYPOLITO.

But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green?

VICTORIAN.

Not a whit. Why so?

HYPOLITO.

I think
The slightest shade of green would be becoming,
For thou art jealous.

VICTORIAN.

No, I am not jealous.

HYPOLITO.

Thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN.

Why?

HYPOLITO.

Because thou art in love.
And they who are in love are always jealous.
Therefore thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN.

Marry, is that all?
Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.
Thou sayest I should be jealous?

HYPOLITO.

Ay, in truth
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
Lays siege to the same citadel.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed!
Then he will have his labor for his pains.

HYPOLITO.

He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me
He boasts of his success.

VICTORIAN.

How 's this, Don Carlos?

DON CARLOS.

Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.
He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,
As a gay man might speak.

VICTORIAN.

Death and damnation!
I 'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,
And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.
Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!
[*Exit.*

HYPOLITO.

Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!
But come; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,
And fifty fans that beckon me already.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

PRECIOSA'S *chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The* COUNT OF LARA *enters behind unperceived.*

PRECIOSA (*reads*).

All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only, sleepless art!

Heigh-ho! I wish Victorian were here.
I know not what it is makes me so restless!
(*The bird sings.*)
Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only, sleepless art!
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
Heigh-ho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores!
(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the* COUNT.)
Ha!

LARA.

Señora, pardon me!

PRECIOSA.

How 's this? Dolores!

LARA.

Pardon me ——

PRECIOSA.

Dolores!

LARA.

Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.
If I have been too bold ——

PRECIOSA (*turning her back upon him*).

You are too bold!
Retire! retire, and leave me!

LARA.

My dear lady,
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
'T is for your good I come.

PRECIOSA (*turning toward him with indignation*).

Begone! Begone!
You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?
O, shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
Should be so little noble in your thoughts
As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honor with your gold!
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
Begone, I say!

LARA.

Be calm; I will not harm you.

PRECIOSA.

Because you dare not.

LARA.

I dare any thing!
Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.
In this false world, we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

PRECIOSA.

If to this
I owe the honor of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

LARA.

I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them;
But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

PRECIOSA.

There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.

LARA.

Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

PRECIOSA.

Alas!
I have no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired; am visited by none.

LARA.

By none?
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

PRECIOSA.

How mean you?

LARA.

Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

PRECIOSA.

Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

LARA.

I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall, —
You see the roof there just above the trees, —
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night — be not offended
If I too plainly speak — he saw a man
Climb to your chamber-window. You are silent!
I would not blame you, being young and fair ——

(*He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.*)

PRECIOSA.

Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike!

LARA.

Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

PRECIOSA.

I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

LARA.

Listen to me.
I come here as your friend, — I am your friend, —
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN *enters behind.*)

PRECIOSA.

Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place
For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;
For your sake I will put aside all anger,
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

LARA.

O sweet angel!

PRECIOSA.

Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or me.

LARA.

Give me some sign of this, — the slightest token.
Let me but kiss your hand!

PRECIOSA.

Nay, come no nearer.
The words I utter are its sign and token.
Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!
The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you came here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O Sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

LARA.

I swear to you,
I would not harm you; I would only love you.
I would not take your honor, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, O, let me thus
With this embrace ——

VICTORIAN (*rushing forward*).

Hold! hold! This is too much.
What means this outrage?

LARA.

First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

VICTORIAN.

I too am noble, and you are no more!
Out of my sight!

LARA.

Are you the master here?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others
Gives me the right!

PRECIOSA (*to* LARA).

Go! I beseech you, go!

VICTORIAN.

I shall have business with you, Count, anon!

LARA.

You cannot come too soon! [*Exit.*

PRECIOSA.

Victorian!
O, we have been betrayed!

VICTORIAN.

Ha! ha! betrayed!
'T is I have been betrayed, not we! — not we!

PRECIOSA.

Dost thou imagine ——

VICTORIAN.

I imagine nothing;
I see how 't is thou whilest the time away
When I am gone!

PRECIOSA.

O, speak not in that tone!
It wounds me deeply.

VICTORIAN.

'T was not meant to flatter.

PRECIOSA.

Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me!

VICTORIAN.

Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his love.

PRECIOSA.

I did not heed his words.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.

PRECIOSA.

Hadst thou heard all ——

VICTORIAN.

I heard enough.

PRECIOSA.

Be not so angry with me.

VICTORIAN.

I am not angry; I am very calm.

PRECIOSA.

If thou wilt let me speak ——

VICTORIAN.

Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou art false!
I do not like these Gypsy marriages!
Where is the ring I gave thee?

PRECIOSA.

In my casket.

VICTORIAN.

There let it rest! I would not have thee wear
it!
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

PRECIOSA.

I call the Heavens to witness ——

VICTORIAN.

Nay, nay, nay!
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!
They are forsworn!

PRECIOSA.

Victorian! dear Victorian!

VICTORIAN.

I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!
And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

PRECIOSA.

And this from thee!

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE V.

The COUNT OF LARA'S *rooms.* *Enter the* COUNT.

LARA.

There 's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!
I 've learned to hate, and therefore am re-
venged.
A silly girl to play the prude with me!
The fire that I have kindled ——

(*Enter* FRANCISCO.)

Well, Francisco,
What tidings from Don Juan?

FRANCISCO.

Good, my lord;
He will be present.

LARA.

And the Duke of Lermos?

FRANCISCO.

Was not at home.

LARA.

How with the rest?

FRANCISCO.

I 've found
The men you wanted. They will all be there,
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
Of such discordant noises, that the dance
Must cease for lack of music.

LARA.

Bravely done.
Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO.

VICTORIAN.

O, shame! O, shame! Why do I walk abroad
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds,
Cry, "Hide thyself"! O, what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!

HYPOLITO.

Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

VICTORIAN.

And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,
We may be over-hasty in condemning!
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

HYPOLITO.

And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

VICTORIAN.

She does not love him! 'T is for gold! for gold!

HYPOLITO.

Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

VICTORIAN.

She had that ring from me! God! she is false!
But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward?

HYPOLITO.

Nay, he is no coward;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I 've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.
And therefore be not over-confident;
He 'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(*Enter* LARA, *followed by* FRANCISCO.)

LARA.

Good evening, gentlemen.

HYPOLITO.

Good evening, Count.

LARA.

I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

VICTORIAN.

Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

LARA.

I am.

HYPOLITO.

It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?

VICTORIAN.

No! none!
I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!
(*They fight.* Victorian *disarms the* Count.)
Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account?

LARA.

Strike! strike!

VICTORIAN.

You are disarmed. I will not kill you.
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(Francisco *hands the* Count *his sword, and* Hypolito *interposes.*)

HYPOLITO.

Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.

LARA.

I am content.
I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

VICTORIAN.

Nay, something more than that.

LARA.

I understand you.
Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others.
But had I known the girl belonged to you,
Never would I have sought to win her from you.
The truth stands now revealed; she has been false
To both of us.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, false as hell itself!

LARA.

In truth I did not seek her; she sought me;
And told me how to win her, telling me
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

VICTORIAN.

Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out
These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!
Let me know all! all! all!

LARA.

You shall know all.
Here is my page, who was the messenger
Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
Francisco?

FRANCISCO.

Ay, my lord.

LARA.

If farther proof
Is needful, I havé here a ring she gave me.

VICTORIAN.

Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!
(*Throws it upon the ground and tramples upon it.*)
Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
We both have been abused, been much abused!
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 't is, alas! too late. So fare you well!
To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.
Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

HYPOLITO.

Farewell, Sir Count.
[*Exeunt* Victorian *and* Hypolito.

LARA.

Farewell! farewell!
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!
I have none else to fear; the fight is done,
The citadel is stormed, the victory won!
[*Exit with* Francisco.

SCENE VII.

A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter Cruzado *and* Bartolomé.

CRUZADO.

And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed.
But where wast thou for the most part?

BARTOLOMÉ.

In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

CRUZADO.

And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

BARTOLOMÉ.

There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

CRUZADO.

Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

BARTOLOMÉ.

First, tell me what keeps thee here?

CRUZADO.

Preciosa.

BARTOLOMÉ.

And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

CRUZADO.

The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I hear she has a Busné lover.

CRUZADO.

That is nothing.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I do not like it. I hate him, — the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

CRUZADO.

Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Meanwhile, show me her house.

CRUZADO.

Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

BARTOLOMÉ.

No matter. Show me the house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers Preciosa *in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion.* Preciosa *faints.*

SCENE IX.

The Count of Lara's *chambers.* Lara *and his friends at supper.*

LARA.

So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.
Pray fill your glasses.

DON JUAN.

Did you mark, Don Luis,
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!
Her nostrils spread! her lips apart her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea!

DON LUIS.

I pitied her.

LARA.

Her pride is humbled; and this very night
I mean to visit her.

DON JUAN.

Will you serenade her?

LARA.

No music! no more music!

DON LUIS.

Why not music?
It softens many hearts.

LARA.

Not in the humor
She now is in. Music would madden her.

DON JUAN.

Try golden cymbals.

DON LUIS.

Yes try Don Dinero;
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

LARA.

To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.
But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.
A bumper and away; for the night wears.
A health to Preciosa!

(*They rise and drink.*)

ALL.

Preciosa.

LARA (*holding up his empty glass*).

Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!
Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion
Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
Her precious name! O, never more henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine; and never more
A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
Go! keep my secret!

(*Dashes the goblet down.*)

DON JUAN.

Ite! missa est!

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE X.

Street and garden-wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO *and* BARTOLOMÉ.

CRUZADO.

This is the garden-wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Why not?

CRUZADO.

Because she is not at home.

BARTOLOMÉ.

No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighbouring street.*) Hark! There comes her lover with his cursed serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee, to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! Good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

CRUZADO.

They are not coming this way.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest
Argent-clear above!
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady-love!
Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Woe be to him if he comes this way!

CRUZADO.

Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother!
Ay, for the partridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the partridge!
Puss! puss! puss!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(*Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the* COUNT OF LARA *and gentlemen, with* FRANCISCO.)

LARA.

The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt. Reënter* CRUZADO *and* BARTOLOMÉ.)

BARTOLOMÉ.

They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.

(*They climb the wall.*)

SCENE XI.

Preciosa's *bed-chamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress.* Dolores *watching her.*

DOLORES.

She sleeps at last!
(*Opens the window and listens.*)
All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark!

PRECIOSA (*in her sleep*).

I must go hence!
Give me my cloak!

DOLORES.

He comes! I hear his footsteps!

PRECIOSA.

Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;
I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.
I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden.*)

DOLORES (*from the window*).

Who 's there?

VOICE (*from below*).

A friend.

DOLORES.

I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

PRECIOSA.

I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!
Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.
I 'm ready now, — give me my castanets.
Where is Victorian? O, those hateful lamps!
They glare upon me like an evil eye.
I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!
They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me! (*She wakes.*)
How late is it, Dolores?

DOLORES.

It is midnight.

PRECIOSA.

We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.*)

VOICE.

Muera!

ANOTHER VOICE.

O villains! villains!

LARA.

So! have at you!

VOICE.

Take that!

LARA.

O, I am wounded!

DOLORES (*shutting the window*).

Jesu Maria!

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A cross-road through a wood. In the back-ground a distant village spire.* Victorian *and* Hypolito, *as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees.* Hypolito *plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue
To him who keeps most faith with thee.
Woe is me!
The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

VICTORIAN.

Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight.

HYPOLITO.

Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are cheats, —
Thorns below, and flowers above.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

VICTORIAN.

A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

HYPOLITO.

It suits thy case.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed, I think it does.
What wise man wrote it?

HYPOLITO.

Lopez Maldonado.

VICTORIAN.

In truth, a pretty song.

HYPOLITO.

With much truth in it.
I hope thou wilt profit by it, and in earnest
Try to forget this lady of thy love.

VICTORIAN.

I will forget her! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"
O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

HYPOLITO.

Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

VICTORIAN.

Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

HYPOLITO.

And yet at last
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health,
To talk of dying.

VICTORIAN.

Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not, — the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

HYPOLITO.

We shall all be soon.

VICTORIAN.

It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened, — confused, —
Not knowing friend from foe.

HYPOLITO.

Why seek to know?
Enjoy the merry shrovetide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

VICTORIAN.

I confess,
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

HYPOLITO.

Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(*Sound of a village bell in the distance.*)

VICTORIAN.

Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry!
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the laboring hind afield, the shepherd,
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

HYPOLITO.

Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence
The village lies.

VICTORIAN.

This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
And, like an idle mariner on the main,
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO, *followed by* PEDRO CRESPO.

PANCHO.

Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves!
Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

PEDRO CRESPO.

Keep silence all! I have an edict here
From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,
Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,
Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears and listen!

(*Enter the* PADRE CURA *at the door of his cottage.*)

Padre Cura,
Good day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

PADRE CURA.

Good day, and God be with you! Pray, what is it?

PEDRO CRESPO.

An act of banishment against the Gypsies!

(*Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.*)

PANCHO.

Silence!

PEDRO CRESPO (*reads*).

"I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers
Known by the name of Gypsies shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!
You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

PANCHO.

And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(*The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent.* PANCHO *follows.*)

PADRE CURA.

A righteous law! A very righteous law!
Pray you, sit down.

PEDRO CRESPO.

I thank you heartily.

(*They seat themselves on a bench at the* PADRE CURA'S *door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.*)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura, — you know all things, —
How came these Gypsies into Spain?

PADRE CURA.

Why, look you;
They came with Hercules from Palestine,

And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church, — nor — nor —

PEDRO CRESPO.

Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO *playing*.)

PADRE CURA.

And pray, whom have we here?

PEDRO CRESPO.

More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

HYPOLITO.

Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

PADRE CURA.

Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

HYPOLITO.

We seek the Padre Cura of the village;
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,
You must be he.

PADRE CURA.

I am. Pray, what 's your pleasure?

HYPOLITO.

We are poor students, travelling in vacation.
You know this mark?

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*)

PADRE CURA (*joyfully*).

Ay, know it, and have worn it.

PEDRO CRESPO (*aside*).

Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!
And there 's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*

PADRE CURA.

Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

HYPOLITO.

Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something, —
You understand, — which cannot be mistaken;
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

What impudence!

HYPOLITO.

As we approached, I said to my companion,
"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"
Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan."

PADRE CURA.

Ah! said you so?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde!

HYPOLITO.

Indeed! you much astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

PADRE CURA.

That is true.
He is out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies.
Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood.
There is nothing so undignified as anger.

HYPOLITO.

The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

PADRE CURA.

I pray you!
You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores,
Nec sinit esse feros*, Cicero says.

HYPOLITO.

'T is Ovid, is it not?

PADRE CURA.

No, Cicero.

HYPOLITO.

Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.
Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!
But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

PADRE CURA.

Pass this way.
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the Padre Cura's *house.* *Enter the* Padre *and* Hypolito.

PADRE CURA.

So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.
I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

HYPOLITO.

And left behind an honored name, no doubt.
How may I call your Grace?

PADRE CURA.

Gerónimo
De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

HYPOLITO.

Descended from the Marquis Santillana?
From the distinguished poet?

PADRE CURA.

From the Marquis,
Not from the poet.

HYPOLITO.

Why, they were the same.
Let me embrace you! O, some lucky star
Has brought me hither! Yet once more! — once more!
Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
And our professor, when we are unruly,
Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!
It was not so in Santillana's time!"

PADRE CURA.

I did not think my name remembered there.

HYPOLITO.

More than remembered; it is idolized.

PADRE CURA.

Of what professor speak you?

HYPOLITO.

Timoneda.

PADRE CURA.

I do n't remember any Timoneda.

HYPOLITO.

A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow
O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

PADRE CURA.

Indeed I have. O, those were pleasant days,
Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!
I had not buried then so many hopes!
I had not buried then so many friends!
I 've turned my back on what was then before me;
And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
Do you remember Cueva?

HYPOLITO.

Cueva? Cueva?

PADRE CURA.

Fool that I am! He was before your time.
You 're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

HYPOLITO.

I should not like to try my strength with you.

PADRE CURA.

Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.
Martina! ho! Martina! 'T is my niece.
(*Enter* Martina.)

HYPOLITO.

You may be proud of such a niece as that.
I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (*Aside.*)
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Your servant, fair Martina.

MARTINA.

Servant, Sir.

PADRE CURA.

This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.
Let us have supper.

MARTINA.

'T will be ready soon.

PADRE CURA.

And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas
Out of the cellar. Stay; I 'll go myself.
Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [*Exit.*

HYPOLITO.

Hist! Martina!
One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!
To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.
Is it not so?

MARTINA.

There have been Gypsies here.

HYPOLITO.

Yes, and they told your fortune.

MARTINA (*embarrassed*).

Told my fortune?

HYPOLITO.

Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.
I 'll tell you what they said. They said, — they said,
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry. Was it not?

MARTINA (*surprised*).

How know you that?

HYPOLITO.

O, I know more than that.
What a soft, little hand! And then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall,
And rich, should come one day to marry you,
And you should be a lady. Was it not?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter* VICTORIAN, *with a letter.*

VICTORIAN.

The muleteer has come.

HYPOLITO.

So soon?

VICTORIAN.

I found him
Sitting at supper by the tavern-door,
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

HYPOLITO.

What news from Court?

VICTORIAN.

He brought this letter only. (*Reads.*)
O, cursed perfidy! Why did I let
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

HYPOLITO.

What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,
And thy hand tremble?

VICTORIAN.

O, most infamous!
The Count of Lara is a damnéd villain!

HYPOLITO.

That is no news, forsooth.

VICTORIAN.

He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies
Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gypsies!

HYPOLITO.

To renew again
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
Desperate with love, like Gaspar Gil's Diana.
Redit et Virgo!

VICTORIAN.

Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!
I will go seek for her; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I 've done her!

HYPOLITO.

O, beware!
Act not that folly o'er again.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness, — I still love her!
Still fondly love her!

(*Enter the* PADRE CURA.)

HYPOLITO.

Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighbourhood?

PADRE CURA.

Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

VICTORIAN.

Kind Heaven,
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

HYPOLITO.

And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa?

PADRE CURA.

Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.

HYPOLITO.

Yes, moved with hunger;
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

PADRE CURA.

Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter Chispa, *cracking a whip, and singing the Cachucha.*

CHISPA.

Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(*Enter* Don Carlos.)

DON CARLOS.

Are not the horses ready yet?

CHISPA.

I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter* Mosquito, *putting on his jacket.*)

MOSQUITO.

Pray, have a little patience. I am not a musket.

CHISPA.

Health and pistareens! I 'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what 's the news?

MOSQUITO.

You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

CHISPA.

Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

MOSQUITO.

No; she has a beard.

CHISPA.

Go to! go to!

MOSQUITO.

Are you from Madrid?

CHISPA.

Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

MOSQUITO.

What 's the news at Court?

CHISPA.

Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip. (*Strikes him round the legs.*)

MOSQUITO.

Oh! oh! you hurt me!

DON CARLOS.

Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to* Mosquito.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

MOSQUITO.

Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

DON CARLOS.

And where?

MOSQUITO.

Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [*Exit.*

DON CARLOS.

Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

CHISPA.

Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

DON CARLOS.

Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

CHISPA.

And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

DON CARLOS.

I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

CHISPA.

Among the Squires?

DON CARLOS.

No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

CHISPA.

I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Do n't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the fire-light.

GYPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O, how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O, how from their fury shall I flee?

FIRST GYPSY (*playing*).

Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

GYPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran;
God send the Gypsy lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

FIRST GYPSY (*playing*).

There you are in your morocco!

SECOND GYPSY.

One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

FIRST GYPSY.

Have at you, Chirelin.

GYPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(*Enter* BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

CRUZADO.

Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

GYPSIES.

Ay!

CRUZADO (*to the left*).

And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

GYPSIES.

Ay!

CRUZADO.

As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D' ye hear?

GYPSIES.

Ay!

CRUZADO.

Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. "Vineyards and Dancing John" is the word. Am I comprehended?

GYPSIES.

Ay! ay!

CRUZADO.

Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally.* Cruzado *walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter* Preciosa.)

PRECIOSA.

How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being,
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(Bartolomé *rushes in.*)

BARTOLOMÉ.

Ho! Preciosa!

PRECIOSA.

O Bartolomé!
Thou here?

BARTOLOMÉ.

Lo! I am here.

PRECIOSA.

Whence comest thou?

BARTOLOMÉ.

From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

PRECIOSA.

O, touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Ay, and I 've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me if thou wilt.

PRECIOSA.

Betray thee? I betray thee?

BARTOLOMÉ.

Preciosa!
I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!
Fly with me!

PRECIOSA.

Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I am thine no longer.

BARTOLOMÉ.

O, recall the time
When we were children! how we played together,
How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I am hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!
Fulfil thy promise.

PRECIOSA.

'T was my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand!

BARTOLOMÉ.

False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!

PRECIOSA.

Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sough thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

BARTOLOMÉ.

For thy dear sake,
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

PRECIOSA.

Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.
Thou must not linger here.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Come, come with me.

PRECIOSA.

Hark! I hear footsteps.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I entreat thee, come!

PRECIOSA.

Away! It is in vain.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Wilt thou not come?

PRECIOSA.

Never!

BARTOLOMÉ.

Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.
[*Exit.*

PRECIOSA.

All holy angels keep me in this hour!
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest for ever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(*Enter* VICTORIAN *and* HYPOLITO *behind.*)

VICTORIAN.

'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she stands
Under the tent-like trees!

HYPOLITO.

A woodland nymph!

VICTORIAN.

I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

HYPOLITO.

Be wary.
Do not betray thyself too soon.

VICTORIAN (*disguising his voice*).

Hist! Gypsy!

PRECIOSA (*aside, with emotion*).

That voice! that voice from heaven! O, speak again!
Who is it calls?

VICTORIAN.

A friend.

PRECIOSA (*aside*).

'T is he! 'T is he!
I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,
And sent me this protector! Now be strong,
Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.
False friend or true?

VICTORIAN.

A true friend to the true;
Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

PRECIOSA.

Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.
Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

VICTORIAN (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*).

There is the cross.

PRECIOSA.

Is 't silver?

VICTORIAN.

No, 't is gold.

PRECIOSA.

There 's a fair lady at the Court who loves you,
And for yourself alone.

VICTORIAN.

Fie! the old story!
Tell me a better fortune for my money;
Not this old woman's tale!

PRECIOSA.

You are passionate;
And this same passionate humor in your blood
Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;
The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shame! O, you have wronged the maid who loved you!
How could you do it?

VICTORIAN.

I never loved a maid;
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

PRECIOSA.

How know you that?

VICTORIAN.

A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

PRECIOSA.

There, take back your gold!
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!
There is no blessing in its charity?
Make her your wife, for you have been abused;
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,
When pleading in another's cause her own!—
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

PRECIOSA.

No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!

VICTORIAN.

Why, 't is but a ring.
I 'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

PRECIOSA.

Why would you have this ring?

VICTORIAN.

A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

PRECIOSA.

No, never! never!
I will not part with it, even when I die;
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

VICTORIAN.

How? dead?

PRECIOSA.

Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!
Why, 't is the folly of a lovesick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine,
And that you stole it.

PRECIOSA.

O, you will not dare
To utter such a fiendish lie!

VICTORIAN.

Not dare?
Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare, for thee!

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

PRECIOSA.

'T is thou! 't is thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

VICTORIAN.

Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted.

PRECIOSA.

Hadst thou not come ——

VICTORIAN.

I pray thee, do not chide me!

PRECIOSA.

I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

VICTORIAN.

Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

PRECIOSA.

I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against
thee,
I had forgiven thee.

VICTORIAN.

I 'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee
false.
It was the Count of Lara ——

PRECIOSA.

That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not
heard ——

VICTORIAN.

I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(*They walk aside.*)

HYPOLITO.

All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
All passionate love-scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the
student,
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

PRECIOSA.

Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.
Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

HYPOLITO.

Not to-night;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding-day would last from now till
Christmas.

CHISPA (*within*).

What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

VICTORIAN.

What now?
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been
robbed?

CHISPA.

Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening
to you,
My worthy masters.

VICTORIAN.

Speak; what brings thee here?

CHISPA (*to Preciosa*).

Good news from Court; good news! Beltran
Cruzado,
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

VICTORIAN.

Strange as a Moorish tale!

CHISPA.

And we have all
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

VICTORIAN.

Where is the gentleman?

CHISPA.

As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.

PRECIOSA.

Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
Repeat thy story! Say I 'm not deceived!
Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,
And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

VICTORIAN.

It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou
rich,
As thou wast ever beautiful and good;
And I am now the beggar.

PRECIOSA (*giving him her hand*).

I have still
A hand to give.

CHISPA (*aside*).

And I have two to take.

I 've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That 's nuts to crack.
I 've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

VICTORIAN.

What more of this strange story?

CHISPA.

Nothing more.
Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village,
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag
Who stole you in your childhood has confessed;
And probably they 'll hang her for the crime,
To make the celebration more complete.

VICTORIAN.

No; let it be a day of general joy;
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
Now let us join Don Carlos.

HYPOLITO.

So farewell
The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades,
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
And all that makes vacation beautiful!
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.

A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
'T is the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(*Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.*)

MONK.

Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

SHEPHERD.

Olá!

MONK.

Is this the road to Segovia?

SHEPHERD.

It is, your reverence.

MONK.

How far is it?

SHEPHERD.

I do not know.

MONK.

What is that yonder in the valley?

SHEPHERD.

San Ildefonso.

MONK.

A long way to breakfast.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, marry.

MONK.

Are there robbers in these mountains?

SHEPHERD.

Yes, and worse than that.

MONK.

What?

SHEPHERD.

Wolves.

MONK.

Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

SHEPHERD.

What wilt thou give me?

MONK.

An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(*They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddlebow. He goes down the pass singing.*)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried;
Onward! caballito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead!
Onward! for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack!
Ay, jaleo! Ay, ay, jaleo!
Ay, jaleo! they cross our track.

(*Song dies away. Enter* PRECIOSA, *on horseback, attended by* VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, *and* CHISPA, *on foot, and armed.*)

VICTORIAN.

This is the highest point. Here let us rest.
See, Preciosa, see how all about us,
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun!
O, glorious sight!

PRECIOSA.

Most beautiful indeed!

HYPOLITO.

Most wonderful!

VICTORIAN.

And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!

PRECIOSA.

And which way lies
Segovia?

VICTORIAN.

At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it?

PRECIOSA.

No. I do not see it.

VICTORIAN.

The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.
There, yonder!

HYPOLITO.

'T is a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

PRECIOSA.

O, yes! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as, in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide,
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked and perished in the sea! (*She weeps.*)

VICTORIAN.

O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

PRECIOSA.

Stay no longer!
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or foot-fall in the street,
And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father! father!

(*They descend the pass.* CHISPA *remains behind.*)

CHISPA.

I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald, that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite! [*Exit.*

(*A pause. Then enter* Bartolomé *wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.*

BARTOLOMÉ.

They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs!
Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!
Well whistled! — I have missed her! — O my God!

(*The shot is returned.* Bartolomé *falls.*)

NOTES.

Page 57. *As Lope says.*

> "La cólera
> de un Español sentado no se templa,
> sino le representan en dos horas
> hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis."
> *Lope de Vega.*

Page 59. *Abernuncio Satanas.*

"Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decis, dijo el Duque." — *Don Quixote*, Part II., ch. 35.

Page 64. *Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish epigram.

> "Siempre Fray Carrillo estás
> cansándonos acá fuera;
> quien en tu celda estuviera
> para no verte jamas!"
> *Böhl de Faber. Floresta*, No. 611.

Page 64. *Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song.

> "'Padre Francesco,
> Padre Francesco!'
> — Cosa volete del Padre Francesco —
> 'V' è una bella ragazzina
> Che si vuole confessar!'
> Fatte l' entrare, fatte l' entrare!
> Che la voglio confessare."
> *Kopisch. Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln*, p. 194.

Page 65. *Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

Page 68. *The gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gypsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 69. *Count of the Calés.*

The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.* London, 1841.

Page 71. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

"¿Y volviéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados), si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?" — *El Sueño de las Calaveras.*

Page 71. *And amen! said the Cid Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid.*

> "Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador."
> Line 3044.

Page 71. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante;

> "Si che chiaro
> Per essa scenda della mente il fiume."

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

Page 72. *Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer;

> "Porque casó Mari Franca
> quatro leguas de Salamanca."

Page 72. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well known *Villancico:* —

> "Ay ojuelos verdes,
> ay los mis ojuelos,

ay hagan los cielos
que de mí te acuerdes!
. . . . .
Tengo confianza
de mis verdes ojos."
Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, "Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare."

Page 73. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

Page 73. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. *Böhl's Floresta*, No. 282.

Page 80. *Good night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 88. *The evil eye.*

"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville." — Borrow's *Zincali*, Vol. I., ch. ix.

Page 88. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.*

The Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted: —

John-Dorados, pieces of gold.
Pigeon, a simpleton.
In your morocco, stripped.
Doves, sheets.
Moon, a shirt.
Chirelin, a thief.
Murcigalleros, those who steal at night-fall.
Rastilleros, foot-pads.
Hermit, highway-robber.
Planets, candles.
Commandments, the fingers.
Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.
Lanterns, eyes.
Goblin, police-officer.
Papagayo, a spy.
Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

Page 93. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 94.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
  Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
  The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
  Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
  But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
  There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
  O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees
  Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
  A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
  And thy heart as pure as they:
One of God's holy messengers
  Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
  Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
  Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
  Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
  On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
  Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
  By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
  Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
  That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
  Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
  And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
  Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
  And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
  Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
  With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
  Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
  A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
  As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
  Shines on a distant field.

◆

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
  Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
  Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
  When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
  Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
  The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
  In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
  Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
  O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
  Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

◆

NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies;
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine
seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he
once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately,
these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting
rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they
to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in
spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too
the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to
the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes
the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues
of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate
of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge
folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a
nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face
above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam
Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his
great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to
drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's
antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before
my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like
a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils not thy Kaisers, win for
thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans
Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg a wanderer from a region
far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang
in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a
floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of
toil.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image. — *Thierry: Conquête de l'Angleterre.*

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighbouring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

◆

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold

Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

◆

TO A CHILD.

Dear child! how radiant on thy mother's knee,
With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune!
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild monsoon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!
Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or steep Potosi's mountain pines!
And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise!
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison-walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,
That won thy little, beating heart before;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?
Out, out! into the open air!
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thou carest little how or where.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,
With cheeks as round and red as they;
And now among the yellow stalks,
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
As restless as the bee.
Along the garden walks,
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace;
And see at every turn how they efface
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
That rise like golden domes
Above the cavernous and secret homes
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
Who, with thy dreadful reign
Dost persecute and overwhelm
These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm!

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,
Thou comest back to parley with repose!
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
With its o'erhanging golden canopy
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,
And shining with the argent light of dews,
Shall for a season be our place of rest.
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,
From which the laughing birds have taken wing,
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.
Dream-like the waters of the river gleam;
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand,
As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,
Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams,
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years;
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labor, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side;

With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

◆

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.
O'er East and West its beam impended;
And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint;
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Œnopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
"Forevermore, forevermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,

And on from sphere to sphere the words
Reëchoed down the burning chords, —
"Forevermore, forevermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

◆

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadow shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

◆

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

Gloomy and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omawhaws;
Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken!
Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.
What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies?
How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains?
Ah! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge
Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pavements,
Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions
Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!
There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple
Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.
There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!
There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-horn,
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omawhaw
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts?
Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,
Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's
Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires
Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the daybreak
Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race;
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches!
Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-wind,
Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

SONGS.

SEAWEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavour
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

◆

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

◆

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes,
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

◆

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

Welcome, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As these leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and friendship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks; —
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;
They, alas! have left thee friendless!
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twittering songs shall nestle
In my bosom, —

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

◆

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

Come, old friend! sit down and listen!
From the pitcher, placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs;
On his breast his head is sunken,
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;
Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,
Much this mystic throng expresses:
Bacchus was the type of vigor,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken;
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains, —
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,
From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
Wreathed about with classic fables;
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen!
As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

◆

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"
JACQUES BRIDAINE.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,

Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

SONNETS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest!
And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.

O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
My morning and my evening star of love!
My best and gentlest lady! even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
And from thy darkened window fades the light.

AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

DANTE.

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

TRANSLATIONS.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!
O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!
It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

Forms of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle,— wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind,—
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild;
O, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child!

And my songs, — green leaves and blossoms, —
To the doors of heaven would bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

◆

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

◆

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven
Are melting away with love!

◆

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall, —

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known, —

Through forests I 'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

◆

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MONEY.

Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbour honestly.
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three
Are extant; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine sound not well in strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a father-land their own,
They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known.

CURFEW.

I.

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence, —
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

II.

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

NOTES.

Page 98. *All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him, the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 98. *Stately dames, like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed: "Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines."

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied: "We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

Page 14. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 98. *I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Isabella was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfinzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 98. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Éperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 98. *Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by laboring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 98. *The Golden Dragon's nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

Page 100. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

"*Nürnberg's Hand*
Geht durch alle Land."
Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.

Page 100. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Pfinzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century.

The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See note to page 98.

Page 100. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 100. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colors.

Page 100. *Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 101. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision: —

> "An old man,
> Gray and white, and dove-like,
> Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
> And read in a fair, great book,
> Beautiful with golden clasps."

Page 105. *The Occultation of Orion.*

Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect; as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

Page 109. *Walter von der Vogelweide.*

Walter von der Vogelweide, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at the Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 112. *Like imperial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by preëminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farm-yards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."

THE END.

THE DESERTER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a day of no small stir in the village of Glanamora, when the recruiting party of corporal Moyle marched in, to the merry beat of two drums, assisted by the shrill notes of three fifes, and the deep drone of a bagpipe. So fine a band had not before, within the memory of man, accompanied the soldiers into that retired village. A single drum and fife had been heard from time to time, as a small party was occasionally detached from the recruiting station, to pick up any idle lads who might be disposed to have the gay ribbands pinned upon their hats; but two drums, three fifes, and a bagpipe! surely it must be a great man who could command so much music; and the people hastened to get a peep at the distinguished officer who strutted, indeed, most proudly at the head of his party.

Arrived at the sign of the Golden Sheaf, the commander, in a loud voice, gave the word to halt and wheel; when, each drummer having performed a grand roll, and the fifes a finishing scream, they ceased playing. The piper, however, went on, and with great spirit gave a planxty or two to the delighted listeners, before he unscrewed his pipes, and seated himself on the bench beside his military companions.

"And is it after enlisting you are, David M'Carthy?" said one of the villagers to the piper.

"Me! Oh, nothing in life could be farther from the thought of me; but how could I do less than put a little respect upon an old friend who has risen by his merits to the command of a company?"

"No, no," said the corporal, "it is not the command of a company yet, any how: it's only a recruiting party."

"Company, or party, or whatever you please to call it," replied the piper, "you are welcome to Glanamora, Mr. Cornelius Moyle, sir, and long life to your honour, and may you live to be a general."

Great indeed was the surprise of the bystanders at hearing the name of their visitor: and the more so, as he had just taken off his cap to wipe his forehead, showing the features, somewhat changed to be sure, by four years' service in a hot climate, but still the very features, of Corny Moyle, well known as the arch hostler at the Golden Sheaf, until, nobody could tell how, he had disappeared at a fair, to which his master sent him to sell a colt. He had sold it very well, handed the price to a neighbour, with instructions to deliver it to his master; and from that day no one had been able to discover what had become of the youth.

"Sure enough, and it's Corny's own self!" was the general cry, as the villagers pressed round to gaze at their old companion, who received their friendly greetings with great civility of manner, but still preserved the deportment of a man who feels himself raised in rank, and wishes to keep others at a respectful distance. This was not so much from pride as from policy; he was sent there to obtain as many recruits as possible, a sudden order having arrived for the embarkation of the detachment in one of the first ships that should sail for India. The party commanded by Moyle's officer had not been very successful; and the corporal who, for several reasons, would rather have stayed away from Glanamora, was tempted, by the hope of promotion, to offer his services in that village, where the change in his circumstances was likely to induce others to follow his example. The lieutenant gladly accepted this proposal; he gave Moyle the additional drum and fifes, to increase his importance; and having met the piper, M'Carthy, who was a person of great influence among the peasantry, the corporal easily engaged his assistance. One lad had already joined them, on their march; and they hoped, by giving a great deal of importance to Moyle, to rouse the ambition of others.

The Holy Scriptures warn us against emulation, numbering it among the "works of the flesh," which lead to destruction: man calls it a noble passion, and encourages it in himself and others. Truly the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God; and so it will be found when every mouth is stopped before Him, and the thoughts of every heart revealed, and man's devices exposed, amidst everlasting shame and contempt, while "the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand;" and that alone.

There was one person among the villagers of Glanamora, whom Moyle did not wish to fall in with, but whom he had resolved to enlist if they should meet. This was a young man named Denis O'Brien, with whom he had formerly been intimate, and who knew more of his past history than was agreeable to the corporal. They had been together, at the fair where Moyle was lost, and O'Brien alone could have told what became of him. On that day they joined a set of idle young men, who from folly went on to more open sin; and having drunk till they became desperate, engaged in a furious quarrel. One of the party offended Moyle so much, that he resolved to take a deadly revenge, but he could not prevail on O'Brien to join him in it. He, however, met with a man who had an older and still more bitter grudge against the person; and they laid their plan together, to follow him into the next county, there to take such vengeance as they could. O'Brien endeavoured to dissuade Moyle from so wicked a proceeding, but in vain; finding him resolved, he gave rather an unwilling promise never to mention what had passed, nor to confess having been with him so lately, and returned home.

In that retired village, little news was heard: but O'Brien contrived to make out that a murder had been committed on an unknown traveller, at such a time and place as convinced him that Moyle was concerned in it; but whether he was the guilty person, or whether he had himself fallen by the hands of others, O'Brien could not tell. Moyle was originally a stranger in Glanamora, coming there a poor lad, in search of work; and no one knew who or what his connexions were. No great interest, therefore, was excited about him; and, had he returned as he left it, very little notice would have been taken. But corporal Moyle, at the head of a military party, was a person of too much consequence to be so lightly regarded.

Uncertain whether his former companion had been faithful to his promise, the corporal did not feel disposed to ask any questions about him, lest it might lead to unpleasant recollections: but in the evening he strolled out alone, purposely taking the path that led towards the little farm of the O'Briens, situate in a retired spot, not quite half a mile from the street of the village, and kept a sharp look out, expecting to meet with some of the family. Nor was he disappointed; for at a low stile which separated two fields, he suddenly found himself face to face with Denis.

The slender lad of eighteen, with whom Moyle had parted at the fair, was now a stout young man of twenty-three, but in countenance very little altered. Moyle was several years older, but the change in his appearance was so great, that O'Brien would have passed on without noticing him, had he not, in the very act of striding over the little bars, been saluted by the tones of a voice not so easily forgotten, while the corporal asked whether he meant to pass an old friend by, in such an uncivil way.

After a stare of surprise, O'Brien heartily shook the offered hand, expressing sincere pleasure at again meeting one whom he had hardly expected to see among living men. The other kindly inquired after his family.

"All well," answered Denis, "at least, all that remain. The poor old father is dead these two years, and I am head of the house, as one may say. We found it hard going on for a while, because, to be sure, I'd no great turn for my new station; but matters have mended with us the year past, and I am settling into a sober character." He said this with a half laugh, as if conscious that sobriety was not the thing most likely to recommend him to his hearer; but Moyle was too cunning to show any direct opposition; he expressed pleasure at hearing of their improved circumstances, adding that he would pay his respects to the good mother the next day.

Denis promised him a hearty welcome; and being invited to return to the public-house with his old comrade, he excused himself by saying that he had an engagement, which would detain him two hours; after that, he added, it would be contrary to his rule to go near the public-house, as his mother liked to have all settled and quiet at home before it got late. To this, also, Moyle assented with seeming approbation, and after a few more friendly questions and answers, they separated.

The corporal having learnt so much from O'Brien himself, no longer scrupled speaking of him among his former companions. It was clear that he had kept the secret entirely from them; for not a soul seemed to have the least suspicion of what had passed at the fair; and Moyle encouraged them to talk of the family, whose concerns were, of course, well known among them.

He learnt that Denis O'Brien had continued to live in a very profligate manner, which was supposed to have hastened his father's death, who was much distressed by his extravagance. After that event he became still worse, and was seldom absent from any scene of mischief, riot or drunkenness within miles of his home; but the remonstrances of friends, the misery of his widowed parent, and the evident ruin that was coming upon them all seemed at last to affect him. He became more sober, more industrious, and less willing to run into the way of temptation; and for some weeks past he had been spending his evenings in learning to read, at an adult school, which was opened at a short distance, and to which he was, no doubt, on his way when Moyle fell in with him.

The mention of the last circumstance occasioned a long argument between the landlord of the alehouse and an elderly man, who commended the lad's desire for instruction, while the landlord expressed the utmost contempt for every thing of the sort. The greater number of those present agreed with their host, as might naturally be expected; for the idleness that brought them there was a strong sign of their having very little regard for the paths of knowledge. It is not among those who frequent beer-houses or whisky-shops that good counsel is to be sought; and wo to the youth who takes for his adviser the companion of his evil ways! Sinners have a natural disposition to lead one another yet farther from God, and to deepen their condemnation every time they meet together.

There are some characters not the less dangerous for appearing better disposed in mind to what is good, while their conduct openly contradicts their professions. The man who applauded Denis O'Brien's choice, in now following the path of sobriety, seldom went to bed without having himself been guilty of some intemperance. He felt the bad consequences of this disgraceful habit on his own health and circumstances, and was often heard to wish that he never had engaged in such a course; but, to make an effort for recovering himself out of the snare of the devil, did not seem to enter his thoughts. He was contented to follow the dictates of his conscience just so far to warn others, in words, from those things wherein his actions constantly encouraged them to persevere: and strangers were sometimes misled, by his praises of sobriety, into taking him for a companion; which they soon had cause to repent. It is a valuable caution that the word of God gives us, where the blessing is pronounced to be his, who standeth not "in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." The voice of wisdom may, indeed, be heard at times, even in such places; but he is foolish who goes there to seek for it.

Corporal Moyle listened to the discourse of the party around him, with attention: he had his own purposes to serve, and they were most evil. No creature upon earth is so cruel as an ungodly man: selfishness is the motive of all that he does, and to serve himself he will bring everlasting misery on the souls of others. Moyle might have been satisfied with the proof that O'Brien had kept the dangerous secret confided to him, and even should he now divulge it, there was little fear of any ill consequences overtaking the suspected criminal, in that distant part of the world to which he was just going. Why should he tear the youth from his widowed mother and her poor family—why lead him astray from the better path in which he now seemed inclined to walk steadily? The answers to such questions can only be found in the fact already noticed, that sin is selfish and cruel, and delights in the ruin of mankind. When we are led to suspect that another has designs of tempting us to evil, we are sometimes apt to shut our eyes to the danger, by persuading ourselves that he can have no motive to seek our harm. Let it be remembered that, as the fire catches and devours the dry sticks cast upon it, turning them into the same element, so does the evil man communicate his own character to those with whom he associates. It is as much the property of sin as it is the property of fire, to spread itself; and alas! the corrupt nature of man renders him as ready a prey to iniquity as the dry stubble is to the devouring flame.

Denis O'Brien had no intention of betraying his former companion, nor did he wish to have any more to say to him than civility required. He had not been a whit behind any in following every impulse of his own passions; and if they had not led him into the same degree of guilt as some others had arrived at, it was not owing to any restraint that he had laid upon them. O'Brien had wearied himself in the way of transgression, and had only been turned aside from it by the evident approach of poverty, joined to the perpetual rebukes of those around him. Resolving to retrieve what he had lost, and to place himself on a better footing in the world, he had wisely considered that the first step was to get out of the reach of the alehouse, and next to obtain some little knowledge, such as reading, writing, and accounts. He found that this latter part of his plan furnished him with amusement, and also gave him a sort of superiority among his ignorant companions. This, joined to the constant praises of his family, and the returning comfort and respectability of his home, encouraged him to go on for the present. O'Brien had no settled purpose of heart to forsake sin; he only abstained from gross wickedness for a time, that he might secure the means of following his own inclinations, without fear of being thereby reduced to want and destitution. Still, in his present state, O'Brien was more within the reach of valuable instruction than before; and in the master of the adult school he had a friend who sincerely desired to lead him into the ways of morality and such rectitude of principle, as man supposes himself capable of, without the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit.

The three days of Moyle's stay in Glanamora would not have been sufficient to effect his design on O'Brien, had he not been assisted by M'Carthy, the piper, who hated the very name of sobriety, and therefore could not hesitate in giving his help against one who had forsaken his profligate companions. The first thing done, was to get O'Brien back to the Golden Sheaf, where he could not refuse to drink; and so well did they follow up this advantage, that the young man had resolved on enlisting, before the evening of the second day after his meeting with Moyle. Meantime the master of the school, anxious at the absence of his punctual pupil, and aware of the temptation that lay before him, repaired to the little farm house, where he found the widow O'Brien in a state of great uneasiness, suspecting some thing wrong, but not sure of the matter.

"That smooth-spoken soldier," said she, "means no good to the boy. He was here betimes this morning, with fine tales of the riches to be got in those Indies, where he says they are going; and he wouldn't be off until Denis agreed to walk into the town with him, though the potatoes are going to ruin for want of the hoe, and nobody to put a hand to 'em till Denis overlooks it."

While they were discoursing on the mischief likely to follow the visit of the recruiting party, O'Brien came in, with looks that showed his expectations of a poor welcome for the news which he brought. "Well mother, 'tis no use making a long story of what is soon told. I've resolved to serve my country better than by idling about this patch of land; and you must get on the best you can, till I send you a good handful of gold and silver from India, where they're as plenty as pebbles at home."

Great was the consternation of the poor widow at this news. At first she vented her feelings in angry reproaches; but they served only to awake resentment in the bosom of her son, who put on an air of sulky determination, and proceeded to look out his linen. This sight melted her into tears; she sobbed, entreated, and implored him for the sake of his fatherless sisters not to leave them. She even knelt, and gave way to agonies of grief—but he was inflexible. He told her that nothing would have induced him to forsake his home, except the certainty of making money for her and the children much faster abroad; and that she would soon exchange her tears for smiles, when she saw the presents that he should be sending over.

"But, my dear lad," said the master of the school, "you don't seem to consider the other side of the picture. You must, in the first place, be many long months at sea; then, it will take many more before you even begin to lay by money; and there is the danger of the voyage, the terrible fevers, and Indian cholera, and battles, and"—

"Pho, pho, sir," interrupted O'Brien, impatiently, "you're only putting words into the mother's mouth, and fancies into her head. I shall but take my chance with others: there's Corny Moyle, now, who left this a ragged gossoon, and you see the trim that he's come back in."

"Ay, and many an honest lad will have cause to remember with grief, the day when corporal Moyle with his recruiting party put up at the Golden Sheaf. Besides, what has Moyle to show, beyond a red coat, a feather, and the money and authority with which he is only entrusted to entrap unthinking youths? Depend on it, O'Brien, it is not the privates of the army who make fortunes in India. You will bring home, if home you ever return, a broken constitution, idle habits, a wounded conscience, and an empty pocket."

Much more was said to dissuade the young man: his friend became more earnest, as he appeared the less disposed to listen; and set before him an awful picture of the vice and misery, to which he would be exposed, while leaving his helpless relations to certain poverty and grief. All was in vain: if O'Brien at any time secretly flinched from his purpose, he did not allow them to perceive it; and at last, with gay ribbands streaming from his hat, he took his bundle under his arm, and marched out of his native village, with five or six other lads, who had been induced to enlist, during the successful visit of corporal Moyle to Glanamora.

This was a great change to the party who were turning their backs upon their home, and beginning a journey of which none could foresee the end. One thing alone was certain, and that was the danger to which they were about to expose themselves. Death, in every form, seemed to threaten them; and the very nature of their new occupation was to run into the way of a sudden and violent end. Yet, neither those who had engaged in so perilous a business, nor those who had enticed them to it, seemed to bestow a single thought on the matter. Indeed, to drive away all serious reflection on any subject, appeared to be the grand business of the company; and if death was spoken of among what they called the chances of war, it was in a tone of bold defiance or jesting indifference, which proved that the "judgment to come" had no part in their calculations: the account, which each must give to the Judge of all the earth, occasioned no anxious inquiry as to how they were prepared to enter upon an unchangeable state. Bearing the name of Christians, they showed no desire to understand the will, or to follow the steps of that Saviour to whom they professed to belong; and thus rejoicing in the wide, uncertain prospect before them, which each contrived to colour according to his own fancy and inclinations, they arrived at the quarters of the detachment, whence they were soon after removed to a more extensive depot, preparatory to their embarkation for India.

O'Brien had suffered considerable self-reproach during the first few days of his journey; but he took great pains to stifle such feelings, and found is comrades ready enough in helping him to do so. However, when they first found the vessel in motion, which bore them from the isle of their birth towards the shore of England, a sensation of regret, more or less poignant according to the circumstances and dispositions of each, was evident among the recruits. They pressed to the side of the transport nearest the land, and gazed upon the receding outline of their beautiful country, as though they had never, till then, known the strength of the tie which bound them to her green shores.

"Long life to old Ireland!" cried one, at length, "there she is, and over the wide world I'll never find such another sweet country."

"True for you," observed a second; "and though 'twill be a long day before we come back, I will save up my riches, wherever they come from, to spend in old Ireland at last."

Many similar expressions of fondness were uttered, as the young men took a long leave of their native soil: some secret resolutions were formed, not to disgrace it among strangers by improper conduct; but these were fleeting thoughts, passing away like the waves that rolled by them, to be remembered no more.

Hitherto the men had enjoyed much liberty, and had scarcely experienced any perceptible change in their usual manner of life, excepting the continual movement. On reaching the general depot, a very different scene opened upon them: they were clad in uniform, and placed under the hands of the drill-sergeant, much to the personal discomfort of the greater number, who began in secret, but very heartily, to repent having quitted home, where no such irksome restraints were laid upon them. Among these murmurers, however, O'Brien was not found: he had calculated upon the temporary inconveniences of his military outset, and was perfectly satisfied to meet them. His cheerful attention to such duties, and the care with which he obeyed the instructions given on parade, rendered him a favourite with the non-commissioned officers, and occasioned him to be well reported by the acting adjutant: but O'Brien found it far more easy to make friends than to keep them—the uncontrolled violence of his temper often breaking out in a manner that drew down strong reprimands, with threats of more severe punishment.

The mode of life pursued in this garrison was in deed dreadful, and calculated to foster every bad passion of which the human character is capable. Strict attention was paid to discipline: the most perfect cleanliness of person and dress was indispensable: punctuality to a moment, required on parade, and at every bugle-call or beat of drum: the slightest act of disrespect to a superior was promptly punished; and to be drunk on duty subjected the offender to the severest flogging. But here the restrictions ended; and with perfect impunity might every man run to the utmost excess of riot, impurity, blasphemy—whatsoever his evil inclinations prompted, so long as they interfered not with the stated services of his military calling. At first, O'Brien expected to find the officers laying a restraint upon their men, so as to render some precaution necessary on the part of the latter, to conceal their transgressions: but alas! it was far otherwise. Example was given in the quarters of too many above them, which fully justified the most profligate courses of the private soldiers, so far as example could do it: and many a poor lad was daily drawn into the snares of sin, by seeing how boldly they were entered by those far better taught than himself, whom he was bound to follow in his professional service, and fully inclined to imitate, where neither duty nor interest called on him so to do.

There is a fearful responsibility attending the possession of authority in any form: it is not enough that those who enjoy it do not abuse the trust to the actual permission of evil; they are bound to exert it for the prevention of whatever can injure the persons placed under them, and for the encouragement of all that is for their good. Whether this obligation be acknowledged or not, it most certainly exists: and as no man can lessen the amount of his debts by refusing to inspect his creditor's books, neither can any obtain exemption from rendering a full account to God, of all his opportunities and responsibilities, by shutting his eyes to the words of that book which declares, that "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

The canteen was a favorite resort with O'Brien and many of his comrades: this is the place, in every regiment and military depot, where spirits are supplied to the men, usually by a non-commissioned officer appointed to superintend it. No restrictions are laid as to the quantity of drink served out; each soldier may order whatever he can pay for, and may treat his companions to the extent of his means. Of course, it becomes the interest of every drunkard to entice to the canteen such as have a little money in hand: and as O'Brien was evidently somewhat better off than many of the recruits, and was reported to have a snug farm of his own in Ireland, he found numerous tempters lying in wait to lead his willing steps towards the canteen.

One evening, while they were assembled in noisy merriment round the table, a soldier looked from the little window, calling out in a tone of derision, "there goes a methodist."

The word was new to O'Brien, and he advanced his head to the casement, expecting to behold something unusual; but perceiving nothing, he inquired where it was.

"Why, there, just over against you; don't you see him?"

"Pho, that's only a man of our own, by the uniform."

"Well, and he's a methodist."

This assertion was confirmed by the others of the party, who uttered many execrations against the individual, wishing they could lay hold on him inside the canteen; while O'Brien wondered what offence the soldier had committed, and at last inquired the meaning of the term which they had applied to him.

The canteen-keeper answered, "a methodist is one who sets his face against all comfort and good fellowship, thinking it a sin to do any thing else than say prayers and sing melancholy tunes. He hates the sight of a cheerful face, would not drink any thing better than water to save his life, and passes all his time in trying to make himself and every one about him as miserable as possible."

"Oh then," observed one of the Irish recruits, "it's, may be, a friar of some severe order; and he's a holy man."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the sergeant, impatiently, "who ever heard of a friar in regimentals? I can tell you that the methodist is always the worst enemy of your church, comrade; and he'd put you to death, if he dared, for being a Catholic."

This additional falsehood, with which the sergeant thought fit to complete the description of a man who never set foot in his canteen, produced the effect to be expected on the Irish Roman Catholics. O'Brien cared as little for his religion as any man among them, and had drawn on himself many rebukes from the priest of Glanamora, for neglect of the chapel and confessional: he therefore heard without much concern what offended his comrades more deeply: but could by no means forgive the other parts of the "methodist's" character, and resolved to follow the sergeant's advice, which was, that every one should keep as much as possible out of the way of Philip Dale.

◆

CHAPTER II.

The embarkation of O'Brien's detachment had been postponed to a date considerably beyond that first fixed; and corporal Moyle obtained a furlough to visit his friends, as he said: he had always been civil to O'Brien, but gradually dropped the appearance of intimacy with him, probably fearing, lest in some sudden fit of passion, the young man might fancy himself aggrieved, and, in revenge, tell more than Moyle wished to have known, at least while they remained in England. O'Brien seldom bestowed a thought on the circumstance that was generally uppermost in Moyle's recollection when with him; and having no particular choice of company, he followed the example of his old friend, keeping up the acquaintance with perfect good-humour, but never seeking him out, nor holding more than a civil intercourse when they met. Indeed, when not at the canteen, or under the influence of evil associates, Denis O'Brien gave himself diligently to the study of his new duties; partly because he knew how much more easy they would become by cheerful use, and partly to attain the sooner what he always intended to aim at, promotion from the ranks. It galled his pride, sometimes, to recollect the dirty and despised condition of Cornelius Moyle at the Golden Sheaf, when he was looked up to as the son of a thriving farmer, whose horse Corny was glad to hold; and he fully intended to recover his former pre-eminence some day, by rising above the corporal in his regimental rank: but these ambitious projects did not disturb him much; they merely gave a spur to his military studies, and made him more active in duty.

One evening, soon after Moyle had got his furlough, O'Brien was walking along a very picturesque and retired little road, when it occurred to him to practise a particular step, which gave him more trouble in the drill than any thing else. He first looked in both directions along the lane, and then commenced his lesson, making several attempts to get the exact manner of wheeling, which he had hitherto failed in.

After a little while, he was startled by hearing a voice exclaim, "that's not it, my lad; but you are nearer than before," and at the same time a soldier of his regiment sprang over the opposite bank, adding, "now let me show you the method of it, and we'll soon master the difficulty."

O'Brien accepted his good offices very thankfully, and so clear were the instructions of his teacher, so patient his perseverance in giving them, that at the end of half an hour, O'Brien found himself quite perfect in the step, and very warmly thanked his good natured assistant.

"Oh, don't make so much of a trifling service," said the other, smiling: we must give one another a helping hand now and then, and I shall be very happy to do so for you at any time; you have still several little difficulties to get over, and as you seem to have such a wish to improve, it's quite a pleasure to assist you: call on me whenever I can be of any use."

"I'll certainly do it," said O'Brien: "and pray, comrade, what's your name, and company?"

"Philip Dale, of No. 5, company," replied the soldier; and O'Brien felt not a little confounded on discovering that he had actually made acquaintance with the "methodist:" but as he was not under any apprehension of being enticed into the sobriety of character, or led to adopt the melancholy habits, which had been described to him as distinguishing Philip Dale, he resolved at once to make what he could of his friendly assistance, declining either to adopt his principles or to follow his example. Indeed the short half-hour which they had now passed together was enough to stagger his belief in one part of the canteen-sergeant's statement; for a peculiar expression of cheerful good-nature shone in the looks of the soldier, whose language bespoke the same disposition, together with a great knowledge of his professional duties, and interest in the honour of his corps.

"If I had known beforehand who he was," thought O'Brien, as he walked away, "I dare say I should have seen something of what they described to me; or fancied it, which often comes to much the same thing. As it is, I have looked on him without prejudice, and found nothing to dislike. At any rate I'll treat him like a potato—throw away what I don't choose, and make use of what I do." In addition to this resolve, O'Brien determined not to expose himself to share the contempt in which Dale was held by his comrades, by appearing to have any intimacy with him; and thus, regarding self alone as the grand object in all his plans, he settled the matter to his perfect satisfaction.

And what were the feelings of his new acquaintance? Dale was one who served God in the gospel of his Son. A poor soldier, numbered in the ranks of a regiment, he very well knew that even there he was bound to glorify God, to let his light shine before men, and to use every effort within his power for the promotion of his Master's kingdom. In every condition of life, the Christian will find that his cross is prepared; but few can estimate the weight of that which rests on the shoulders of a poor pious soldier. In proportion as deeds of darkness are practised and loved, in such proportion will the light that reproves them be hated: and, from the dissolute comrade, who pours into his ear the language of blasphemy and obscenity, up to the commanding officer, who too frequently denounces religious characters, as ruining the spirit and weakening the strength of a regiment, the soldier who fears God, is generally a mark for the unkindness of men around and above him. If to a man of honest disposition and grateful feelings it is painful to hear his dearest earthly friend and benefactor reviled and traduced, how far more grievous must it be to the believer to listen, when the language of profane scoffers is levelled, as it were, at the majesty of his Almighty King—insulting the holiness of his compassionate Redeemer, who died on the cross to save such sinners from the just wages of their iniquity! The blasphemy of the multitude, was a sore trial to David's feelings; and it was his happy privilege to resolve, "I will not know a wicked person.....he that telleth lies, shall not tarry in my sight." Men in inferior stations cannot so command their society, nor by authority overawe the wicked; but the poorest day-labourer has his hours of independence, when he can retire into his chamber, or, at least, on his bed may commune with his own heart and be still. No such advantage is enjoyed by the private soldier; his chamber is a barrack-room; his bed is laid out amid many others; and as long as one profligate comrade can resist the power of sleep, so long will Satan labour to set that man's tongue on fire of hell, that it may grieve and wound the ear of his Christian neighbour, and interrupt the course of his devotional meditations.

Philip Dale had once remarked to some pious friends, that it was delightful to him to be ordered on guard, even when the night was so stormy as to make the hardiest soldier shrink from the war of the elements, and shudder while he wrapped his military cloak more closely round him; "for," he added, "there was nothing in the violence of the tempest so dreadful as the wicked speeches of the barrack-room. I could take up the language of the Psalmist, as I looked abroad upon the gloomy scene, and say, 'praise the Lord—fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling his word.' Cold and comfortless to others, the night guard even in the depth of winter, was a grateful relief to me."

"Surely," said one who heard this, "a soldier must be more comfortable without religion than with it. Did you never wish yourself like the others, when your feelings were so severely tried?"

"If ever so wicked a thought was suggested to me by Satan," answered Dale, "the Lord gave me grace to resist it with abhorrence. What! wish myself again running headlong upon certain destruction of body and soul, to avoid walking over a few thorns that broke beneath my tread? No, no, comrade: those things, to be sure, are hard for flesh to bear; but what are they when balanced against the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not to be quenched? Better bear for a while the taunts and revilings of men, whom, perhaps, a little patient endurance on my part, may help to lead to a better mind, than hear them for ever reproaching me in hell, for having encouraged and assisted them in destroying their souls. There is no circumstance in which God's grace is not sufficient for any poor creature, who humbly prays that His power may rest on him, and the strength of his Saviour be made perfect in his weakness. I have had sweeter prospects of heaven, with all its songs of praise and joy, when compelled to hear the language of devils for a while, than, almost, at any other time. My greatest grief has been for the souls of my unhappy comrades, who were ripening themselves for destruction; and though I confess that I have put my head under the blanket, and wept in bitterness of spirit, at the blasphemous expressions which I could not help hearing, yet I can say that, for one tear that was drawn forth by my own uncomfortable situation, I shed many for the blindness and delusion of my tormentors."

Such was Philip Dale; and many such there are in the army, who find a time of outward peace the season of their severest warfare; for it is when all is quiet around, and events run smoothly on, that the heart of man generally works its own evil devices most uninterruptedly, and habits of self-indulgence rivet the chains of darkness upon the soul. Not that the enemy of our salvation is less active, or evil passions less easily stirred up, in the scenes of actual conflict, where the very gulf of eternity stands open before the feet and the eyes of men; but, to the Christian soldier, these are hours of more anxious watchfulness and prayer, when he knows that unless his loins be girded about, and his light burning, he is likely to be taken unawares, among the many whose days are numbered, and the time of their departure at hand. Besides, in a season of common danger, and when all are sharing the like privations, encountering the same fatigues, putting forth equal efforts, and unanimously bent on accomplishing a single object, there is less room for individual animosity, and less temptation to persecute a comrade. What is the end of these remarks?—to show that the conscientious follower of Christ, though he must share all the perils and privations of his brethren in arms, while on active service, is far from enjoying an equal portion of the rest and ease which await them during an interval of peaceful repose; and to bespeak for him that sympathy which his peculiar trials demand.

Philip Dale had served for some years, and with a character unimpeachable in the eyes of the whole regiment. It would have been an advantage to him in many ways, to have obtained promotion; and had he possessed a friend desirous of advancing him, there was no lack of strong claims to the favour: but such was not the case, and Dale cheerfully continued doing duty with rank and file, satisfied that in whatsoever station his Heavenly Father saw fit to place him, therewith he ought to be content, and thankful that a hand so unerring ordered all his ways, instead of leaving him to choose for himself. There were not wanting those who tried to render him dissatisfied at this inattention to his merits; particularly when some one of inferior pretensions was raised to a corporal's rank: but Dale never failed to check such observations, good-humouredly saying, that if each was allowed to judge of his own claims to promotion, there would be few coats in the regiment without stripes on the sleeve.

Since the last party of recruits had joined, Philip Dale often noticed the temptations to which O'Brien, in particular, was exposed, by his reputed easy circumstances: and often did he long to give a warning where he saw it to be so much needed. To seek the acquaintance, however, of a man so far removed in practice from all that was sober and correct, would have exposed him to the charge of mercenary inconsistency: he therefore resolved to profit by any opportunity that might occur, faithfully to warn him of his peril; but abstained from placing himself in the way. The unexpected incident of O'Brien's attempt at voluntary drilling, which he witnessed from the other side of the hedge, when walking along a field considerably raised above the level of the road, called his professional zeal into action, and occasioned an offer of assistance, even before he had time to recollect the other and far greater demands, that the poor young stranger had upon his Christian benevolence. The momentary look of disconcerted surprise, occasioned by the announcement of his name to O'Brien, did not escape him; nor was he at a loss to account for it, knowing how anxious his dissipated comrades always showed themselves to keep from him those whom they were leading into sin—conscious too, that the offence of the cross has not ceased, and that the world, which loves its own, hates those who have been called out of it, and separated from its pollutions. Dale did not pursue the hopeless scheme of reconciling what are, and ever must be, most opposite—godliness and worldliness, by compliances with the latter, or by casting a veil over his real convictions: but he steadily followed the Apostle's injunction, by well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: the malignity of treacherous men he knew that he could not escape.

O'Brien acted up to the resolve already stated: he availed himself occasionally of Dale's ready help in what concerned his military pursuits, and listened with some interest to narratives of regimental service, descriptions of foreign countries, customs, and other parts of the general information which Dale was possessed of; but to the profitable remarks with which he never failed to mingle his anecdotes, and the spiritual application that he delighted to make, O'Brien was insensible. He seldom heeded them; and when seemingly bestowing a little more attention, he understood them not.

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned;"—hence that apparent acquiescence with which many listen, from year to year, to the most startling calls, the most impressive representations of Christian ministers and faithful friends. It is the passiveness of a dead body, more discouraging than resistance, to those who have long experienced such an easy reception of the alarming truths that they proclaim.

The pious soldier beheld this apathy in his companion, and put up many a secret prayer for the quickening energies of the Holy Spirit on his behalf: while O'Brien secretly remarked that Dale had a great deal of old woman's talk, harmless enough, on some subjects; but that, in the main, he was a good sort of fellow, sensible and intelligent, whose whims might be indulged without hurting any body.

On one occasion, O'Brien was posting away to the canteen when he met Philip Dale, who invited him to walk towards the sea-side, to watch the approach of a very fine Indiaman, which was expected to come within a short distance of them. O'Brien replied that he must first take a glass of rum, and would then accompany him, if he was kind enough to wait.

"I should be willing to do so if you were going any where else, comrade; but once inside the canteen, you will not soon find the way out again."

"True for you, I dare say I should not. So what say you to coming along with me, and making me leave off when I've had enough, which I'm resolved to do?" Dale shook his head. "That would be breaking my own resolutions, with very little prospect of helping you to keep yours. I never enter the canteen, as I've often told you; and why will you frequent a place which you never leave without having deeply offended your God, and wounded your soul, and either troubled your conscience, or, what is yet worse, hardened it against reproof?" O'Brien knitted his brows; he did not relish the lecture, but determining not to quarrel just then, he carelessly said, "why, you know I was on guard last night, and a blowing night it was. I got such a chill, that it would be hard if I might not take something to warm me after it."

"Why comrade," said Dale, "was I not on guard too? you have forgotten that."

"To be sure then I had," replied O'Brien, laughing: "however, you are the better able to judge whether it was not cold comfort."

"It was rather fresh, I acknowledge, particularly to a man used to very warm climates; but for all that, I found it very delightful. I'll tell you, O'Brien, there is something in the clear star-light sky that talks to me of home, and the days of boyhood, and scenes that are changed, and faces that I shall behold no more. The very wind, as it whistles past me, seems the familar tone of a long-known friend; and the slow measured pace at which I walk to and fro helps the seriousness of my thoughts, till, I confess to you, comrade, I often feel my eye-lashes wet; but whether it be with the tear of pleasure or of pain, I cannot rightly say. Do you never, at such a time, think of your own Ireland, your father's house, and the friends who first pointed out to you those glittering stars, telling you the names by which we humble people learn to call the constellations?"

Dale rightly judged that such an appeal would waken in his companion's mind such thoughts and recollections as would ill accord with a visit to the canteen. O'Brien felt it; he cast down his eyes for a moment; then raised them to the face of the other, saying, "I'll tell you what, comrade; no longer ago than last night the very same thing came over me, so that I could at one time have sat down, if I might, and have cried like a child."

While he spoke, they reached the path which branched off to the canteen: O'Brien cast one rapid glance towards it, immediately averted his head, made a quick stride past the opening road, and went on with Dale; silently for a few moments, then with a forced laugh saying, "As you observed, a man used to a hot climate must needs feel a cold night-guard more than such a home-bird as me; and, for the honour of poor old Ireland, I'll not let it be said that I wanted a dram to warm me, when an Englishman, lately come from India, could do very well without it."

"I am heartily glad to hear you say so," answered Dale: "and may God give you grace, comrade, to abstain from the ways of sin, not merely for the credit of your dear country, but still more, for the glory of His great name. Those beautiful stars, of which we were speaking, how they seemed last night to sparkle to the praise of Him who made them! Didn't you think so, O'Brien?" "I won't say that I did: I was thinking of other things; and you know I never pretend to the character of a religious man." Dale led him on, from this point, into an interesting discourse on what constitutes a religious character. O'Brien related the austerities practised by some devotee friends of his, in Ireland, whose many prayers, long fasts, and frequent pilgrimages, had obtained for them the reputation of great sanctity. Dale showed from Scripture the utter vanity, folly, and evil tendency of such will worship; and, on being asked to account on any other principle for his own abstinence from what O'Brien deemed the enjoyments of life, he gave so clear and beautiful a sketch of Christian doctrine, adorned by Christian practice, that O'Brien almost longed to know something of that wherein his companion so evidently found a peace passing all understanding. On separating, he shook hands cordially with Dale, declaring that the walk had been pleasanter than fifty visits to the canteen.

Alas, poor O'Brien! The enemy who lay in wait for his soul would not so easily let the prey slip from his grasp; and Dale's exhortations to seek in prayer the influence which alone could avail him, being never remembered, or, at least, not followed, he proved an easy prize to the tempter.

Some of the canteen party, whom he had promised to meet, were on the look-out: they saw him bend his steps in that direction, they witnessed his meeting with Dale, and watched while he passed on, with a hasty look at the scene of his usual debauch. Extremely provoked at what they considered so signal a triumph on the part of the despised Christian, they determined not to yield the prey so soon; and a very powerful auxiliary arrived at this juncture, in the person of corporal Moyle, who, on his return from furlough, was greeted with the invectives poured out against Philip Dale by the party alluded to, and gleaned from them that O'Brien was in danger of being led away by the "methodist."

This would by no means have suited the purposes of Moyle, whose dislike to O'Brien, founded on the exposure which the latter could easily make of his character, would have rendered him very willing to see him a sharer in all the scorn and insult that Dale himself was obliged to encounter: but Moyle knew enough of the abhorrence in which a religious mind must hold the foul crime of murder, to dread exceedingly the entrance of such principles into the heart of O'Brien. He resolved to counteract the influence lately acquired, supposing it to be much greater than it really was; and cautioning the soldiers against such open hostility as would rouse O'Brien's obstinate character into steadier opposition to them, he assured them, that they would see the childish fancy of the raw recruit vanish like smoke, before the example of good fellowship, which they must persist in setting before him.

But Moyle's designs were deeper: he beheld with envy the care with which so many of the soldiers sought to ingratiate themselves with O'Brien; and could not doubt that the latter looked forward to advancement in his profession. The commendation often bestowed on his soldier-like appearance, his punctuality and rapid improvement, grated harshly on the narrow feelings of Moyle, who beheld in him a rival, prepared to maintain the superiority of his former station, and, if needful to crush him by divulging what would ruin his reputation with every officer in the regiment, if it did not affect his life.

Conscious guilt always magnifies dangers; and the envious man suspects others of aiming at his overthrow, as he would gladly accomplish theirs.

O'Brien certainly could not be blamed for the enmity of a man whom he had not wronged, and against whom he meditated no injury—not even the exposure of his former evil deeds: but O'Brien was without excuse, in that he continued to live in friendship with one whom he had every reason to regard as an impenitent murderer; and while rejecting the counsel of Dale, who frequently admonished him of the perils to which man is exposed, exhorting him to flee for refuge to the hope set before him in the gospel, O'Brien, in effect, cast away the offered shield, and laid his bosom wilfully bare to every arrow that might be shot against him.

But, what conviction ought to have done, pride and obstinacy seemingly accomplished; for no sooner did O'Brien discover that Moyle and the rest were bent on separating him from the company of Philip Dale, than he resolved to show them all, to use his own terms, that he was not the man to be dictated to by others. Accordingly, he appeared more intimate with him, in proportion as he saw his comrades anxious to detach him; while the pious soldier, ignorant of the motive that actuated him, hailed this increasing good-will with delight, and zealously sought to improve the opportunity afforded, by speaking more openly and earnestly than ever to O'Brien on the subject of personal holiness founded on, and springing from, a lively faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER III.

By degrees, O'Brien had assumed the character of Dale's champion; and on several occasions defended him, with no small degree of spirit, from the scoffs and taunts uttered against him in his absence. It was not that he really appreciated or even understood the value of what he advocated; but his pride was engaged in the contest, not to allow any one to be scorned whom he thought fit to appear attached to. In short, O'Brien fancied himself bound in honour to patronize his unassuming companion; and in so doing he deceived all parties, to his own cost.

Moyle, apprehending the worst from such a growing preference, began to remonstrate strongly with O'Brien, appealing in turn to his personal and national pride, and to his evil propensities, on which the strictness of Dale's principles would lay a perpetual restraint: but pride, as we have seen, was already enlisted on the opposite side of the question; and as to his profligate habits, O'Brien indulged them as much as ever, except when, to prove his boasted independence, he disappointed the men of his expected presence at a debauch, to annoy them by showing himself in company with Dale. He therefore parried the arguments of Moyle with levity, not unmixed with sarcasm; and, when the other persisted, he retorted with such asperity, that Moyle, fancying he discerned both contempt and menace in his language, resolved to finish the matter at once, by provoking O'Brien into some breach of military law, so serious as to incur a heavy and disgraceful punishment, calculated, at once, to break the spirit of which he stood in fear, and to lessen, in the eyes of the whole regiment, the character of one who might hereafter stand as his accuser.

He watched his opportunity when he supposed O'Brien to have drunk enough to inflame his temper beyond its usual degree of irritability; and meeting him in the barrack-yard, where many were within sight, but none near enough to overhear, he accosted the young soldier in terms of unexpected severity, on some imaginary ground of offence, calculating that the angry feelings of O'Brien would prompt him to strike him at once.

This, however, was not the case; he answered coolly, and somewhat disdainfully, that Mr. Moyle must have been visiting his friends at the Golden Sheaf, and have taken enough to unsettle his brain. Exasperated at such a retort, Moyle spoke more insultingly than before; and O'Brien, suddenly roused, was just laying hold on the breast of his jacket, with a look that boded no less than the corporal had calculated upon, when both were startled by the voice of the acting adjutant, close beside them, who, giving O'Brien's knuckles a smart rap with his cane, angrily demanded the reason of such a daring instance of insubordination.

"Pray excuse him, sir," said the artful corporal, "the poor lad has drank too much, and does not rightly know what he is doing."

"That is false," said O'Brien; "begging your honour's pardon, I am as sober as ever I was in my life; but he set upon me without the least provocation, and used such language as nobody could stand."

"'Tis well for you, sir," replied the officer, "that you disprove the charge of drunkenness, which would have aggravated your offence instead of mitigating it; but you must be taught that to assault a superior is a military crime of the blackest dye; and you will get the lesson on painful terms, I suspect. Off with him to the guard house, while I go and report to the commandant."

O'Brien was immediately put under arrest; and so far Moyle's project promised to be fully successful: but the acting adjutant was a discerning and kind hearted man: he had noticed O'Brien's diligence in the ranks, and thought it a pity to break at once the spirit of a promising young soldier for a first offence, particularly as he could not but perceive how exceedingly disconcerted Moyle appeared at his unexpected interposition; while the charge of drunkenness, which he had artfully advanced in the form of an extenuation, was refuted as much by the appearance as by the words of O'Brien.

All this he communicated to the officer in command of the detachment, and it was agreed to examine the parties privately, before deciding on a court-martial.

Summoned into the mess-room, where a few officers were then assembled, the prisoner and his accuser appeared side by side. Moyle told his story with the best face that he could; but his uncertainty as to how much might have been witnessed by the acting adjutant prevented his giving it the embellishments that he had intended.

O'Brien made a plain, simple statement of the facts as they had occurred, adding, that he was quite thrown off his guard by such an unexpected attack from an old acquaintance and townsman of his own.

"Then I suppose you would say," observed one of the officers, "that your reference to the Golden Sheaf was intended to remind the corporal of your early friendship, and to soften rather than to exasperate him." "No, sir, it was not; I did not like what he said to me, and can't pretend that I expected to please him by my answer; and as to friendship, there was no particular friendship between me and Corny Moyle."

"You have been guilty of great insubordination," said the commanding officer, while Moyle heartily wished the business at an end; "but as the corporal admits to have brought against you the charge of irregularity on parade this morning, let us first inquire whether it is well founded: at all events it was not noticed either at the right time, or in a proper manner."

This subject was then gone into, and the accusation of Moyle completely disproved; while the embarrassment into which he had brought himself occasioned him to use such prevarications, and to contradict, so glaringly, many of his own statements, that several of the officers declared him as fit a subject for a court-martial as the young recruit.

After much consultation, it was agreed among them that as no blow had been struck, nor any actual threat uttered, and as the provocation evidently was considerable, the matter should go no farther than ordering O'Brien a heavy amount of knapsack drill, and giving Moyle a severe reprimand.

The acting adjutant's wish to favour O'Brien was seconded by the influence of the officer who had found Moyle so useful in recruiting, and who therefore desired to screen him. The two men returned to their quarters with feelings of which O'Brien's were by far the less painful; while Moyle secretly vowed that his next attempt should not be so easily foiled.

When Philip Dale met with O'Brien that evening, he congratulated him warmly on his escape; remarking that the Lord had wonderfully interposed for his deliverance, and calling on him to acknowledge the mercy in thankful praise: but O'Brien had no such sense of the divine goodness; he attributed it to a lucky chance bringing the adjutant to them at that moment, conscious that in a few seconds he should have laid Moyle at his feet. Although he yielded a sort of careless assent to Dale's remark, the latter perceived how little his heart was affected, and proceeded to set before him the extent of suffering and disgrace to which a trial and the usual sentence in such cases, would have subjected him.

"As to that," said O'Brien, "if ever they dare to lay a lash across me, I'll desert the next day."

"You would not be in a situation to desert, for many days after such an event," replied Dale, "and when you got out of hospital, what advantage could you expect from deserting?"

"Sure, I've a snug farm of my own to go to, whenever I please."

Dale shook his head. "You must consider, O'Brien, that if you deserted you would be minutely described in a paper called 'The hue and cry;' in which the place of your abode would also be stated, and copies sent down to the neighbouring magistrates, postmasters, and so on. A stricter watch would be kept for you there than any where else; but in no place could you be safe. Wherever you were seized, you must be delivered up to the nearest military commandant, and by him marched off to District Head Quarters, sure of a more dreadful punishment than that which led to your desertion."

"Pho!" said O'Brien, "if once I started away, I would lead them a dance to tire them of hunting such a fox. I could baffle them for ever."

"Of course none would desert if they had not the same opinion of their own powers," answered Dale; "but few are able to elude the vigilance of the law; and those who do so, lead a most wretched life indeed. Come, comrade, don't indulge in such thoughts as these; but confess the mercy of the Lord in setting you free from this your first difficulty. Think what the Psalmist says, 'surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' They are following you now, O'Brien: do not be so ungrateful to the Giver of every good thing, as to deny or to turn away from them."

He added more to the same effect, but with no success. O'Brien was secretly startled to find that he had no retreat from the consequences of any suffering that his misconduct might bring upon him; and he felt irritated and resentful. "You may say what you please," he observed, "but if ever they stretch their authority over me to the length of a flogging, I'll brave all that you describe, and fifty times worse, rather than live in such slavery."

"Then, O'Brien, take a more alarming view of the case: you must indeed brave infinitely more than man can describe or imagine, if you commit such a sin—you must then brave the wrath of God. Remember you are sworn to serve the king faithfully. I need not remind you of the terms of the oath which you have so lately taken; and who can venture to provoke the Lord by deliberate perjury, unless he be altogether an infidel?"

O'Brien looked at him with a sort of sullen pride, and said, "my clergy can absolve me from any oath that I may take."

"Impossible, comrade! your oath of fidelity and allegiance to the powers that be, who are ordained of God, and whom you are bound to obey, not only for wrath but also for conscience' sake—this oath no human power can ever dissolve."

"I shan't dispute with you, Dale, seeing that we are of different religions, and cannot agree. Besides, I am not going to desert, unless they provoke me to it by doing what, at present, there is little prospect of. Only I must say that I saw such spite against me this day, on the part of Moyle, as convinced me that he would be glad to ruin my character; and the set-down that he got is not likely to lessen his ill-will. I never did him an unkind turn in my life; so far from it"—here O'Brien suddenly checked himself; for, at the moment, it flashed upon his mind, that the real cause of Moyle's enmity was the consciousness of his knowing more than any one else did, of his former courses. He pondered for a while upon this, with mingled surprise and indignation, muttering, "the blockhead, why did he enlist me, then; to take me about the world, a witness against himself?"

Dale perceived that his companion had fallen into an anxious train of thought, and forbore to press him farther, only saying, "Well O'Brien, remember there is a declaration in the Scriptures, that, 'when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.' I cannot justify the conduct of corporal Moyle, nor can I tell whether your opinion of his evil designs be well founded or not; but I know, that 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them,' both from visible dangers, and from others not so clearly seen."

"Yet you Protestants refuse to pray to the angels;" said O'Brien, who now seemed willing to change the subject of Moyle, even for a controversy on religion.

"To be sure we do, comrade: what are angels? St. Paul says, 'are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them that shall be heirs of salvation?' They are God's servants, His messengers, holy and happy creatures that are created, as man was, to serve and to adore their Almighty Maker; and having been kept faithful, they fulfil the end of their being, unstained with the sin that has defiled and ruined our race. We are told by our blessed Lord, that there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; which shows their tender concern for His glory, and their delight when one more is added to the happy number who shall praise Him through eternity. But throughout the whole Bible, comrade, there is not one word, that would justify us in praying to an angel; very many plain and awful passages there are, which threaten with dreadful judgments those who worship any created being, or bow down before an image, or, in short, yield adoration of whatsoever kind or degree, to any but God alone: 'thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.'"

"Well, Dale, I only wonder how a poor soldier, like you, can find time to get so deep into these things. For my own part, I have neither leisure nor learning to do so."

"With respect to learning, comrade," replied Dale, "as the gospel was preached by our Blessed Lord to the poor, so the very poorest and simplest may, if he seeks the teaching of the Holy Spirit, understand its glorious truths at this day, as well as the most learned. God is no respecter of persons, and has not caused the word of life to be so written that any should be excluded by want of worldly knowledge. On the other hand, the wisest and greatest of men cannot come at its meaning, unless they be instructed therein by the Holy Spirit, for whose teaching rich and poor alike must pray, if they would have their eyes opened to behold the wondrous things of God's law.

"As to leisure, I must honestly tell you, O'Brien, that the hours which you spend at the canteen, and in idle wicked company, would be quite sufficient to bring you thoroughly acquainted with all that is necessary to your soul's salvation, if indeed you would give them, and, along with them, your heart, to God."

O'Brien shook his head, and was not sorry to hear the bugle-call, which at that moment summoned them to quarters. Something told him that Dale was always right; but as it would then follow that he was always wrong, he strove to banish the conviction as fast as possible. That Dale was a happier man than himself did not admit a doubt; but he could not bring himself to desire the same happiness, on such terms as abstaining from all that his profligate companions called pleasure. Seeking the knowledge of the Lord was far from his wish: the language of his heart, almost of his lips, was, "depart from me."

Had Philip Dale known the exact state in which the object of his compassionate anxiety was placed, he would, doubtless, have redoubled his efforts to bring him out of the snare, and to persuade him to plant his foot upon The Rock; but as it was, he laboured diligently, putting up many a prayer for direction and help.

The servants of God should always remember, that those with whom they are brought into contact may be under circumstances, which, if known to them, would occasion a double portion of solicitude, and enkindle far greater zeal on their behalf: how often are we shocked by hearing of some afflictive dispensation, perhaps even a sudden summons into the presence of God, sent to one whom, but a little while before, we had opportuuity of inviting to repent, and to receive the gospel! Real faithfulness is seldom practiced; and where, through divine grace, it does exist, we find, in general, the greatest discouragements thrown in its way by the enemy of souls. A thousand considerations of expediency wherewith we are glad to cover, even from ourselves, the cowardice and deceitfulness of our hearts, will operate to withhold the warning, to check the rebuke, to postpone the invitation, when a soul is perishing before us. Who can estimate the preciousness of Paul's experience, when he could say, "I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men." Such ought to be the language of every one professing to serve the same Master whom Paul served; and he is the happiest man, who, to the greatest extent, can appropriate the assertion.

Rejecting, as he did, the counsel of God against himself, can we wonder that O'Brien found his enemies an over-match for him, in every quarter? The most confident self-dependence was his snare: relying on his own strength, he had broken away for a time from the idle and profligate courses that were ruining his family; and, then, while exulting in this imaginary reformation, he had been easily seduced into the abandonment of home, and all his improved prospects, to strike into a new path, of which none but himself entertained any hope that it would prove to him other than the road to destruction. He had despised the good counsel of disinterested advisers, slighted the tears and entreaties of a widowed mother, and obstinately persisted in exchanging a present certainty of respectable competence, for the visionary prospect of riches and honours, to which he had never seen any of his rank in life attain.

Embarked in his new profession, he became the ready victim of every temptation, easily persuading himself, that what was highly improper and reprehensible in a retired village, among decent people, was nothing more than an allowable participation in the accustomed vices of a garrison: and while surrounded by those who lay in wait for his soul, with one, at least, thoroughly bent to overthrow his goings in the way of his profession, he turned with proud self-sufficiency from the friendly voice which sought to convince him of his own weakness, at the same time pointing out to him a supply of inexhaustible strength, an arm mighty to redeem his soul from destruction, and so to hold up his steps that his goings should not slide.

Moyle persevered in his artful design; and O'Brien having guessed at the real cause of his enmity, gave him to understand that it would be safer not to exasperate him. This the other felt to be true; but having now gone too far to retract, and despairing of throwing O'Brien off his guard, by pretending friendship for him, he continued to labour for his downfall with increasing assiduity.

Dreading, too, the quiet observance of Philip Dale, and the effect his wise counsels might produce, in rendering O'Brien still less open to the assaults made upon him, Moyle took every opportunity of harrassing and tormenting the pious soldier; particularly by directing the laugh of his comrades against him, on the ground of gross inconsistency, in having made choice of such an associate.

Often, when O'Brien had been committing some deed, or uttering expressions against which they well knew that the feelings of Dale would revolt, they repeated, even with great exaggeration, the particulars of his offence, in Dale's presence; adding, that if O'Brien were not under the special patronage of a saint, they should think his behaviour very unsuitable to a religious character.

Such observations deeply afflicted the person against whom they were directed; and more so, as his good-will towards O'Brien was openly attributed to the same mercenary motives that actuated the speakers, when tempting him to squander his money for their benefit at the canteen.

It cost Dale many a painful consideration to determine how far he was justified in bringing this scandal upon his Christian profession; knowing that, on the one hand, men will never cease to speak all manner of evil, falsely, of those whose language and conduct bear a consistent testimony against their wickedness; and therefore that to make a sacrifice to mere malice would be alike uncalled-for and unavailing: and, on the other hand, that to associate daily with a known, and too evidently a hardened profligate, in the hope of doing him good, was giving some real occasion for the enemy to blaspheme; and, however clear he stood, in the sight of God, of any participation whatever in the sins of O'Brien, yet, that the precepts which command separation from the ungodly world, certainly imply no partial exception in favour of any individual among the polluted mass.

After much reflection and prayer, he resolved to communicate frankly to O'Brien the result of his deliberations—a task more difficult than can be conceived by any one who has not, in the exercise of Christian faithfulness, been called upon to fulfil it.

While the conscientious soldier was yet deliberating on the fittest season, and the kindest mode, for executing his painful task, a circumstance occurred, most delightful to him; this was the arrival of an officer from India, who had been the first means of his conversion, and in whom he had found an invaluable friend.

Illness had occasioned the return of captain Murray to England, on sick leave; and he was a passenger on board the very ship which had furnished Dale with an inducement to draw O'Brien away from the canteen.

Having arranged some necessary business in town, the captain proceeded to visit his brother officers at the depot.

The presence of strangers was a matter of such daily occurrence, that a gentlemen in a military undress coat, appearing on parade with the other officers, attracted little notice. He had arrived while the men were forming for inspection, and entered the quarters of their lieutenant colonel. When, however, he approached the line, there was a perceptible movement among the older soldiers of the detachment; and tears of glad surprise almost started from the eyes of Philip Dale, when suddenly encountering those of his best and dearest earthly friend. A smile, that played upon the countenance of captain Murray, bespoke his gratified notice of one whom he highly valued; but other recognition was of course precluded by the rules of a military parade ground.

"He will certainly send for me after parade," thought Dale; nor was he disappointed. The summons was conveyed by Moyle himself; who, with a bitter sneer, added, "I suppose you'll make a point of introducing O'Brien."

Dale had, indeed, forgotten his unhappy comrade amid the many recollections called to mind by the sudden re-appearance of his captain. He made no reply to Moyle's remark, but secretly resolved to communicate fully to captain Murray the nature of his dilemma respecting O'Brien; thankful that such a counsellor had been sent in the hour of need.

The captain was alone, and received him most kindly, making many inquiries after his welfare; more particularly the most important branch of it. On this point, indeed, he had already been pretty well satisfied; for, in answer to his query, how Dale went on, the officer in command had carelessly replied, "Oh! as great a saint as ever."

How little do the men of this world reflect on the meaning and the privileges of the appellation so scornfully, so reproachfully used! "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?" asks Saint Paul of the Corinthians: a question that would excite no little astonishment, if it were asked in a party of people who use as a term of contempt that title by which the Spirit of God designates those—*all those*—who shall be heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

Philip Dale lost no time in acquainting captain Murray that he particularly wanted his advice, in a matter which concerned not only himself, but a comrade, about whom he felt very anxious.

"Is he a pious man, Dale?"

"Oh no, sir: I sadly fear that, for the present, he is quite hardened against reproof; yet I don't know how to give the poor lad up, altogether, to his evil counsellors. He is a young Irish recruit; and has fallen into bad hands; but still he seems to prize my friendship, and listens patiently to all that I have to say."

"Well, Dale, you shall come to my lodging by and by; and then we will talk it over, after asking that wisdom from above, without which we cannot discern our path. I am thankful to find you walking thus consistently; and after calculating fairly the losses and gains—the clouds and the sunshine, tell me, Philip, have you not found that I told you truly, when first addressing you on the error of your former ways, I assured you that wisdom is the principal thing—that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace?"

"You did, sir; and there hath not failed to me one word of all those good promises that you then set before me. To be sure, I feel the cross heavy, at times; but I bless God, there never was an hour when I was permitted really to wish it removed from me, cr to regret that I had taken it up to follow my Master."

Dale then informed the captain, that O'Brien was on guard, and posted as sentry at the barrack-gate. He requested him to look at the young soldier as he passed it; for his appearance was certainly prepossessing, and Dale wished him to have the full benefit of the favourable impressions which his manly and military aspect were likely to make on one who was an accurate observer.

In the evening, the soldier repaired to captain Murray's lodging, who said, "I took notice, as you desired me, of my young countryman at the barrack-gate, who certainly is a remarkably fine fellow, and, for a recruit, surprisingly at home in his regimentals. But the expression of his eye is not in his favour: I caught a glance that was intended, I believe, for some one else; and a more determined look of defiance, not unmixed with malignity, I have rarely encountered."

"I don't know, sir," said Dale, "unless indeed it was corporal Moyle."

"Well it was Moyle, certainly, to whom I stopped to speak; and now you will acquaint me with the particulars of your present difficulty. First we will look out a promise for help, and seek its fulfilment in prayer; and then proceed to the question."

With a beating heart did Philip Dale once more behold the little Bible produced, which had been his instructor in days past, his monitor, when faltering at the outset of his Christian course, and the channel of sweet comfort to him upon the bed of sickness. Again he heard its words of precious promise, from the lips of a beloved teacher, and deep indeed was the thankfulness with which again he bent his knee in supplication with one who had, many a time, led the devotions of a little band of Christian brethren, far from their native shores, in strange scenes, among the worshippers of strange gods, and exposed to enemies of every description.

It was no disgrace to Philip Dale's military jacket that its sleeve brushed away a tear as he rose, after hearing the touching recurrence to former times with which captain Murray closed his prayer.

The subject of his present difficulty in reference to O'Brien, with all that he had discovered as to the situation of the latter, was then fully opened to the captain, who paused for some time, in deep thought, after Dale had concluded; and then observed, "it is a trying question, how far we may depart from the strict line that we have laid down for regulating our converse with the world. My own experience tells me, that it ought never to be violated, except in very peculiar cases."

"I am sure of that, sir," replied Dale: "and I should never consider myself justified, for instance, in going to the canteen for the purpose of warning those who assemble there. I have known some who thought they might safely stand in the way of sinners, and sit in the seat of the scornful, so long as they did it with a real purpose of benefiting them; but I can't say that ever I knew any good come of such compliances. What I want to know, is, whether my associating with this young man comes within the meaning of the text. I never follow him to the scenes of his misconduct; I never join him when he is among his profligate comrades; but when he comes to me in preference, and is willing to listen to my poor admonitions, is it right, sir, to say, or to seem to say, 'stand by thyself, come not near to me; for I am holier than thou?'"

"Indeed, Dale, I am very much at a loss to determine this question; but it appears to me that your best plan would be to talk very plainly with O'Brien; to set before him the jeopardy in which your own character is placed, and to try what effect such an appeal may produce on his mind. At all events, it will assure him of your sincerity; and leave him without self-excuse, should he persist in refusing the good to choose the evil."

"It was what I had myself nearly resolved to do, sir," said Dale: "and I shall now go about it cheerfully, and, with the divine help, execute it resolutely, since you fully approve the proceeding. I have often wished to draw back from poor O'Brien, but somehow, I could not: for that text would be always coming into my mind, 'let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.'"

Captain Murray uttered a fervent aspiration for the fulfilment of this promise to his humble friend; and after some more interesting conversation, Dale returned to the barracks, resolved to lose no time in communicating with O'Brien.

How far the latter might have been influenced by a proceeding so manly and consistent, it is hard to say; but O'Brien had the world and the devil, leagued with the flesh, to keep him in bondage; and while the two servants of God were taking counsel for his good, he was wrought upon by very different characters, to render all their labour abortive.

On seeing Dale proceed to the lodging of captain Murray, some of the men sneeringly observed, that the penitent was gone to confession, and would have a smart penance put upon him for having been so much in the company of a reprobate fellow.

O'Brien angrily demanded the meaning of the remark, so plainly levelled at himself.

"It means," said one of the party, "that captain Murray is Dale's great friend and patron—a gentleman who sets himself up for a pattern among the officers, just as Mr. Dale does with us. It was he who brought this new light into our corps, and set the unsociable fashion that turned some of our best soldiers into psalm-singing methodists. There was a pretty squad of them in India, who thought more of handling their Bibles than their firelocks; but Dale was the only one here, and he has taken the liberty that his master's eye being off gave him to enjoy the company of one good fellow; no doubt meaning to come round by degrees, and throw off his cloak altogether. Now you'll see that the sudden appearance of the captain will put him on the sharps again; and this honest lad will be thrown by, like a broken bayonet, for fear of losing a better friend, who may yet put the stripes on his arm, as he has tried to do before."

O'Brien listened to this speech with some amusement, so perfectly sure he was that Dale would scorn a line of conduct characterized by mean servility. His pride, too, was roused in a high degree, at being brought forward in so mortifying a contrast, and spoken of as only to be used by Dale as a stepping stone in his supposed progress towards rejoining the associates, whom O'Brien very well knew he had left for ever. He gave a high answer to the surmises thrown out; defended Dale from the charge of time-serving and hypocrisy; and when he found the laugh becoming general among the men, he vowed, in most intemperate language, to let them see that for the future he and Dale should be better friends than ever before.

This passed in the guard-room, during the night; and no sooner had the usual relief set the former guard at liberty, than O'Brien hastened in quest of Dale, whom he found lingering near the parade.

It was with pain that the pious soldier beheld him approach, with more than his wonted cordiality of manner; and doubly difficult appeared the task which he had undertaken: but from it he must not shrink; and, with a pale countenance, he commenced what to the hasty and irritable spirit of O'Brien soon appeared to be a full justification of the severest things, that had been uttered in the guard-room.

Silent, partly through contempt, and partly from not finding words whereby to express his indignation, he seemed to pay attention while his comrade set before him the tendency of those remarks to which their intimacy had subjected his own character; and encouraged by this, Dale proceeded to urge upon him the folly and danger of halting, or seeming to halt between two opinions. He was imploring him to consider, how very mean, how worthless, and vain was the good-will of ungodly men, when put in the balance against the love of his Maker and Redeemer; but O'Brien, who now regarded it all as a trick of Dale's to save his own credit with a superior officer, burst out into a torrent of invective, called him a canting hypocrite, and shaking violently a little switch that he had in his hand, though without raising it, he told Dale at his peril never to preach any more of his second-hand trash to him; and hurried away, as if fearful of trusting himself any longer within reach of one whom he seemed inclined to assault more grossly than with mere words.

"We also are men of like passions with you," said two inspired Apostles to the heathen who would have paid divine honours to them; and if such was the case with Paul and Barnabas, no wonder that a soldier, thus suddenly assailed with abuse wholly unmerited, felt for a moment the swell of angry resentment rising within his breast—no wonder that the first impulse of Philip Dale's mind was to run after O'Brien, to cast off indignantly the aspersions that had been levelled at his character, and to demand an apology for the movement which had nearly amounted to a personal menace. But the feeling was momentary: the temptation, felt to be such, was met by instant prayer, and conquered: and Dale experienced a degree of satisfaction for which he could scarcely account, while yet smarting under the shock of such an ungrateful return for his affectionate solicitude. A grievous weight seemed removed from his mind, though the rudeness with which it had been rent away left him hardly sensible of it at first.

"I have done what I felt to be my duty," thought he, "and doubtless this is sent to show me how hollow is the ground on which I was trying to build. This mistaken young man might have been influenced for a while by my counsel; might have taken up the name and appearance of a Christian, without the reality; and then, by some such outbreak as this, have brought upon the cause of religion that disgrace which now will only cleave to himself. 'Tis plain that from henceforth I can only pity and pray for him; he will never seek my company again, and certainly I cannot seek his. Poor, unhappy man! What a sinful feeling was mine, when resentment got the better of me, and I almost longed to punish him. Ah, when shall I be thoroughly willing to partake my Master's cross, and rejoice at being counted worthy to suffer shame for His name!"

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Murray had left the place by an early coach that morning, or Dale would have had his sympathy and encouragement under the mortifications that of course awaited him.

O'Brien, too impetuous for any disguise, had openly declared that he had more than made good the suspicions expressed of his sincerity; and jests without number were uttered in Dale's hearing, on the subject. By these, he became acquainted with the real origin of O'Brien's insulting conduct, and at first almost doubted whether captain Murray's visit had not been an evil; but a little reflection convinced him that all was for the best. If O'Brien could be so easily influenced against him, after the opportunities that he had enjoyed of studying his character, there could have been no security that he should retain his regard for a day; and, while under the dominion of such fierce passions, the young man could, at best, but have deceived himself, by attempting to wear the garb of religion; or, through unwillingness to lose his good opinion altogether, O'Brien might have been induced to impose on Dale, and thus to add hypocrisy of the most dangerous description to his other sins.

It will be supposed that Moyle most cordially rejoiced in this event. He saw with delight that O'Brien plunged deeper into debauchery for the pleasure of distressing Dale, and to wipe off the imputation of having imbibed the least tincture of sobriety from associating with him. Hitherto, O'Brien had not given in to the dreadful habit of swearing, beyond the utterance of imprecations when much exasperated; but now he took pains to equal the most shameless blasphemers among them; and was noted for the daring impiety of his language, increasing it when within hearing of Dale, or of those who would be sure to repeat it all to him.

Such a pertinacious hardening of himself could not but lead to the overthrow of all that was before comparatively respectable in his character. He became idle and inattentive to military duties; and instead of silently labouring to attain promotion, contented himself with bragging of his deserts, and of the certain advancement which awaited him, while the corporal saw with inward satisfaction that he was on the high road to inevitable disgrace.

The progress was not long: O'Brien got into a drunken quarrel with some of the town's-people, and several of his comrades joined in it. A great riot ensued; a guard was turned out to apprehend the delinquents, and the greater number dispersed on its approach; but O'Brien, who was furious under the united influence of revenge and strong drink, stood his ground, resisting desperately, and at last made a thrust with his bayonet at the sergeant who commanded the party. Had not the weapon been struck from his hand by another soldier, he would probably have dyed that hand in blood.

So flagrant a violation of every law, civil and military, could not but bring down a heavy punishment on one whose good name was no longer remembered, through his repeated misconduct. O'Brien was put into close confinement, preparatory to a court martial, the issue of which was easily foreseen.

Moyle took care to keep altogether out of the way of being mixed up in this business; but he let fall some artful allusions to the former event, which, with his previous services, induced his commanding officer so to exert himself in his behalf that he was made a sergeant on the very day when O'Brien, convicted and sentenced by the unanimous voice of the court martial, was led forth into the barrack-square to undergo the dreadful ignominy of a military flogging.

The punishment was endured with such unflinching fortitude as won the secret admiration of many among the officers; while his comrades, particularly those of his own country, predicted that he would never be tamed by the lash.

O'Brien undoubtedly suffered most acutely, both in body and mind; but the feelings of Philip Dale, as he stood an involuntary and most unwilling witness of the shocking scene, were, in some respects, even more poignant than his. The self-reproach that every tender conscience is liable to writhe under, visited him with strokes more heavy than those which fell on the shoulders of the criminal. "Have I done *all* that I could?" was his mental inquiry. "Did I bear long enough with his perverseness? Did I follow him in gentleness and patience, and with persevering importunity, inviting him to return unto the Lord, who is so ready to pardon? Surely I accounted it a burdensome task; and perhaps he perceived it, and was the more hardened against my cold and slothful pleadings. Alas! what are the stripes now lacerating that bleeding back, to those which shall punish the servant who knew his Lord's will and did it not!"

Tears were falling fast down the weather-beaten cheeks of more than one old soldier; and several of the younger men were fainting away, as is frequently the case at such a spectacle: but Dale neither fainted nor wept. His feelings were too intense, while he inwardly groaned under those suggestions, whereby the enemy of men's souls loves to make the servants of God write bitter things against themselves; for though Dale came short, as every child of Adam will do, in the performance of the task set before him, he had little cause for these keen self-rebukes. He had displayed both wisdom and fidelity, long forbearance, fervent zeal, and affectionate compassion, in his dealings with O'Brien: and his arguments against desertion recurring to his mind, along with the culprit's former declaration on that point, furnished him even now with a subject for thankfulness.

When the distressing work was over, and the criminal conducted from the place of punishment towards the hospital, Dale's station in the ranks was such that he was led past within an arm's-length of his pitying comrade.

O'Brien's countenance was pale to ghastliness, but every feature expressed such an inflexible sternness, such immoveable endurance, and stubborn hardihood as left no doubt on Dale's mind that he would act fully up to his former declaration, if no worse purpose of revenge occupied his thoughts.

At the moment of passing him, O'Brien turned his eyes in that direction—he had never once cast them down—and met a look so full of compassionate sorrow that he seemed touched by it; some feeling he evidently showed, on recognizing Dale; but of what kind it was, man could not know: still, Dale was convinced that his deep sympathy had not been unheeded, he hoped that it was accepted; and the tear of long restrained emotion overflowed as he gazed after the wretched culprit, whose unsteady step alone bore witness to the excess of his bodily torment.

Military punishment was a thing of too frequent occurrence to excite much remark in the garrison, beyond the hour of its infliction; but O'Brien had been the subject of so many observations, predictions, and even of bets among those who added to their other vices the dreadful habit of gambling, that his public disgrace furnished a topic for every class in the barrack.

His own feelings were not revealed; he maintained a sullen silence, whether addressed in the language of reproach, of commisseration, or of that levity which strove to do away with the bitterness of mortified pride, by representing the transaction as a seasoning for military service, or by pointing to the very many individuals who had suffered the same, yet held their heads as high in the ranks as those who never had experienced a touch of the lash.

O'Brien listened to all, but answered none. When the acting adjutant came to him, and, in a strain of sensible remonstrance, set before him the lamentable consequence of his departure from former habits of attention, subordination, and military zeal, entreating him to profit by the painful lesson just received, and promising on his own part an oblivion of all faults, with every encouragement in a better course, O'Brien heard him respectfully, kept his eye fixed on him with unshrinking steadiness, and replied only by that movement of the hand to his forehead which constitutes the ordinary salute to an officer. But when the acting adjutant turned away, a suppressed smile was seen to curl the soldier's lip, and a leering glance followed the steps of his friendly adviser, which bespoke no purpose of carrying into effect what he had heard.

Indeed O'Brien felt how far more sensibly, as well as piously, Philip Dale would have treated the subject—that he would have gone to the root of the matter, have pointed out the neglect of far higher duties, as the origin of every offence committed against human authority; and have shown how neessary it was to make the tree good, in order to ensure good fruit from it.

O'Brien's natural sense and judgment secretly acknowledged that such was the only way to remedy the evils of his life; but very far he was from purposing to follow that way. On the contrary, he regarded himself as a mark for unjust persecution, and resolved to meet it by hardening his neck alike against God and man. "They have punished me," said he to himself, "for having done what every one has a right to do—having stood in my own defence when I was attacked: they have hired me to fight their battles, and flogged me for fighting my own. I never bargained for such usage; and now we shall see which will outwit the other."

Such was the foolish reasoning wherewith he resisted the work of the law of God written on his heart, the thoughts that internally accused him, while his natural conscience bore witness to the evil of his way. Rom. ii. 15.

It was true that he had been punished for defending himself, but from what?—from the power that was lawfully armed against him as an evil doer. Had his offence been solely against the articles of war, (as the legal code of naval and military duty is called) he could not have justly objected to the chastisement brought upon himself by violating those articles; because he had solemnly, and of his own free will, sworn to observe them: but even this was not the case; for he had first been guilty of drunkenness, against which, though they are but too seldom put in force, the laws of the land are directed, in obedience to the law of God. He had then by outrageous language, not only broken those precepts which he had so often heard Dale repeat from the Holy Scriptures, but provoked those around him to commit a riot, and breach of the public peace, in which he had also joined, using against his fellow subjects the weapon wherewith he was armed for their defence, in the service of his king; and to complete the climax of his wickedness, he had aimed with that weapon a mortal blow against one whom it would have been a breach of his military oath, even to menace; yet—such is the desperate wickedness of man's heart, such his bold self-justifying spirit, in this case O'Brien made out that he was the injured person, and that any further offence which he might commit, would be but a fair retaliation for wrongs sustained at the hands of his impartial judges.

It must be observed that the writer justifies the fact, not the mode of his punishment: so long as flogging continues to be inflicted in the army, every soldier who enlists, knows himself to be liable to such infliction in the event of his misconduct, and cannot complain of that to which he has voluntarily subjected himself. But where is the philanthropist who would not hail with gladness the abolition of such a plan, and the substitution of some less likely to deaden the sense of shame, and better calculated to soften the conscience and to encourage amendment, than the torturing application of the ignominious lash!

When the short confinement in hospital, which was found necessary after his severe punishment, terminated, and O'Brien returned to his regimental duties, every one perceived a change in his aspect, but none could exactly define what it was. He seemed to avoid intoxication; but this was evidently not the effect of improved morals, since, in every other respect, he sinned with a higher hand than before.

Dale had watched an opportunity of approaching him the day after he rejoined his company, in the hope that he might find him disposed to listen to the voice of kindness; but O'Brien, pretending not to observe his advance, called out to a comrade at some little distance, uttering such expressions as he hoped would have the effect of immediately sending Dale out of hearing; nor was he disappointed, for the latter made a precipitate retreat, doubly shocked at such an instance of hardened depravity.

Yet O'Brien was more attentive to his regular duties for a few days; and some of the non-commissioned officers believed that he had derived lasting benefit from the correction bestowed; while his dissipated companions lamented what they considered a mark of a spirit too easily intimidated: but sergeant Moyle, as he watched the expression of O'Brien's countenance, which a long acquaintance with him in their earlier years had enabled him more correctly to read, was convinced that he would show that both parties were mistaken: that he was neither reclaimed nor humbled, but waiting an opportunity to evince his real feeling.

This was soon manifested; for in the course of another week, while preparations were being actively made for embarking the detachments then under orders for India, O'Brien was missing from early parade; a circumstance that did not appear so extraordinary as to excite serious apprehension concerning him in the mind of any except Dale, who doubted not the fact—on which Moyle also calculated, though with very dissimilar feelings—that O'Brien had deserted.

The lapse of a few more hours placed the subject beyond conjecture; but the manner of his escape was more difficult to ascertain. The sentries were certain that he had not left the barrack by any of its guarded outlets; and that he had been present in the barrack-room when the others retired to rest, and had also gone to his bed, was proved by all his comrades. It was clear that he had used much artifice in accomplishing the plan; and many despaired of his being retaken. Every information was given to the military and civil authorities; and, in a very few days, the troops were embarked for their distant destination, leaving the deserter behind.

The deed which O'Brien had so long contemplated, was effected by means of an accomplice among the town's-people, who had also conveyed him to a place of concealment, where he remained until the sailing of the vessels. It would have been easy to have absconded during the hours when the soldiers were free to pursue their business or pleasure through the town, but O'Brien resolved to make what he foolishly considered as his revenge a matter of equal notoriety and excitement, as his well-merited disgrace had formerly been; and for this purpose he contrived to throw the aspect of mysterious wonder over his abrupt disappearance. Conjectures, he knew, would be formed and even suspicions excited of his having been the victim of some secret conspiracy; and his proud, vain spirit delighted in the idea of being talked of. To be feared, to be hated, O'Brien was content; but to be despised he could not brook.

How many in every rank and station of life, are found, prepared by the natural evil of man's heart, and the fostering hand of Satan to become a public scourge to their less powerful fellow-creatures! Wonderful is the extent of that providential mercy which restrains the fierceness of man, and girds up the remainder of wrath. It needs but the removal of a supernatural check from one of the innumerable characters so self-fitted for destruction, and a Pharaoh, a Nero, a Napoleon, starts up, dealing destruction, to the utmost stretch of his permitted power, till the hook and the bridle—which are never withdrawn, howsoever they may for a while be slackened in the Almighty hand, arrest the fierce career; turning the destroyer back in his path, or prostrating him in death.

Such a man was O'Brien, had his steps been free to pursue their chosen course, and the sphere of his action sufficiently enlarged. How affecting, then, the consideration, that the God whom he resisted still pursued him with compassionate remonstrance—still pointed his wayward and wearied step to scenes where the voice of invitation laid before him the rest which remaineth to the people of God—still assured him, that the Lord hath no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but would rather that he should turn from his evil ways and live.

When O'Brien considered it safe to leave his concealment, he resolved to engage, without delay, in his old employment of farming: and taking a friendly leave of his companions in debauchery—for such were the persons with whom he sojourned, he bent his course inland, to where he was told much work might be had by able hands. In a very short time he was successful; and found himself regularly employed in an extensive farm, though, of course, as a stranger, only among the inferior class of labourers.

It was on a bright morning in spring, that the deserter commenced his task; and never had his spirits risen into more buoyant glee than when, throwing down his hat and coat, he struck his spade into the light, rich soil, and rapidly tossed it over. There was something so exquisite in this return to former occupations, when contrasted with the life that he had lately pursued—not only the stiff regularity of military duty, resumed after a night of maddening revelry, but the more recent condition amounting to imprisonment, where, in a close, dark habitation, amid the fumes of gin and tobacco, he had felt his heart often quail at the sound of a strange step or voice, and was always harassed by a dread that he could not shake off, however well he might disguise it.

This feeling of apprehension had accompanied him on his journey, which was made in a covered waggon; and it was only now that he lost the painful sensation. The fresh breeze played among his locks; the sun shone brightly on his sunken cheek; the little birds flew chirpingly around him, watching for the prey that his spade turned up: all was life, all was liberty. O'Brien felt the influence of what had been so long unknown to him; and, after working with vigorous speed for a while, he rested on his spade, looked about on the budding hedge-rows, and, with a heart as light as the birds that flew by, returned their morning notes by whistling a melody of his own green isle.

The farmer came out betimes to look after his men; and knowing O'Brien to be a new hand, he watched him from behind the neighbouring hedge, well pleased at his rapid progress. A few minutes only were devoted to the above mentioned respite, and again O'Brien fell to work with redoubled energy.

The farmer presently entered the field, and passing near him, said, "well done my lad: you're no novice at it, I see. Keep it up in this way, and we shall be in no haste to part."

Always open to the voice of commendation, O'Brien heard with pleasure; and raising his hand, to give a military salute, recollected himself just in time to change it into an awkward pluck of his hair, in the fashion of a rustic bow. The farmer smiled, and walked on.

Slight as was the incident, it gave a new and a painful turn to O'Brien's thoughts. His acknowledged skill in this very humble department of the business, brought to mind the proficiency that he had been making in agricultural pursuits, where every rood of ground was his own; and with this came a pang of bitter regret for having abandoned his small but respectable possessions. The schoolmaster's warning flashed across his mind, together with his poor mother's passionate entreaties; and in recalling his own replies, how mortifying was the reflection, that he alone was left behind, a disgraced and guilty fugitive, while others proceeded to the land of his vain and covetous expectations, in quest of the gold which he could not now hope to gather in any quarter. Again, there was the consciousness of being perpetually endangered by his military habits, which he could not all at once shake off; and in a track where the news of his desertion, the description of his person, and the offered reward for his apprehension were not unlikely to have preceded him. All these things combined to work a sudden and miserable change in his unsteady mind: he became as gloomy as he had before been gay; and heavily did his heart bear witness to the solemn truth, that there is no peace to the wicked.

It was not long before O'Brien, haunted by fears of discovery, resolved to forsake his present post. In vain did the farmer, who considered him an able hand, offer to employ him in whatever capacity he might prefer; struck with the panic, peculiar to him who fleeth when no man pursueth, O'Brien resolved to change his quarters. He did so; and throughout the summer led a wandering, miserable life, until the commencement of harvest, when he regularly engaged with the steward of an estate, where he had occasionally worked, to overlook the reapers in two or three fields. "They will be principally Irish;" observed the steward; "and you will not dislike to be among your own countrymen. Can you speak the native tongue?"

"I cannot, sir," coldly answered O'Brien, who had assumed the name of Scott, in the hope of passing for an Englishman; though his strong national accent rendered it useless to deny his country: and therefore, he did not actually deny it when asked.

But O'Brien told a falsehood, in saying that he was unacquainted with the Irish language; for he perfectly knew it, and had usually spoken it among his comrades. It was one of the wanton untruths into which perverse man loves to stray, a specimen of needless cunning and useless precaution on the part of a conscious criminal.

The reapers assembled to their work; and O'Brien was the unsuspected witness of many conversations held in their native tongue. He loved to listen; for amidst all the blight and desolation of his mind, a strong feeling of love for his country survived. In fact, it had rather grown out of that desolation, like the wall-flower amidst ruins; for O'Brien had never experienced it, until with the bitter consciousness of present guilt and misery he had mingled the recollection of his very early days, when both were comparatively unknown to him; when the plague of his heart had not broken out into open rebellion and vice; when the stings of reproving conscience where unfelt, and the present wages of sin untasted.

O'Brien had, indeed, been as ready as others, to mount the shamrock on Patrick's day, to knock down any man who dared to hazard a sneer at the national emblem; and, by the madness of deliberate intoxication indulged on such occasions to excess, marked himself out as what he considered a real Irishman.

But that deep and tender thought in which the patriot yearns towards the land of his fathers, had been altogether a stranger to O'Brien; and neither at home nor in exile had he known the love of his country, which now began to form a prominent feature in his character. He turned to it for solace under his many miseries; he dwelt upon his distant home, and set it before him in every perplexity, as the one sure but unattainable solace for all his griefs.

Feeling thus, it may be supposed that O'Brien entered with strong interest into what passed around him; and his diligence, quickened by such an impulse, was not unmarked by the steward.

On the first Saturday he came into the fields, and calling O'Brien aside, told him that he wished to have the Irish-speaking labourers assembled, on that evening, in the barn, as quietly as possible; adding, "a person well acquainted with their language, will be with me; and I shall like to have them together; you, Scott, need not remain, as it will be unintelligible to you."

O'Brien resolved, however, not to lose a scene which, he supposed, would derive interest from the meeting of a well-informed person with the poor of his own land. "May-be it's some rich man," thought he, "who is not ashamed of his country, and will give them something for a treat to-morrow."

At the appointed hour, O'Brien had a dozen Irishmen in the barn; and the steward soon arrived, accompanied by a respectable looking man, who, on entering, uttered a cordial greeting in Irish, which was very heartily returned by the labourers, O'Brien very nearly betraying himself by joining in it.

A few questions were asked and answered, as to the places whence the men came, and so forth; when the stranger, drawing out a book, asked if they would hear him read a little in their own language —a proposal very readily assented to.

The steward again gave O'Brien a sign that he might go, if he chose; but the other affecting a careless air, intimated that he was at leisure, and would as soon stay.

The Scripture-reader, for such he was, with a serious and earnest look, now told them that what he was about to read were the words of their Lord and Saviour, and must be listened to with reverence, in a prayerful spirit. He closed his eyes for a few moments, evidently in mental supplication; the steward did the same, and the Irishmen looked on one another in a doubtful sort of way.

O'Brien's curiosity was raised, yet he felt very uncomfortable.

The reader commenced, and having given them one of our Lord's parables, proceeded to explain it, in familiar terms; the men listening with deep interest, and frequently ejaculating expressions of wonder, assent, or devotion.

O'Brien drew into a corner, where he seemingly amused himself by platting the long straws that lay near; but it was a sore trial to him. Not only was his heart penetrated by the persuasive sound of a language inexpressibly dear to it, but there were truths shown forth, inferences drawn, warnings uttered, and invitations repeated, that he had often listened to from the lips of Philip Dale, had often cavilled at, and rejected, and vainly endeavoured to drive from his mind, until in that desperate refuge of hardened men—the canteen—he drowned all thought in intoxication.

Here O'Brien could not interrupt; for he dared not even appear to understand what was said. But it reached him as a voice from heaven, denouncing vengeance on his head. Again, the pleadings of pardoning love, beseeching him to turn and live, were uttered in a way that drew tears from many around him; and O'Brien, feeling that his emotion could not much longer be concealed, with the same affectation of easy indifference, sauntered out of the barn.

In the evening, he met most of the men at a small lodging house, where some of them slept; and as he had anticipated, the meeting in the barn formed a principal topic of conversation among them.

A lively interest was excited in the minds of several, though of a various character, according to the prejudices of the individuals. Some denounced it as an attempt to turn them from their religion; others considered all religion quite out of place, beyond the walls of a chapel; while two or three appeared stirred up to serious consideration of how far the truths that had been uttered might affect their own souls. All agreed, however, to attend on the morrow, as O'Brien found they were invited to do, and to communicate to their countrymen on the neighbouring farms, the opportunity afforded of hearing a very fine book read in their own tongue.

A fine book they did, indeed, agree in acknowledging it to be: though some regarded it as a false Bible to which it was not very safe to listen; and others had actually never heard of the existence of the Holy Scriptures. Still it was Irish; and that proved a sufficient inducement to overcome the scruples of many: while a few were secretly convinced from what they had already heard, that in whatsoever language conveyed, the declarations themselves were truth.

On the following evening, at six o'clock, there was a tolerably full assemblage of labourers, from other farms, in addition to the former party; and, the evening being very fine, it was proposed that they should continue in the open air. The reader seated himself on a rustic bench, under the spreading boughs of a venerable oak, while his hearers arranged themselves according to their fancy; some sitting on the grass, others leaning against a neighbouring tree, and all with countenances expressive of awakened interest. O'Brien took his seat more in the rear, where he would be least observed.

After an ejaculatory prayer uttered aloud, the reader commenced the third chapter of St. Matthew's gospel.

The steward had not, as before, accompanied the reader, but approached soon after he had begun; and with him came a gentleman and two ladies.

They stopped at a little distance, not to occasion any interruption, and surveyed the scene with interest and evident surprise. The steward, after a while, catching O'Brien's eye, gave him a sign to follow, while he and his companions slowly walked to a greater distance.

"Scott," said the steward, "as you cannot understand what passes, I called you to give us a little information with regard to your countrymen."

O'Brien heartily wished that he had never affected ignorance of the Irish tongue, for, as he could not read it, he was now obliged to relinquish the only opportunity of enjoying the sublime truths of Scripture in the language which he best loved, and also best understood. It seemed like a judgment on his wanton deceit. However, he took care to conceal his vexation.

"Is the Bible really so strange a sound to all these men?" asked the gentleman who accompanied the steward.

"I dare say it is, your honour," replied O'Brien, "there are no scholars among them."

"Can none of them read English?"

"I believe, sir, yonder lad in the red waistcoat knows it pretty well."

"If we give him an English Bible, would not his companions be equally willing to listen to it?"

"Your honour can try," said O'Brien drily.

"Nay, I want your opinion of the matter," said the gentleman; and the steward added, "come, Scott, speak truly and honestly, do you think that they would not pay equal attention to that man, if he was reading an English Bible?"

"I think not, sir. It is not the book that takes their minds, so much as the language."

"Why so?"

"Partly, because they understand it so much better; and partly, because they love it a great deal more."

O'Brien's answers were given with so much reluctance and reserve, that it was found useless to question him further. The steward was a pious man, earnestly solicitous for the spiritual welfare of all around him; and having obtained permission from the owner of the estate, who was absent, to introduce an Irish-reader among the poor reapers, he was now anxious to persuade his present companion, the proprietor of an extensive farm in the next county, to adopt the same plan.

For this purpose he had invited him to witness the glad reception of those sacred truths among the people; and had hoped to draw from O'Brien some farther confirmation of the propriety of so doing. The unhappy man was, however, too much afraid of betraying his own falsehood, to give even the little information that he could have afforded. He was also exceedingly annoyed at being called away from the hearing of what no one supposed that he understood.

The steward, convinced of his utter deadness to spiritual things, again addressed him.

"Can you read, Scott?"

"I can read English, sir."

"Have you a Bible?"

"No sir—not here."

"At your lodgings?"

"No sir."

"Then I will give you one, but on condition that you diligently study its contents."

O'Brien muttered something about having little time for reading. "But that little," replied the steward, "may be so improved as to afford you subjects for profitable meditation during the hours of labour. Look around you," he added with much earnestness, "see on every side the abundance of God's bounties poured out upon unthankful man. The harvest that we are gathering in, Scott, testifies against us. Every ripe ear shows how amply the grain that was sown has repaid our culture, while yielding to us the fruit of our toil. You, as a grain of wheat, are planted in the Lord's field, and what are you producing to recompense the watchful care, the loving-kindness of the Great Husbandman, who, with long patience, waits for you to render him the fruit that he requires?"

He stooped to pick up a blighted ear of corn, that lay at his feet. "Suppose, Scott, that I were to bid you to take this, and carefully bind it in one of yonder sheaves, would you not represent to me that, bearing no grain, it was utterly useless to place it there; that when brought to the threshing floor, it would find its place among the refuse, mocking the trouble that had bound it with the wheat? Now, ask yourself the solemn question, whether you are in like case with this mildewed ear, resembling indeed the good grain, to an unpractised eye, but, in the sight of the husbandman altogether worthless—fit only to be cast away and trodden down amidst the stubble of the field."

He let the straw fall and placed his foot upon it: then, after a pause, resumed.

"There is, however, this vast and important difference to be marked. The mildewed ear of corn is beyond any farther change but that which seals it in utter destruction: with sinful, ruined man, it is otherwise. There is a power, Scott, which can, and which does, so renew the heart of the transgressor, that under it he becomes a child of God, an heir of glory. If then your conscience bears witness that such change has never yet passed upon you, delay not to implore the help, without which you will assuredly perish. Seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near; confess your sin, your helplessness, your fearful danger. And be assured, that He who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, is ready, yea, desirous freely to give you all things needful for salvation, for present peace, and everlasting glory."

One of the ladies added, "and if you have a secret disinclination to set about this most important work, if you are at once conscious of its necessity, and coldly reluctant, or ignorant as to the way of beginning; if you feel that your heart is hard, but find not how to soften it; if you know yourself to be a sinner, but cannot sorrow for sin, much less forsake it, then, oh! then, bear in mind, that Jesus is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance, no less than to remit sin: remember that the Holy Ghost is not only the Sanctifier, but also the Guide, who will lead you into the way of truth. Whatever you know to be wanting in you, ask for it: you must ask in prayer, both for the knowledge that shall show you your guilt, and for the will to flee from danger. If you are secretly convinced that in your case every thing is yet to do, remember that Christ can do all things; and doubt not that he, who gave his life to redeem your soul, is willing to receive with the outspread arms of mercy the returning captive, whose freedom he purchased at such a price."

"And here," said the other lady, holding out a book, "here is the precious word, which confirms all that my sister and our friend have been saying. Here is the New Testament, the will of a dying Saviour, bequeathing to you an inheritance so secured, that you have but to stretch out your hand and receive it. Believe, only believe, and you will find that all things are possible to him that believeth."

O'Brien took the volume with downcast eyes and a swelling heart. He had listened to the steward with the same spirit of sullen defiance that used to steel him against Philip Dale's admonitions; but the lady, whose remarks had followed his, drew a picture that startled him; she seemed to have read his thoughts, describing exactly what they had been, when, on the preceding evening, he hastened away from the teacher's voice.

Conviction of sin had then, indeed, been strongly awakened in his mind; but he had stifled it by that very mixture of ignorance and reluctance, out of which he contrived to frame an excuse for himself. She had shown both the disease and the remedy; and when the other lady offered him that precious book, he really longed to search its pages for confirmation of what he had just heard.

The party walked away, and O'Brien eagerly returned to his former post; but the reader had been interrupted by the cavils of the young man in a red waistcoat, whose superficial knowledge of Scripture was yet farther clouded by a diligent study of the delusive glosses put upon it by his church, and who had opposed the reader's explanation of the verse, "bring forth, therefore, fruits meet for repentance."

A long discussion was going on, wherein the Scripture-reader showed much temper, with meekness instructing his opposer; but the other persisted in a course calculated to divert his companions' attention from the main point.

O'Brien listened to the controversy with some interest; nothing of the sort had before come within his hearing; for, seeing him just as indifferent to the religion that he carelessly professed, as to any other, Dale had seldom directed his conversation into that channel.

Here again, O'Brien had to eat the fruit of his own way; since a question arose in his mind, for the privilege of proposing which he would, at that moment, have given almost any of his poor possessions; but his wanton deceit had barred him out from the benefit. He knew that, if now detected as an Irish-speaking countryman, he must be regarded by those around him as a deliberate spy, who had been listening to conversations that they never intended he should hear. He dreaded their vengeance, and was of necessity not only silent, but, to all appearance, quite inattentive—so much so, that he stretched himself on the grass and feigned sleep.

The reader having patiently met the cavils, in which more than one or two had now joined, proceeded, as the time was nearly spent, to conclude his exposition, which he did by taking up the parable of the winnowing-fan.

Here he spoke boldly, fervently, and with a searching power, that excited many a secret thrill in the hearts of his hearers. O'Brien heard in it the purport of what the steward had just before said to him; and recalling many similar expressions of

Philip Dale's, he felt the "precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line," fulfilled to him. Isaiah xxviii. 13.

How significant is the iteration of those few simple words! The preachers of Christ's gospel often look around for some new thing, wherewith to vary the short and comprehensive message that they are charged with; and often do their hearers complain of tiresome repetition in what they set forth. But until the soul has obeyed the urgent call, "repent and be converted"—"believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," what else can his messengers proclaim? They cannot go beyond the word of the Lord, to speak less or more than he commands; and while that call is unheeded, it were vain indeed to substitute any other.

When O'Brien found himself alone, he opened the book, that had lain concealed in his bosom, turning over the leaves from the commencement. His eye soon fell on the chapter that had been read, and he perused it over and over with much curiosity, longing for an interpreter to explain its deep meanings. He forgot the injunction so very recently delivered, to apply for the teaching and guidance of Him, whose office it is to enlighten the mind of man. He sought no help in prayer: but wishing to follow out the history, he went back to the first chapter, and read rapidly on to the conclusion of the seventh, before he laid down the book.

All was new, wonderful, interesting, and instructive; his mind became filled with thoughts and images strangely dissimilar from any that had before occupied it: and he went to bed that night, under the secret but proud conviction, that he knew more than he had ever known before: and not doubting but that he should soon be able to read and expound the Scriptures no less instructively than the Irish reader whom he had heard.

Alas, poor O'Brien! this was the letter that killeth: of the spirit which giveth life he knew nothing whatever. It was the knowledge that puffeth up; to the charity which edifieth, his heart was altogether a dark and wretched stranger. Yet was Denis O'Brien a richer man that night, than ever he had either been, or hoped to be. He possessed the inexhaustible treasury of wisdom and knowledge, though the power to unlock it was not bestowed upon him, nor had he the will to seek it.

CHAPTER V.

The next day O'Brien put himself in the way of the steward, and with a low bow requested him to return his humble thanks to the lady for giving him that beautiful book, which, he said, he had been reading as long as he had light to see by; and which, indeed, was a wonderfully fine book, such as a man could never tire of.

The benevolent steward expressed his gladness in strong terms, and again urged on the supposed Scott not only a constant, but a prayerful study of those sacred pages; enjoining him to peruse them as the message which God had sent to him individually, showing him how he might be saved.

O'Brien cheerfully promised to do all that was required of him, and went to his work in a high state of self-satisfaction. "How pleasant it would be now," thought he, "if Philip Dale was to desert also, and be helping me to bind up this sheaf. I could talk to him in his own way; and well-pleased he would be to find me a bible-reader; he would be saying, 'O'Brien'—no, 'Scott'"—and here the thread of his ruminations was completely broken by the voice within, which loudly told him, that Philip Dale would neither desert, nor countenance him in the hourly falsehood of answering to an assumed name. He began to investigate the origin of this marked difference that still subsisted between the bible-reading O'Brien, and the bible-following Dale; but not liking the result of his reflections, even at the outset, he left his sheaf and went to assist another man, whose conversation, he hoped, would soon turn his thoughts into a different channel.

But he was mistaken; the poor fellow had been a silent listener on both the preceding evenings, and the word spoken being mixed with faith in him who heard it, was already taking deep root in his heart. "It's a loss that you had then," said he to O'Brien, the moment he could address him, "not knowing the Irish."

"Why?" said the other.

"Being that the words we heard last night were worth more than gold to poor ignorant men like us."

"As to that," coolly remarked O'Brien, "it isn't the not knowing Irish that makes a person ignorant. Come now, tell me what was it all about that the man read, and I'll engage to know as much as he concerning it."

The other smiled incredulously and replied, "I can't exactly tell you every word that was in it: but it was about John the Baptist; how he called the people to repent."

"True for you," answered O'Brien, "there is a great deal about it in the Bible. May-be, it was that where John the Baptist asked the Pharisees and the Sadducees what had warned them to flee from the wrath to come."

"It was! sure and it was!" exclaimed the other, starting upright from his bending position. "And he told them, there was a bill-hook at the roots of every bad tree: and do you really know about it Scott?"

"I'm thinking I do," replied the vain and foolish man, who thus carried his habitual deceit even into what concerned the Scriptures of truth. "I'll read you that same in English, if you're agreeable;" and he drew out his testament.

Murphy, the poor labourer, instantly took off his hat, bent one knee on the sheaf, and with looks of eager, ardent interest, listened while O'Brien read the chapter.

"Glory be to God!" was his ejaculation, when O'Brien closed the book, "I'm afraid that I am one of the bad trees, Scott, that have no better luck before them than to be cut down."

"Pho! what makes you think so, you see it was to the Pharisees and Sadducees that John spoke; and what are they to us?"

"Indeed I don't know who they might be," observed the other; "but the book says, every tree that won't bear good fruit is to be cut down; and if men are trees, I'm thinking, that at best I am but a wild crab."

"Oh," said O'Brien, who did not at all relish this close personal application of the word, "you must not be taking it in that way, or you'll get gloomy, as many an honest fellow has done, by reading a book that was never meant to make him so."

"But Scott, don't you see that it is safer to be made a little gloomy now, being that a man may feel anxious to know he's safe from the anger of God, if it leads him to scramble out of a soft bog, to a place where he can feel sure ground under him; and then, consider there is another warning plain enough for us to understand; here's wheat and chaff together in this very sheaf; and we know well that the grain shall be saved, and the chaff burn up."

"You'll be taking things to yourself that never were meant for you," said O'Brien, impatiently. "Just answer me one question, is it a Pharisee you are, or a Sadducee?"

"I don't know," answered the other with a heavy sigh; "but sure I am that I'm a sinner."

"Then you can go to confession; and the clergy will absolve you."

Murphy made no answer to this; but, after a pause, remarked, "the good man told us, that the words in his book concerned every one of us as much as if they had been written for nobody else. I believe it, for I'm sure, if they had not been meant for me, they wouldn't stick in my heart as they do."

"Well," said O'Brien, who felt more than ever disinclined to pursue the subject, "you wont mend your other sins by neglecting the harvest work."

"True for you," replied Murphy, starting from his reverie; and with another sigh he hastily resumed his employment.

O'Brien felt a strange sort of mortification, mingled with scorn, but not without a share of secret dread, at finding how much more powerfully the hearing of one short chapter had affected the mind and conscience of a man not half so well informed as himself, than the reading of many additional portions had touched him. Poor Murphy's application of the word had been precisely what was enjoined on him by the steward and the ladies; but Murphy had been taught of the Holy Spirit, and O'Brien, proudly confident in himself, sought no such help. His feelings had, indeed, been touched on the two preceding days by the powerful appeals made to his conscience; but it was a morning cloud, quickly passing away. He *felt* that a mountain of sin opposed the entrance of spiritual peace into his heart; he knew that a power would be exerted if sought for with fervent prayer, by which that mountain would sink into a plain, and every hindrance be removed: but he *loved* his sin; he cherished the pride of a rebellious heart; he could not brook to be made humble; nor could he conceive that in a life of holiness there was any thing to be enjoyed. He remembered the taunts, the persecution, that Philip Dale had been perpetually exposed to, and in which he had lent a helping hand; but was ignorant or rather incredulous as to the extent of that inward peace which enabled Dale to rejoice in the midst of all, and to glory in the tribulation that wrought patience, experience, and hope, while by constantly looking to the things that are unseen and eternal, his light and momentary afflictions lost all power to ruffle his spirit. O'Brien concluded that any thing was better than to be the jest of his fellows; counted as the off-scouring of all things by the vilest of men. He resolved, therefore, not to let his thoughts take the dangerous turn that had been recommended to him; but at the same time, by way of a salve for his conscience, which was by no means quiet, he also determined to go on reading the Bible in what he considered a rational way, as an interesting history, containing an excellent set of rules, from which he could select such as he chose to follow.

In the evening, passing through a grove that skirted his employer's fields, he saw Murphy and the reader slowly walking in deep and earnest discourse. The latter had his Irish Bible in his hand, and was evidently much animated while addressing his companion, whose sleeve, frequently drawn across his eyes, evidenced the emotion that found vent in tears. Suddenly, Murphy stopped, laying his hand on the arm of the reader, who instantly put the book into his bosom, and kneeled down, his hands clasped, and his countenance turned to heaven with a look of fervent supplication. Murphy also knelt, but in a posture almost of prostration, his face buried in his palms, and his frame heaving with sighs and sobs.

O'Brien was concealed from their view by a thick holly-bush, while, through an opening he contemplated a scene, the reality of which made the conscious hollowness of his own character almost insupportable. He felt as though something was trying to weigh down his knees to the ground, while a struggling voice within him seemed to ejaculate "pray also!" But he resisted the impulse; and turning, hastened away.

Murphy's engagement at the farm had expired; and the next day's dawn beheld him on his homeward path, towards the beloved land of his birth. O'Brien had some business to attend to very early, and met him as he passed along. "My love to the green sod," he exclaimed; "and a happy sight of it to you, Murphy."

"And a happy sight of a better land to both of us, Scott," replied the other.

"A better land!" rejoined O'Brien, reddening. "It isn't from an Irishman I'd expect to hear that, any day of the year."

"You'd never hear it from me either, Scott, as far as this world is concerned; for sure, isn't our own sweet country the jewel of the earth: but on earth we can't always be staying; and who would? We must both go to another country, Scott, before many years are flown; and it's I that hope to find now a heavenly city, the gates of it being locked against sinners like you and me, but the key being in the keeping of One who shed His blood on purpose that we might have a right to enter in. God give us a happy meeting there!" he added, taking off his hat; "and may the Lord Jesus Christ be your Saviour and mine!" He then cordially shook hands with O'Brien, who felt, as he stood gazing after him, that through the word of salvation, brought home with power to his heart, the poor labourer "went on his way rejoicing."

O'Brien's next movement was towards the Western coast; he could not bring himself to take a step in any other direction, so strongly did his restless mind turn homeward. But the dread of detection withheld him from attempting to cross the channel, or even to approach any port. The same apprehension led to frequent and needless alarms, that kept him constantly removing from place to place; so that he continued a vagabond and a wanderer amidst many opportunities of making advantageous settlements.

Often was a tract given to him, and not unfrequently were the sounds of gospel invitation brought home to him by some way-side companion, itinerating for good purposes. But no corresponding feeling was excited in his mind; he felt conviction rising, but reasoned it down by some of the subtle arguments that Satan never fails to supply his servants with. At length, in a small market-town, where he went to look for temporary employment, he fell in with a discharged soldier of his own regiment, who entertained some grudge towards him; and who, before O'Brien was aware of his presence, left the tap-room of the little inn, brought the civil authorities, and gave the deserter into custody.

This snare came upon him in a moment of confident security, and very overwhelming it was. Resistance could not avail him; he was positively sworn to; and a reference to the advertisement placed his identity beyond the possibility of question, for in a drunken broil at Glanamora, O'Brien had received a cut, which left an indelible scar on his shoulder, and this was described and examined also.

After passing a couple of nights in goal, he was marched off to the next military station under a proper escort, which had been sent for him; and the other soldier having described him as a most desperate fellow, handcuffs were added to complete his mortifying array.

The inspecting field-officer of the district, ascertaining that it was O'Brien's first desertion, resolved on sending him forthwith to the depot of his own regiment; and thither he was conducted.

During these marches, O'Brien exhibited a cool and collected manner, alike free from levity and despondency, which rather favourably impressed his guards. He approached the depot, a different character in his own eyes; and he would have appeared so to any one who had formerly known him. Altogether unhumbled, his pride had assumed a new aspect; having obtained an accession of what he considered self-respect, but which was, in reality, only a hollow sort of self-righteousness, founded on a comparative abstinence from some of the gross sins into which he had been formerly led, and wherein he had been held captive chiefly by the force of example. The dreadful habit of swearing he had almost entirely overcome, as he found it prejudicial to his interest; and drunkenness he had been compelled to avoid, lest in the absence of reason he might betray the secret of his crime. Besides he had, by occasionally looking into the testament, acquired some little knowledge of its contents, and he fell into the common and dangerous error, that to know those things, was equivalent to doing them. To sum up the matter in a few words, O'Brien had a little brightened the outside of the cup; and by carefully avoiding to look within it, he contrived to persuade himself that it was clean, resolving to keep it so for the admiration of others.

The depot companies of the regiment were not stationed at that general depot from whence the late reinforcements had embarked: they were occupying a comparatively rural quarter, on the outskirts of a pleasant town; and as yet presented a mere skeleton, consisting of a major, three or four captains and subalterns, a few non-commissioned officers, some privates who had returned invalided from India, but were now convalescent, and occasional additions sent in by the various recruiting parties, who were dispersed through the United Kingdom.

It was evening when O'Brien reached the barrack, and the first sight of the uniform of his regiment, as they passed the outer gate, sent a most painful thrill of mortification to his heart: the next feeling was one of darker character; he found the spirit of obduracy and stern defiance resuming all its sway, and every step of his slow march across the barrack-yard, seemed to bring him into closer approximation with his former self.

Hitherto, however, he had not recognized in any individual a former comrade, and when conducted to the guard-room, the sergeant, corporals, and men were alike strangers to him.

O'Brien certainly felt this as a great relief, and the information that captain Murray, now a major in the regiment, personally commanded the depot, was not un-pleasing to him. He knew not whether any of those from among whom he had deserted, might have been left; but it appeared altogether very unlikely; and O'Brien almost resolved to turn over a new leaf, and to try for a respectable character, if he escaped any ignominious punishment.

On the following morning preparations were made for holding a regimental court-martial on the deserter, previous to which the acting adjutant visited him.

O'Brien, with that tact which rarely forsook him, received this officer with great respect, and at once informed him, that as no one might be present to identify him, he would save the court all trouble, by making a full confession, and relating every particular connected with his crime.

The young officer reported this to the major, adding, that the prisoner appeared a fine soldierly fellow, and so sensible of his fault, that it was difficult to be very severe on him.

O'Brien made good his promise; he pleaded guilty, gave a faithful relation of his proceedings, and attributed the act to a sudden impulse of despair, on finding himself disgraced, when, as he said, he had the best prospects of speedy promotion. He declared, that he had quite overcome that love of strong drink which led to the perpetration of his first offence; and that the punishment he had endured while living in hourly apprehension of being detected as a deserter, had more effectually convinced him of his folly than the severest infliction of a court-martial could have done.

The favourable impression made by the prisoner's ingenuous statement, seconded by the reports of the different escorts, concerning his good conduct, since his apprehension, led the court to pass a very lenient sentence. O'Brien was adjudged to be severely reprimanded on parade, and to undergo a temporary confinement to barracks, with a fortnight's knapsack drill.

To all this he submitted with so good a grace, that his comrades formed a high opinion of his temper, and the officers anticipated a thorough reformation in one concerning whom a most unpromising character had been furnished, previously to the sailing of the detachments.

Here, then, O'Brien was placed in far more favourable circumstances than at any former period of his military course; with an experimental knowledge of the miseries to which abandoned habits must lead him; with a fair field for improvement in every part of his duty; with the word of God in his possession, and a truly Christian man in command of the party, who afforded them every possible encouragement to walk in the right way.

Did O'Brien become a really altered man under all these advantageous circumstances? No, for it is written, "though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Prov. xxvii. 22. Outward means, whether of severity or of encouragement, can, of themselves, do nothing. There must be a mightier hand than man's put to the work; and O'Brien knew this, but he would not humble himself beneath that hand; he would not ask to have a clean heart created, a right spirit renewed within him. Formerly he had defied both God and men: he now found it more for his present ease and future credit, to submit himself to the ordinances of man; but it was not for the Lord's sake. To him the secret language of his soul, if not so daringly rebellious as of old, was that which no less bespeaks the willing bond-slave of corruption—"depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways."

CHAPTER VI.

When O'Brien first deserted, Philip Dale wrote a respectful, but earnest letter, to major Murray, in the event of his being captured, and brought under his command.

In that letter the christian soldier feelingly represented, how great would be the condemnation of a man, who should continue to harden himself against faithful reproof: he described, as well as he could, the chief features of O'Brien's case, imploring the major to seek his soul's good; and promising to help in prayer, according to the ability that should be given him.

This letter was not lost on the kind officer: his first act, on learning the arrival of the prisoner, had been to give it another careful perusal, and, with prayer, he resolved to fulfil the office assigned to him, as it appeared, providentially, that he might grant Philip Dale's compassionate request.

Major Murray had already established an evening school for his men, which rendered the canteen a superfluous appendage; and, in the absence of any regular chaplain, he punctually fulfilled the duties of one to his little garrison. They formed a flourishing young branch of the Naval and Military Bible Society; and were taught to take an especial concern in the Eastern missions. On this latter subject, the major made frequent communications, doubly interesting as coming from one who had spent many years in India, and addressed to men who were expecting to embark, for a long period of service, in the same distant land. In short, the barrack was a place so totally unlike any of those where O'Brien had ever before abode, that it is easy to conceive, that he found nourishment for his new species of self-complacent pride. He was really as among wheat in a mortar, where a wise and faithful hand was diligently employing the pestle of the word to separate and expel the chaff; but, alas! O'Brien's husk was too stout, and too closely wrapped about him to yield to the operation.

On a Sunday morning, just as the bugle sounded to assemble the men, two officers, in undress, rode into the barrack-yard. One was recognized as the colonel commandant of the second battalion, who was on leave for a while longer. His companion was an officer in another corps, who had recently obtained an appointment on the home staff. They rode up just as major Murray issued from his quarters; and the colonel saluted him with the inquiry, "going to parade, major?"

"To church parade, sir."

"Church! why I don't think there's one within reach, large enough to accommodate your troops, slender as the garrison appears."

"No, sir; and therefore we have divine service performed among us."

"And who, may I ask, have you got for a chaplain?"

"I am the acting chaplain at present, colonel."

The colonel gave a whistle, and knitted his brow; but, after a moment's thought, dismounted, saying that he was tired, and would take a lounge in the major's quarters until service was over. His companion, however, expressed a wish to be present; and, after a little consultation, it was agreed to assemble for prayers in the mess-room; the colonel somewhat sullenly saying, that he did not wish to be singular, by absenting himself; but that, had he arrived half an hour earlier, he should have requested a holiday for the men; at the same time looking at his watch. The hint was not taken; orders were issued, the mess room prepared, and the men, clean, steady, and animated in their looks, were marched into the spacious apartment.

The service, conducted by major Murray, lost nothing of its grand and scriptural simplicity. Devotional feeling on his part, gave deep emphasis to every portion; while the serious deportment of the men, their seeming attention, and the regularity of their audible responses, altogether produced such an effect, that the colonel could scarcely persuade himself he was in a mess-room, and not in a church. When he thought that all was over, the major arose, not to dismiss the men, but to give out a psalm—Watts' fine version of the 100th was selected,

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

and very few indeed there were, who did not join in it. The major, whose heart and lips were equally attuned, led the strain; and so striking was the effect of many deep-toned voices, in full harmony, particularly at the noble swell—

"We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise."—

that the colonel was perfectly astonished; and his companion evidently affected, so much so, that he could not forbear joining in the concluding stanza, which seemed to have been suddenly brought to his recollection.

To this succeeded a plain, forcible sermon, full of practical displays of gospel-truth, which the major read from a volume of printed discourses. The men were then marched out, and dismissed to their quarters: the officers taking a turn or two in the barrack yard, the prospect from which greatly pleased the new visitors.

The colonel was, however, far from being well satisfied with what he had just witnessed, and after a short pause in the conversation, he broke out, "I verily believe, Murray, that if you had the full command of a regiment, there would be as many hymn-books as firelocks in it."

"More, I hope," answered the major, smiling; "for I should be sorry to restrict their possession to rank and file."

"But really, you are carrying things too far. If men were always to live in a snug quarter like this, with nothing on earth to do, or to think of, it might be well enough, though still sufficiently absurd, to make psalm-singing a part of their garrison duty: but, when they are fitting for actual service, it becomes a serious thing, major, to lead them into such practices."

"And as a serious thing I regard it, my dear colonel. I am aware that, by psalm-singing, you mean the acquirement of religious habits in general. It is long since we have had any discussion on the subject; but, believe me, the views, which I frankly declared to you on the plains of Hindoostan, are greatly — incalculably strengthened by the observation and experience of four years."

"I'm sorry to hear it—very sorry. I certainly told you then, that you would not long hold in the same mind; and I conscientiously used my authority, as your commanding officer, to prevent, as far as in me lay, the diffusion of principles that I believe to be in the highest degree injurious to the service, as the practice that they lead to is derogatory to the bold and lofty character which ought always to distinguish a British soldier."

The colonel spoke, evidently, under a degree of irritation, and with a personality that might have provoked a severe retort from any but a man who had deeply imbibed that spirit of meekness so perfectly compatible with, yea, essential to true dignity of mind and deportment. Such a man was major Murray; and his reply bespoke it.

"My dear colonel, there are subjects of which the importance stretches so far beyond this little span of mortal existence, that when we bring to bear on their discussion the trifling distinctions of a day, we are sure to lose somewhat of that high vantage-ground belonging to us, not merely as rational, but as immortal beings. You and I must one day put off, not only our military uniforms, but the bodies that wear them: that moment is the very point, at which the subject we are now upon, will become of the most overwhelming importance to us. Should we not, therefore, bear in mind a distinction that will cool and calm our spirits under any little differences of opinion, arising from these temporary and external circumstances, and which must fall when they change?"

"You must acknowledge the justice of that remark, colonel," said his friend. "I have been a curious and rather anxious listener to many warm debates on this topic; but I must acknowledge that, in general, one or both of the combatants contrived to kick up such a cloud of dust by needless prancings, that I never could satisfy myself on which side the victory lay."

"Well," said the colonel, "Murray will kick up no dust, for he is the quietest, though withal the sturdiest of antagonists. He knows me of old; and that however strongly I may deprecate some of his notions and habits, I never impeach his character as a perfect gentleman and a gallant soldier, saving when he puts the canonicals over his red coat. Murray will also concede that, in whatever I do or say, I have the real good of the service disinterestedly at heart."

"Most truly, most unfeignedly so," warmly responded the major.

"Yes, I remember your twitting me with it; telling me it was the idol, on whose shrine I sacrificed my own eternal interests, and those of my men."

"But remember too, colonel, that I asked your pardon for that very intemperate speech."

"You did, my dear fellow; and had it the more readily, because, though somewhat insubordinately exhibited, it showed there was as yet a little fire left in your temper; nay, I don't deny that I winced at the time under your rebuke, though my subsequent reflections and observations have fully convinced me that you were, and are, quite in the wrong."

"Let us adjourn the debate till after dinner," said the colonel's friend. "I am inclined to expect a fair and temperate argument, where so much good feeling and personal regard exist on both sides. You know that I am about to assume a new and very responsible command, and on a station where I shall have constant opportunities of reducing to practice whatsoever principles you may succeed in persuading me to adopt; with the additional advantage of applying them for the benefit of very young men, with characters hardly formed."

Major Murray looked earnestly at him, and ejaculated, "may you be so guided in that awfully responsible office, as to render up, at last, your account with joy, and not with grief!"

The stranger bowed his head, seemingly less in acknowledgment of a kind wish, than with secret acquiescence in a devout prayer. He was a most amiable man, conscious how weighty was the anticipated charge, and unfeignedly desirous of fulfilling it aright. The circumstance give a peculiar interest to the intended discussion in the eyes of all concerned; the colonel dreading an almost interminable extension of what he considered fanaticism, through a distinguished branch of the service; the major equally aware how immensely important would be its results among his future brethren in arms; and the young subalterns of the depot, being all alive to an animated debate on any subject.

They had among them one elderly man, the regimental quartermaster, a shrewd veteran, whose character was, that he had his own opinion on every topic, but kept it so prudently in reserve, that he was a general favourite with every one, on the ground of contradicting nobody; and a very convenient referee to those who might be tired of disputing, and glad of an umpire so clever as he was, at dividing a victory between two parties. Such, at least, had been the quartermaster from the period of the colonel's first joining the corps as a captain; and he was well pleased to find him in garrison, though just then suffering too much from an old wound to leave his apartment, until late in the day.

Major Murray had informed the colonel that they must dine early, as a second service was performed in the evening. The colonel shrugged his shoulders; and asked why, if it was needful to have two, they did not order it between lunch and dinner, so as to allow themselves a quiet evening, and the poor fellows a little enjoyment.

One of the young officers replied, that it kept the men from the canteen; and that they appeared themselves to prefer the arrangement: to which the colonel rejoined, that he could more readily believe the first than the last.

The major failed not to commend himself, in earnest prayer, to the especial guidance of God whose holy cause he was summoned to plead before men. Long and humbly did he bend his knee at the footstool of that throne, continual access to which was the sweetener of his life. And he went forth bowed down under a keen sense of his own utter inefficiency, but upheld by that supporting word, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." The strange officer, whom for distinction we will call the commandant, allowed no time to be lost, after the mess-waiters had withdrawn, but at once proposed the inquiry, "how far a man, having military command, is bound to introduce religion, and in what form, among the troops placed under him?"

"I'll tell you my opinion," said the colonel; "because from my setting my face against the excess of the thing, I may be considered as an enemy to religion itself, than which nothing can be farther from my feelings and principles. I never encourage a professed infidel to spread his poison among my young men. Such fellows are not honest to their own convictions. I have heard them put down by the only persons qualified to do it, I mean the clergy; and nothing can be more ridiculous than the figure that your noisy infidel cuts, under a cool well-practised hand. Pray don't number me among such, nor among their patrons. I hold it as a maxim, that a true Christian will be a brave man: and by a true Christian, at least in the army, I mean one who will fight for his church, though he cannot preach in it; and will pay every respect to the clergy as such; and attend public worship, where he is in the way of it, and duty does not interfere."

"Pardon me," said the commandant; "but it strikes me that your marks of a good Christian apply equally well to a good mussulman, or the follower of any false religion whatever."

"Of course, I don't take upon me to condemn any man for his faith. Each must follow the religion in which he was brought up. If I had an honourable, brave, gentlemanly Turk in my regiment, do you think I'd stop his promotion for going to mosque when I went to church?"

"But that, my dear sir," rejoined his friend, "is the very language of the people whom you were denouncing. Our infidels don't generally, pretend to be atheists; they deny the inspiration of the Bible, placing the koran and shaster on a level with it, refusing to Christiánity the exclusive distinction of a divine origin. Therefore, on your own showing, your definition does not go far enough."

The colonel seemed a little disconcerted; but the quartermaster came to his relief, observing that he had set out by speaking merely of the degree of *religion* to be inculcated in military men; and had only introduced the mention of Christianity, because it was the faith of those about him. To this the colonel assented, adding, however, his own conviction that Christianity was the only true religion; and that the fellow who forsook it for any other was utterly insensible, and ought to be scouted by every honourable man.

"Then," said the commandant, "is it not absolutely necessary to inform young minds so far on the divine origin of Christianity, as to secure them against temptations to renounce it; and are not these precautions more especially requisite in a profession, the members of which are liable to be sent, in very early life, among the many idolatrous nations of both hemispheres?"

"To be sure," said the colonel; "and they are taught it at home, as a matter of course. Gentlemen," he added, turning to the subaltern officers, "did any of you receive your commissions before you had learnt your catechisms, and had been to church?"

The young men laughed, and replied in the negative.

"Then what else would you have?" asked the colonel, turning to his friend.

"Nay, I am myself but an inquirer; and the objections that I start are only intended to elicit more information."

"Then what more would you have, Murray?" said the colonel, looking full at the major, who mildly replied by another question, "when you have laid a solid foundation for a substantial edifice, what more would you do, colonel?"

"Why, build my house to be sure; but what of that? men are not habitations."

"The Scripture says that they are: 'ye are the temple of the living God.'"

"If you come to quote Scripture, you must needs have it all your own way; for I am not able to meet you there. You may say what you will, and call it Scripture, for I cannot contradict you. Besides, I have heard you remark, that a man, by taking a disjointed passage here and there, may prove almost any thing from the Bible."

"Come, major," said the quartermaster, drawing an old Bible from behind the cushion that supported his back, "go on with your references, and I'll show every one of them, text and context, to the colonel, in this book."

"Will you so?" exclaimed the colonel in amazement. "Nay, if *you* have got the handling of that book too, I shall soon learn to wonder at nothing."

"'Tis the best weapon that ever I handled yet, colonel; and will, by God's blessing, do me good service in a battle, where neither musket or sword would avail me."

"Permit me," said the major, "to ask, what would be your proceeding in the holding, for instance, of a regimental court-martial, if there existed no established code of military law, whereby to try the offender. How would you arraign him, how sum up; and to what would you refer the court, as a guide in the finding and sentence?"

"All such questions are superfluous," said the colonel, "we have the articles of war, and to them we appeal."

"And we have our divine code, the articles of our faith, as set forth by the authority of the King of kings. If you bar our appeal to that, how can we possibly understand either the nature or the tendency of our discussion."

"We want some common ground to stand upon," remarked the commandant. "Suppose we take two facts, neither of which any of us, I should presume, would think of questioning, the immortality of the soul, and the inspiration of the Bible—are all agreed on those points?" an unanimous assent was given.

"Then I am satisfied," said the major. "Allow that man is an immortal being, training up for God, and that 'all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works,' (here the quartermaster handed his Bible, open, at 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17,) and I have my point. You are bound to impart that instruction—those Scriptures, to all under your authority."

"Why," said the colonel, "I never opposed that. You know that it is a standing order for every man to have a Bible; and when did I object to it?"

"It is also an order, colonel, for every man going into action to have a certain number of rounds of ball cartridges. What would you say to the officer who, heading a young regiment, in the immediate prospect of a severe engagement, should take care that the ball cartridges were duly served out, but never teach a man of them the use of his musket?"

"I wish you were not so full of your military illustrations," muttered the colonel, "you have turned half the men's heads by means of them."

"The Scripture beautifully suggests those illustrations for the use of all classes. The soldier, the merchant, the agriculturist, the fisherman, the mechanic—every order of men may find something there capable of elucidating, nay, suggesting a constant application of their daily employments to the glorious mysteries of redeeming grace."

"And you approve of the making holy things so common?"

"Yes: because we are commanded to talk of them when we lie down and when we rise up; when we walk by the way, and when we sit in the house, (the quartermaster pointed out Deut. vi. 6—9.) and because, as it has been beautifully remarked, there are shallows wherein a lamb must wade, as well as depths wherein an elephant may swim. Let us consider the young man who is just about to enter upon active life; he is an undoubted heir of immortality; and the commencement either of endless happiness or of eternal woe, follows immediately on the termination of his mortal span. The natural duration of that span is three score and ten, or four score years: but how few, how very few of those who arrive at manhood, reach that advanced stage! Short or long as the course may be, every step taken brings him nearer to the unknown end.

"You will admit that the repetition of an evil habit roots it more deeply, and that the conscience is farther deadened by every repetition of sin. You must also admit, if you but look around you, that the natural tendency of all mankind is to do evil; and that whatsoever may be the bent of a man's wrong propensities, he is sure to meet with temptations exactly fitted to ensnare him. From this alone I might argue the existence of an adverse, unseen power, ever on the watch to lead man into transgression: but I need not; for you admit the authority of that word, which assures us, 'your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour;' and you cannot set aside the sequel of that warning, 'whom resist, *stedfast in the faith*.'

"Here is the only available ground of resistance to our spiritual foe—'the faith;' and what is that faith? A firm belief in, and a cordial acceptance of One who, being in himself God, took our nature upon him, and, in the likeness of sinful flesh, bore the punishments of our iniquities, rendered satisfaction to the insulted justice and purity of God, and provided, by that one great sacrifice of Himself, not only remission of past sins, but abundant help whereby the sinner may cease to do evil, learn to do well, and glorify God in his body and spirit. No other way whatever is provided by the Almighty; no other way whatever can man's wisdom or ingenuity devise, by which to escape the vengeance already provoked by our innumerable transgressions of the righteous law. This being the case, can we be guiltless, if, seeing our fellow man led into captivity by the evil propensities within him, a mighty enemy employed in strengthening his chains, and a pit of unquenchable fire yawning in the path, by which he rushes in headlong haste to his destruction—can we be guiltless if we leave him thus to perish, when God has put within our power the means of warning him, and every encouragement to attempt his rescue?"

"Then you don't admit," observed the colonel, "that there is such a being as a moral man; or else you hold morality as nothing."

"What I hold such morality as you allude to, colonel, matters not to our argument; but what have you found it to be worth, in the fearful contest with your own heart and Satan? I appeal to you, I appeal to all who hear me, whether this boasted morality, with whatsoever high a bearing it may have sustained you among men, has ever been found sufficient to silence the unholy thought, to curb the secret inclination, to stay the inward workings of corrupt affections, which are, in the sight of a heart-searching God, unmasked sin? Nay, farther, I will ask you, has this morality of reason and sentiment always prevailed, when temptation was strong, and discovery unlikely, to dash from your lips the cup of forbidden gratification, and keep you unspotted from what you know to be actually sinful?"

No reply was made to this query; each felt the reproof of his own conscience; and the commandant, in particular, seemed deeply touched by the appeal. At length the colonel said, "admitting for argument's sake, that what you say is altogether correct, are you prepared to assert, that the filling of a lad's head with religious notions, and his mouth with scriptural phrases, will keep him safe from all the temptations that you say surround him?"

"No—by no means; mere notions never did any good; and peculiarity of phrase is more likely to do actual harm, even where the heart is perfectly sincere. I advocate neither of these things; I maintain that viewing a young man, and surely above all a young military man, in the light that I have stated, we cannot throw off the weighty responsibility of our station, if possessed either of authority or influence over him. The grand object of Satan is to keep the end carefully concealed, while surrounding him with inducements to those things that lead to death; and we must, at best, be reckoned as accessories in the crime of murdering his soul, if we forbear to offer him the only defensive armour provided for his perilous and exposed condition."

"Still," said the colonel, "you seem to suppose that soldiers make but one jump from the cradle into the ranks of a regiment. You reckon as nothing all the good done by careful parents during childhood and early youth, and throw upon us the whole burden of teaching them what they have had opportunity to learn as well as we."

"Granting, colonel, that all young men have been thus carefully educated and instructed—though, alas! it is far from being generally the case; what a touching spectacle does the new comer present to our view! The good seed, sown betimes, can hardly have attained to more than the growth of a tender blade; and it has been weeded, and watered, and sheltered in the sacred shadow of home. His prayers have ascended at the family altar, with those of fond relations, who, while asking that their dear boy might not be led into temptation, have carefully watched to keep it far from him.

"Transferred from such a scene to the garrison, or the camp, or to the military seminary, what a lamentable contrast he finds! Those tender blades of piety and virtue are exposed, alike to the chilling blasts of scorn, and the burning heat of surrounding intemperance. Instead of the gentle voice of prayer winning his soul to seek God, in sweet communion, he hears the rude jest, the licentious song, the daring imprecation from those who are henceforth to be his companions; and for the anxious care that strove to keep all evil far from his young mind, seduction in every form surrounds him. These walls, my friends, a few hours since, echoed to the notes of prayer and praise. Imagine that instead of our quiet little party, this mess table was now to be surrounded by such a company as generally assemble in garrison. Do you not shrink from the contrast presented to your minds, between the morning devotion and the evening revelry, so rapidly succeeding it on the same spot? Far more painful is the contrast to which I allude; the voice of praise silenced, the word of truth expelled, and every thing most opposite to these, usurping the perverted mind, until prayer itself becomes intolerable; the last link between the soul and its God is severed, and the vision of childhood, in its simple and inoffensive enjoyments, becomes insupportable—a thing to be drowned in the riot of debauchery, rather than be endured, with all its mocking images of happiness that never can return."

Here, a young officer, who for some time had sat with his face concealed, suddenly started up, and quitted the room.

"You see?" said the colonel to his friend, in a reproachful tone, glancing after the youth.

"I do," replied the commandant, "and feel too. I hope, major Murray, it was no chance hand which led me here to-day. I was brought up even as you have described, by a pious mother; and well do I remember the force of that contrast, the bitterness of that struggle which ensued, when first I exchanged my home for a barrack. Hardened by degrees, my mind has long cast off the trammels that exposed me to the scorn of others; but this very day your hymn reached my inmost heart, bringing back times, scenes, persons, circumstances, that I have almost laboured to forget; and waked me up to renewed anxiety as to how I should fulfil my prospective duties towards those, who may come under my superintendence, fresh from their youthful homes. You have given me, sir, a lesson that if I profit not by it, will rise up in my condemnation at the day of judgment."

"Pho!" said the colonel, "do you think that great boys come from school with minds so nicely trained and uncontaminated as Murray would make out? Is no wickedness learnt without a military commission to introduce it?"

"Too much, indeed," said the major; "but still the escape from all restraint, the entrance into an independent profession, is an era perhaps the most important in human life, for good or for evil. The Bible meets not man, even in his earliest years, as an incorrupt and blameless being, with words of commendation for the past, and injunctions to maintain his native integrity. No: it lays upon him a judicial grasp, arrests him as a criminal amenable to justice; and after showing him both his crime and its penalty, points out one way of escape, giving him his choice between life and death."

"Suppose he rejects your advice, and laughs at your zealous persuasions?"

"Then, having done what I could, I am guiltless of his blood, if he perishes in his iniquity."

"Suppose, poor fellow, he takes it as you wish, and becomes a pattern of all that is good and virtuous, what a miserable life you entail upon him, seeing that the great bulk of his companions will certainly make a laughing stock of him, and lay traps to give him a fall from his height."

"That evil," replied the major, with animation, "will abate just in proportion as our efforts succeed. A solitary believer has, indeed, a heavy cross to bear; yet he is not alone, for the Lord is with him, and he may, in His strength, put a thousand to flight. And since he who has rightly received the gift, will, as a good steward, minister it to others, a little company is soon gathered. But, colonel, I have said nothing so strong in condemnation of the ungodliness prevailing among us, as you have just uttered. What an awful state of things must that be, where men, calling themselves Christians, simultaneously combine for the destruction of any one who may manifest the reality of what they all profess!"

CHAPTER VII.

"There's the bugle!" cried the colonel, glad to escape farther discussion, "I cannot stay your evening service, but I warn you, Murray, that you are preparing needless troubles for some of these poor fellows, and that the rest are laughing at you."

"Trouble, colonel, is the lot of all men: we are born to it, as the sparks fly upwards. The question is, shall our troubles be sanctified to us, or shall they increase our eternal misery? That "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution," is a fact declared upon divine authority; and he who is free from such persecution from without, will receive his portion of it from within. Yet, in regard to this matter, let me put it fairly to you, whether you would dissuade a young man from becoming a soldier, on the ground that if he did so, he must face the enemies of his country in mortal strife; whereas, by remaining a private gentleman, he might even live quietly in the midst of them?"

"You have such far-fetched similitudes," exclaimed the colonel, "the case is not in point at all."

"Pardon me, it certainly is. The very language of inspiration points it out: 'thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,' is Paul's injunction to Timothy; and he goes on to illustrate his doctrine by the same figure.

"War was first declared in the garden of Eden, when man defied his God, under the leadership of Satan: the sentence that followed, instead of confirming the dreadful bondage of our race to the great enemy, denounced a warfare to the end of time, between the seed of the woman, and the seed of the serpent. Christ, as the woman's seed, took the field against Satan; and all His people are enlisted to fight under His banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil; to continue His faithful servants and soldiers to their lives' end.

"Persecution at a brother's hand was the lot of Abel, the type of all believers, as Cain was the type of hardened sinners; yet who, believing the mere fact of an hereafter, with a just Judge to assign his lot therein, would not rather have the portion of the persecuted, the righteous Abel, than that of unrighteous Cain, the murderer?

"Believe me, dear colonel, I am preparing no needless troubles for my poor men; I point out to them a strait gate, and a narrow way, ordained, not by me, but by the Lord, for those to walk in who would attain eternal life; I show them Jesus Christ and him crucified, as the sole propitiation for their sins, the Captain under whom they must enlist, if they would march on to victory. I tell them also what the word of God declares, and what my own experience testifies, that the right way, narrow though it be, is a way of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace."

"And as for those who laugh at these things," said the quartermaster, "I can assure you, colonel, that the end of such mirth is heaviness, and the scoffer's lot is an intolerable burden. You may remember, that when we were in the Burmese territory, I was among the foremost to ridicule the little party among us to which the major belonged. Conscience often smote me; but my sole desire was to stand well with those whom worldly interest prompted me to seek after. I could accommodate myself to all humours, echo all opinions, and secretly despise the man whom I most flattered. I refer to this the more readily, because, finding me here under major Murray's command, you might naturally suppose, that my Bible was taken up, rather as a passport to his favour, than as a guide to heaven. It is not so: after a long struggle against conviction, I was compelled to see my own exceedingly hateful character in its true light; and to abhor myself."

"With very little reason," observed the colonel; "for you were one of the most unblameable men among us."

"Ay, colonel, I seemed unblameable to others, because I never blamed them. I saw many around me falling every day beneath the sword and the pestilence: I saw their survivors treading in paths that I well knew must lead to everlasting death; but I never used my influence to restrain one of them; I never brought a sinner to pause, and consider his ways. By so doing I should perhaps have forfeited the idle and worthless popularity that I gloried in.

"Do you remember young F——? He joined us, a most unsophisticated character, a modest and moral youth. I saw him led, step by step, along the paths of vice: I marked the faultering of his voice, when first he gave his tongue to blaspheming and corrupt communication. I saw his vain attempts to stop in the career of intemperance, when others dragged him forward beyond the bounds of that sobriety which he would fain have maintained. I remember—Oh, that I could forget! I remember his once coming to me, and while the blush of false shame mantled his cheek, asking me, with assumed carelessness of manner, how I contrived to decline participating in the excesses of others without giving offence, or subjecting myself to ridicule. My heart yearned towards the poor boy; I longed to give him what I thought good counsel, but self, hateful self, prevailed. I turned it off with the same careless air that he had put on; and from that hour his down-hill course became more fearfully rapid.

"You remember, him, colonel? I perceive that you do. You remember him as a leader in many things, that I have heard you say you could not have passed over in any one else. Poor F—— was a general favourite, and became the idol of the party which had first corrupted him."

"He was carried off by the cholera," remarked the colonel.

"He was. On the preceding day I met him engaged in a riotous expedition, with some of the most profligate of his comrades. He spoke to me; and never shall I forget the strong impulse that prompted me, even then, to dissuade him from proceeding on it. The opportunity, too, was a remarkable one; and his mentioning the sudden death of an old friend, gave me a fair opening. But I was silent—wickedly, cruelly silent, and he passed on. I left my quarters to visit a post, and returned the next day at the hour of mess: scarcely seated at the table, I saw a coffin brought out. You know how frequent the spectacle was at that time; and the exclamation, 'poor F——!' uttered by several around me, fell on my ear as a signal for my own execution." The quartermaster paused, in evident anguish of spirit, and wiped from his forehead the cold damps that had started there. No one spoke: and he presently went on.

"From that moment, the most dreadful remorse took possession of my mind. The blood of a soul was upon my head. I felt it: I felt the blood of many souls, but that of F——'s weighed me down. I was well-nigh distracted; and all my artful self-possession failed to conceal the wretchedness of my spirit.

"A few days after we went into action. I was wounded. Long, long I writhed, and bitterly I groaned under the intolerable load of guilt. It haunted me. Every broken slumber brought up some horrifying spectacle of young F—— come from his hopeless home to reproach me. In delirium I raved of him; and had not the Lord, in mercy, sent the soldier, Dale, to take his turn in watching me, I do not know where it would have ended. But while I seemed to sleep, Dale read his little Bible: and, catching my eye, when opened for a moment, he bent his head to my pillow, craving permission to read for me. I made no objection; and he read it." Here the old man mechanically opened his Bible. "He read this precious first chapter of Isaiah; and though I could not follow the thread of it, there was a ray of hope shining on my soul: some propitiation for my sin seemed provided; and I became more calm.

"I got a Bible, and pored over its pages, as a man, on the edge of the gallows, would search for a reprieve that had dropped at his feet. I read long before I read aright; but I began slowly to receive divine teaching. I came home; and, after a while, found rest for my guilty soul at the foot of my Saviour's cross. Yes, this precious blood indeed cleanses from all sin, even from mine; but Oh, I shall go mourning all my days, in the remembrance of young F—— and of the many others whom I have so barbarously, so effectually, though silently helped forward in the path of hopeless destruction!"

The colonel had stood for some time, his hand resting on the table, and his eyes cast down as in intense thought; nor did he look up when the quartermaster ceased. At length, with a sudden start, he pulled out his watch; and, seeing the horses at the door, he approached the quartermaster, shook him cordially by the hand, and left the room, followed by the other officers.

"Murray," said he, "I have been silenced; but I am not convinced. Once more, I disapprove of and protest against your plan, as being both mistaken and dangerous. But I repeat, you are one of the best fellows existing." He shook hands with the major and with his companions; and, having mounted, wheeled his horse about, exclaiming, "gentlemen, I commend to you major Murray's example as an officer and a man of honour, and an accomplished gentleman; but I warn you against his opinions: forget his preaching, but follow his practice."

He trotted away; the commandant lingering for a moment said, "the preaching that leads to such practice commends itself. I shall soon pay you another visit; God bless you!" and he followed his friend.

This conversation had produced a strong

effect on more than one of those present at it; and the evening service was conducted with a seriousness of deportment, on the part of the officers, even greater than usual. The comparative importance of time and eternity had been brought before their view, not less strikingly by the quartermaster's brief narrative than by the representations of major Murray; and young F—— dwelt upon the thoughts of some who had never before heard of him, but whose conscience bore witness to the truth of a delineation, which had for its subject the last struggles of habitual morality against the united force of solicitation, example and ridicule. There was not, perhaps, one among them who did not in some degree appreciate the little sanctuary wherein he that evening worshipped; and the major, who had never before heard the particulars of the quartermaster's first steps towards the way of peace, felt doubly strengthened and encouraged by the recital.

Meanwhile, O'Brien maintained a steadiness of conduct calculated to establish his character, as a sober, active soldier, attached to his profession, and weaned from his former ways. Among the more thoughtless of his comrades he bore the name of a saint; but those, to whom that name really belonged, as it assuredly does to all the faithful in Christ Jesus, 'called to be saints,' saw in him no satisfactory token of a renewed heart. He was equally ready to produce his Bible as any of them: he could turn to a passage with facility; but there was an ostentation in the display of what he knew, and a sort of falling in with the opinions of others, as mechanical as was the exercise which he went through with them in the ranks. Although he himself abstained from gross and open sin, he evidently made light of it in his comrades; and when taking it into his head to reprove them, as he sometimes did before the non-commissioned officers, it was on grounds far removed from those that render it most hateful to a Christian. Still, compared with what they had been led to expect, O'Brien was a wonderfully steady and enlightened character; and in his own eyes he had become a perfect model for the imitation of those around him. So warily does the strong man arm himself, and watch the goods that he is resolved to keep!

O'Brien's fierce and unbridled passions had formerly presented a barrier on every side against the approach of deliverance; but the present fortification was even more secure. He had then been, in the sight of all men, a notorious and shameless offender; and, if the reality of future judgment was presented to his mind, he could entertain no hope as to his eternal portion; now, he had cloaked over his past iniquities with a flimsy covering of self-righteousness, sufficient to blind his own eyes, and to ensure him a false peace. Not one evil propensity was conquered; they merely lay dormant for a while, in the absence of particular temptation, and under the dominion of another species of ill. And why was this? Why was the company of the godly as unprofitable to O'Brien, as that of the profligate? The reason was, that O'Brien would not act up to the light which he had, he would not pray, he would not strive; he had received that message of grace or mercy which points out to the sinner a sure way of escape; but he received it in vain. He was assured, that now was the accepted time, but he did not seek acceptance; now was the day of salvation, but he grasped not at the mighty boon. All things, he was told, were ready, the supper prepared, and the king expecting him; but he found many a secret excuse, and would not go in to partake of it.

Many pass on to the grave in the same decent garb of propriety that O'Brien now wore; but it was not for him to retain it long. He had been brought almost to the threshold of the temple; and as he would not proceed further, he was to be drawn back at the will of the master whom he served. There needed but a slight provocation to rekindle all his fiery passions; and about two months after his capture this was afforded.

A recruiting party of a regiment had picked up, at a fair, not many miles distant from Glanamora, some lads, and among them two near neighbours of O'Brien's. On their arrival at the depot, he recognized them immediately. While their mute astonishment at seeing him greatly amused him; he attributed it to a cause the most gratifying to his vanity—the great improvement in his appearance. However, on inquiry, he found that it sprang from a different source; that Moyle (for no one doubted its being his work) had spread reports so very injurious to his character, as to render it a matter of surprise that he should be found doing duty with the regiment. These reports, he ascertained, had been circulated previous to his desertion; but, on that event taking place, Moyle had written over, before the regiment sailed, representing that O'Brien had been flogged for theft; and that in consequence of being detected in an attempt to murder, he had fled to save his life. To this were added insinuations, that any one who might assist to conceal, or in any way countenance him, would be liable to the suspicion of participating in his crimes; and so effectually was the work done, that the young men assured him that he would, had he returned to his native place, have been hunted out of it like a mad dog. His mother, they added, had taken so much to heart the disgrace brought upon her family by Denis, that she had been easily persuaded by the landlord to give up her lease for a trifling consideration; and had gone, with her daughters, to some distant place.

The rage of O'Brien on hearing this was uncontroulable; he uttered the most furious menaces and execrations against Moyle, openly declaring that he could bring him to the halter; and that he would never rest until he had done so. This was reported to major Murray by an old serjeant, whose knowledge of Moyle's character was sufficient to convince him that he was a likely person to make all the mischief described; and O'Brien was summoned to the major's quarters.

He entered with an air of respectful submission to his officer, but with the look also of a man whose conscious integrity was grievously insulted. O'Brien's countenance was remarkably expressive, except when he chose to draw a veil of sullen reserve over his actual feelings.

"You have been uttering some very intemperate language, I fear, O'Brien," said the major, "and as your friend, I would caution you against what may, if not checked, lead to a breach of discipline."

"It's true, your honour," answered O'Brien, "I have said more than I meant to have spoken; but not a word more than I can make good." And then, encouragement being given, he related all the circumstances attending Moyle's first disappearance, his subsequent visit at the head of a recruiting party, and the solicitations by which he induced O'Brien to enlist. To this he added a detail of Moyle's baffled attempt at provoking him, with the timely interference of the adjutant; and the strong reason which he had for suspecting him as the principal, though concealed agent, by whom he had been led on into intemperance and disgrace. Lastly, he referred to the false and cruel reports circulated in his native village, to his prejudice, and the ruin of his family."

The major heard him with deep attention; then said, "it is a most distressing case, certainly; and the man who could wantonly inflict such injuries on another must be in a wretched state. Still, O'Brien, I do not see that you can substantiate against Moyle either the fearful charge of murder in the first instance, or the minor, but very serious one, of so grossly exaggerating the fact of your desertion."

"But doesn't your honour believe him to be guilty of both?"

"It is not my province to judge him; neither is there sufficient evidence to warrant my doing so. Besides, he is absent, and cannot make any defence. Leave him, O'Brien, in the hands of One who judgeth righteously; and since you believe him to be your unprovoked and bitter enemy, pray for him."

"Is it me, sir?" exclaimed O'Brien, in amazement, "me pray for Corny Moyle?"

"Reach me that Bible," said the major. "Do you remember nothing in this book, O'Brien, enjoining you to pray for Corny Moyle?"

"I do sir, to be sure," answered he, very sullenly; "we are told to pray for our enemies; and so we must, but *such* an enemy as Moyle is to me, no man on earth could bring himself to pray for."

"You have spoken the truth, O'Brien, and your own remark ought to teach you a most important lesson. The power, or the will, to forgive injuries, cannot dwell in the natural heart of our corrupt race: it is the very opposite to our inbred feelings, which cry for revenge. The child, who cannot yet speak, is quick to return a blow given by its brother; and railing for railing is the natural law of lips that have just learnt to articulate."

"Very true, your honour; what would the world come to, if we might not defend ourselves?"

"It would become a very happy world," said the major, smiling, "for the man who would scruple to defend himself, would hardly think of attacking another. But I want to point out to you, O'Brien, that this book, which is the sure and immutable word of divine truth, enjoins on us, as positive duties, things that no man has power to do, or, in your phrase, could bring himself to do. That is to say, though there is nothing certainly, to hinder him, he has not the will to do it. There is no hinderance against your kneeling down; there is nothing to prevent your lips from uttering a prayer for Moyle, nor to render it impossible for that prayer to be sincere and earnest; but still you can not do this: and why? You want the will: you cannot bring your own heart to prompt such a prayer, nor your lips to utter it. What then are you to do? Will God accept the rebellion of your will as an excuse for the disobedience of your heart, lips, and life?

O'Brien could make no reply; he perfectly understood to what the major was leading, and secretly remarked, that he was as much "in a story," as he called it, with Philip Dale, the Irish reader, the steward, and the ladies, as if they had all planned it together. But he was far from wishing to be led by such guides from enjoying what he believed to be the sweetest morsel that man can taste—revenge.

The major spoke earnestly and kindly to him; he set before him the real origin of all his troubles; and strongly represented the increased condemnation that must follow on neglected opportunities. He even told him how much Philip Dale had his soul's interest at heart; and read a short passage from the letter, which must have been written just when Moyle was preparing so very different a communication for Glanamora. The contrast struck O'Brien so powerfully, that a tear started, a very unusual thing with him; and the major, perceiving it, dwelt on the rich exchange he would make, in bartering the deceitful enjoyments of a sinful world for the friendship that is not confined, even by the boundary of mortal life. He left nothing unsaid; and in conclusion he invited O'Brien to pray that a blessing might follow their conversation, having previously read to him the second chapter of St. Peter's first epistle, particularly dwelling on the latter part. O'Brien was certainly very much softened, and his thanks were returned to the major with a warmth that gladdened the kind officer's heart. But, alas! another meeting with the Glanamora recruits revived all his deadly feelings; and he gave his whole soul to the study of succeeding plans, each of which had for its ultimate object the open and irretrievable disgrace of his malignant enemy.

Bad habits began to resume their sway, though by slow degrees; he had more than once indulged in imprecations, while speaking of Moyle; and he had drank beyond the bounds of temperance, though not to intoxication, to deaden the acuteness of his feelings. These bad symptoms were observed and reported to the major by an old serjeant, who watched with fatherly care over the young men. The quartermaster was present when the communication was made, and expressed his fear, that the worst suspicions entertained of Moyle were likely to prove correct. He communicated several instances where Moyle had shown himself capable of the deepest malignity of spirit, adding, that a hot-headed impetuous character like O'Brien, could never cope with one of his practised subtlety; and that, humanly speaking, he would fall a sacrifice to his knowledge of Moyle's former guilt.

In this view the major agreed; and it was determined, that a strong appeal should again be made to O'Brien by the two officers, on the following morning. Just as the summons was about to be sent to him, the commandant unexpectedly arrived. "You were warned to look for another visit," said he to the major, who received him with cordial delight, "and I could not delay it. The subject of our former conversation has dwelt on my mind, almost to the exclusion of other things. Will you allow me to pass a couple of days among you?"

A warm assurance was given that his doing so would afford them the highest gratification; and on his requesting, as a proof of it, that they would proceed in whatever business they had in hand, he was informed of the circumstances respecting O'Brien, and asked whether he would be present to second their efforts on his behalf.

"A poor ally, and most inefficient, you would find in me; but I shall be heartily glad to hear what you say to him: indeed it will be fulfilling, in part, the very business on which I came hither."

The soldier was summoned; and the major commenced by saying that he considered it advisable to take some steps for the removal of the unjust impression made in Glanamora.

"Never fear, your honour," said O'Brien, colouring high with animation, "I've taken good care of that. One of my comrades lately arrived, who brought me the news, has written back to his friends, setting all right about me, and giving Moyle his due."

The major shook his head; and the quartermaster inquired what was the substance of the letter. "He told 'em, your honour, that he found me doing duty with the regiment, bearing as high a character"—here he met the serious and earnest look of the major, and stammered, "that is—I mean—he said I had been a little wild, and had suffered for it; but that I stood very well at present, as your honours know."

"Then he did not deny or disguise the fact of your desertion?"

"How could he, sir, when it was in the public papers?"

"Go on," said the major very gravely. "He told 'em, your honour, how I had been first enticed away by Corny Moyle; and how I was persecuted by him ever since, for no reason in life, but because I held the knowledge of his wicked crimes."

"And did he state what your suspicions were?" asked the quartermaster.

"He did, Sir. I made him tell every particular, that they might set an inquiry on foot; and moreover, I gave them the name of a man who, I'm pretty sure, was an accomplice of his. I've set it afloat now; and if Corny Moyle doesn't come to the gallows, at least he'll have cause enough to wish he had let *me* alone."

O'Brien spoke in a deep tone of triumphant vengeance; and his look was that of a man, who has his enemy at his feet, with no purpose of sparing him.

"My lad," said the commandant, "it appears that you knew enough to bring this criminal to justice when he came back to your native village. What induced you to conceal the facts, while he was on the spot?"

"Sure, your honour, it was no affair of mine. Besides, I had no proof that he was the murderer."

"And what proof have you now?"

"I've the proof of his having done all in his power to destroy me, who alone could betray him."

"Havn't you observed sir," continued O'Brien, with great vivacity, "that when a man has done a wicked thing, and another could expose his wickedness, he always tries to take away the other man's character, in order that, if he turns approver, his evidence may not be believed? Oh, there's nothing makes a man so bitterly your enemy, as knowing that you could, if you liked, prove him to be a villain!"

"That is true enough," said the commandant to the other officers, in a low voice.

"Granting it," replied the major aloud, "the child of God will be content to leave his cause with a Righteous Judge, and Merciful Father. I am sorry that O'Brien has acted so precipitately; and yet more, that he has evidently done it under the impulse of revenge. Why," continued he, addressing the soldier, "why have you followed so evil an example? Moyle, it appears, had spread false reports concerning you, when you were absent, and could not defend yourself"—

"And I have only told the truth about him, sir."

"O'Brien," said the major, mildly, but firmly, "I can make allowance for the irritated feelings of one who certainly has been ill-treated: nevertheless, I am bound to set before you the truth, in some points, where you seem to have forgotten it; and in others where you wilfully close your eyes against its entrance. You joined the regiment under as favourable circumstances as any recruit; did you not?"

"I suppose so, your honour: and I'm

sure I did my duty as well as any of them, till I got into disgrace, through Moyle."

"No! Moyle had no power, of himself, to bring you into disgrace. You had a kind and indulgent officer; and strict justice was rendered to you. You chose evil associates, men whose lives were a continued trespass against what you knew to be right. Had you avoided them, Moyle could have done you no injury. He perhaps made use of those vicious companions to lead you into a snare, but that snare was set in paths that you ought to have shunned, and which you were warned to shun—daily warned, and admonished: daily entreated to forsake them—daily shown, in the instance of a faithful comrade, how unblameably and securely the servants of God can walk in the midst of malicious enemies. Do you understand me, O'Brien?"

"I do, your honour."

"In the only instance where you can prove a direct attempt of Moyle's to injure you, the vigilance of your officers, guided by the compassionate care of your God, interposed to defeat the scheme. What was the result? Did it render you more thankful, more guarded: did it wean you from the society of treacherous men? No. I don't wish to particularize what followed; but remember, O'Brien, that I have seen the minutes of the court-martial; and certainly, Moyle had nothing whatever to do with the transactions that ended so disgracefully for you. Believe me, I do not call up these things to reproach you. Very far from it. But I see into what a delusion the enemy of your soul is now leading you; he takes advantage of a wrong really inflicted by another, to make you forget the actual criminality of your own conduct, thus laying you open to far heavier calamities, and transferring to a fellow sinner all the resentment that sin itself, even your own sin, should awaken in your mind.

"Again, you had every encouragement given after the chastisement reluctantly inflicted on you, to choose a new and better path. Your desertion proved how far you were from wishing to profit by the lesson. O'Brien, I must again and again remind you, that all your offences bear on them the fearful brand of perjury—a sin most expressly committed against the Lord our God; and which He fails not to visit with heavy displeasure. Still how merciful have been his dealings with you! Brought back from your flight, we had authority to inflict on you a most severe punishment; and the interests of the service seemed to demand it, as an example to others; yet we gave you no hard measure." O'Brien interrupted him, "I'm bound to say that your honour behaved like a father to me, little as I ever deserved it; and if it should ever be in my power, either at the muzzle of the gun, or point of the bayonet, I'll give my life for yours. I will, sir, indeed."

The major resumed; "you speak strongly, O'Brien; and I doubt not you speak from your heart; you would give your life for me, an acknowledged friend; would you give it for Corny Moyle?"

"No, sir; why should I? gladly he'd take mine away."

"Then, O'Brien, what are your obligations to Him who, while we were yet enemies—far more active enemies to Him and holiness than one man can be to another, did actually give up his life for us? Would that I could lead you to contemplate that scene of pardoning mercy! it alone will soften your stern feelings, and subdue your revengeful spirit. But I was about to observe, that the good providence of God alone disposed us to deal so leniently with you, when delivered up to us; and I was confirmed in the wish so implanted, by the frank acknowledgment that you made of your fault. I have watched you since, with interest; and have had some reason to hope that you were disposed to forsake the evil of your former way. I now behold a new trial assailing you, and apprehend from your manner of meeting it, that you are in peril of a worse fall. I tremble for you, O'Brien: I wish that you would learn to tremble for yourself."

"What have I done, your honour, beyond trying to right my own character, which it is every man's business to do?"

"You have gone very far beyond the righting of your own character; you have placed it in a more advantageous light than you had any ground for doing; and you have assailed another man's reputation. But it is not from this alone that I judge of your state. There are evil habits, O'Brien, which formerly led you into the depth of disgrace: you have for a time abstained from them; you are gradually relapsing into those habits. Do you think, my poor fellow, that if you again commence a downhill course you will be better able to stop and turn than you were before? Let me remind you of a passage in the Scriptures which came under our observation a few days ago—the parable of the evil spirit going out of a man, and after a while returning, to find his house clean swept and garnished; then, taking unto him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, to enter and dwell there. The last state of that man, we are told, is worse than the first."

"But how can I help it, sir, if evil spirits come into me? I can't see them, nor know when they go out, or come in."

"Very true, O'Brien. Therefore, how much need there is for a constant calling on Him who can both see and save. I will explain to you the case to which I allude. The evil spirit has naturally possession of us all, ever since Adam sinned in paradise, preferring the bondage of Satan to the glorious liberty of the children of God. We must have this evil spirit cast out of our hearts, before there can be a hope or possibility of our pleasing God. Now the great distinction, set forth by our Lord, in this parable, appears to be that of the evil spirit going out voluntarily, instead of being cast out by the finger of God. A man may leave his own house, and return to it when he pleases: Satan may cease for a time to tempt and suggest evil things, but may resume the work at his own pleasure. I want you seriously to examine whether the recent improvement in your conduct resulted from such a change as God alone can work—a real turning of the heart from sin to holiness; whether you have ceased to depend on your own strength, and live on what is imparted in answer to constant prayer; whether, considering our Lord's declaration, that all power is given unto Him, both in heaven and in earth, and remembering also that the gifts which he hath received are for men, yea, for such rebellious men as you, and the purpose of those gifts is that the Lord God may dwell among them, you are able to come boldly, day by day, to the throne of grace, receiving such supplies as will carry you onward in your difficult course, enable you to fight the good fight of faith, and make you more than conqueror over all your spiritual enemies. Is this your case, O'Brien?"

The soldier hung his head; and after a long pause replied, in a low voice, "I don't know, sir."

"But you must endeavour to know it. There is not a thing that you can name or imagine, of half the importance to you: nay, all other things are absolutely of no importance whatever in comparison with that inquiry. If you know it not, there is but too much reason to fear that all is not right with you. Your case would then be that of the man in the parable. The evil spirit will but have gone out for a time, and the recent amendment of your conduct is but the sweeping and garnishing of his house. If the Lord has not taken possession of that house, O'Brien, there is no defence whatever against the return of its former master: and whatever wicked companions he may bring with him, will have no difficulty in entering to dwell there. Rouse yourself, my man: let not Satan lead you captive at his will."

"Consider, O'Brien," said the quartermaster, "there is too much reason to fear that the evil spirit is even now bringing a host with him to rule over you. The spirit of revenge is one of the deadliest among them: it comes not alone, but too often is followed even by murder. It is written, 'whosoever hateth his brother *is* a murderer;' and are you guiltless in this matter?"

"Corny Moyle is a murderer," said O'Brien; "and the law will take his life."

"That has nothing to do with what we speak of," replied the major; "you, not Moyle, are the subject at present: whatever the law of the land may do to Moyle, the law of God condemns you. If he was about to be tried for his life, and, neglecting to prepare his own defence, should busy himself about the concerns of some other person having nothing to do with his case, would you not account him most foolish?"

"He's too cunning for that, your honour. Moyle was always the man to look after his own interests."

"Then I wish you would take a lesson from him, and look after the interests that are most important to you. I tell you again, O'Brien, that you are a condemned man; and, if you seek not earnestly the pardon that Christ has purchased for you, and which he is waiting to bestow, you must take the consequences, the awful, the eternal consequences, of perishing in your sins. Now go, and pray over what has been spoken; we have no object in view but your good: we would willingly serve you; but the redemption of a soul, O'Brien, is a matter wherein no man can deliver his brother. We can but point out to you the ransom offered on the cross; and conjure you to lay hold on the hope set before you in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER VIII.

When O'Brien departed, the commandant observed, "I fear that he will persist in his revengeful course: a more determined look I never beheld, though he was evidently touched by the kindness that prompted you to say so much to him. But is this your usual way? Do you bestow so much pains on all your men?"

"According as their need may be," replied the major, "and opportunity is given."

"But you cannot often know so much of a man's character and circumstances as you seem to know of this O'Brien's."

"Why not?"

"Nay, in a small party like this, it may be done; but I speak of a regiment, or a large garrison."

"There is nothing to prevent that individual knowledge," replied the major, "if commanders are rightly impressed with the extent of their responsibility, and if they select from their ranks men who will conscientiously fulfil the duties of that important link, the non-commissioned officers."

"But I have heard it objected to as a species of espionage."

"As much so, as inspecting the men's kits and accoutrements, enforcing their attendance at roll-call, and examining the state of their barrack-rooms. These are duties, you will admit, for neglecting which I should deservedly be placed in arrest, and subjected to a court-martial. It remains for you to prove, that when a number of my fellow-creatures are placed under my authority, I shall be less answerable to my God for neglecting their eternal interests, than to my king for disregarding what relates to the good of his service."

"Indeed, I can prove no such thing; but I wish you would enter a little more fully into that particular question of military responsibility."

"You mean the general responsibility of military men?"

"I do."

"Then, my dear friend, it is soon done. My king has enlisted certain individuals from among his subjects, and places them under my command, to be instructed in what pertains to their profession. I have the articles of war in my hand, together with rules and regulations, published by authority, for my guidance. I am expected to set a good example in my own person, and also to enforce the strict observance of my king's commands among the men. I am to lead them to battle, to strive with and by them, for victory over my master's enemies; and to render up a faithful report of each individual committed to me. I cannot prevent one from being wounded, another slain, or captured; I cannot always guard against instances of desertion, but I must be able to prove that I neither led my men wantonly into danger, nor, by neglecting to occupy my post, left them to become the prey of the enemy or to desert to his lines. Now, so very close is the parallel, that you have only to substitute a heavenly for an earthly king, spiritual evils for national foes, and the things of eternity for those of time, and you can hardly fail to draw the inference."

"And do you really think that every commanding officer is under an obligation to do this?"

"I not only think so, but am as sure of it as of any truth that can be deduced from Scripture. Every commander, every subaltern, every non-commissioned officer, is, in his appointed sphere, bound thus to regard his authority. To rule in the fear of the Lord, is an obligation as solemnly binding on him who has a single step even of temporary rank or command over his fellow-man, as it is on the throned monarch. And, if you suppose each one to be rightly impressed with his especial duty herein, do you not perceive how readily the beautiful arrangement and subordination that distinguish our army may be extended to those things that are of infinitely greater moment; and which, if so regarded, would incalculably promote even what we call the good of the service, by furnishing to all its members the highest and most active principle of obedience, sobriety, and all that we most prize in a soldier?"

"You have shown me," said the commandant, "the importance of rightly instructing those who are preparing to enter upon the profession, in a work that gives them at once a degre of authority. I feel that he whose province it is to superintend the military education of such, has the destinies of thousands, if not in his hands to decide, yet so far committed to him as to bring upon his head most fearful condemnation, should he, while doing the least, leave the greater work undone."

"Precisely so," replied the major. "The enemy of souls well knows the extent of that power committed to military and naval officers; and we need no argument to convince us how sedulously he labours to stifle every good principle, and to sow the seeds of all profligacy among them, at their very outset. A youth who brings his Bible with him, is liable to be scoffed out of its open use; and bold indeed is he who dare be known to bend his knee in private prayer. God has appointed means of grace; and to deprive men of those means is a great point with Satan. For this he prompts the taunt, the mock, that youth finds it so hard to withstand. Few young men would yield to open force; it would induce them to cling more tenaciously to their privileges and possessions. He, therefore, who would live godly in Christ Jesus among the young men of these professions, must undergo a different and far more effectual species of persecution. We look on, while the enemy triumphs, not willing to stretch out a hand for the rescue of our brethren. We are, perhaps, faithful soldiers to our king, but cowardly traitors, foul rebels, against our God. We peril our lives to promote our country's fame, but join in opposing the prevalence of that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. The minutest point of military equipment is a matter of serious concern to us; while every poor lad, whose personal appearance we so rigidly inspect on parade, might whisper as we pass on, 'no man careth for my soul.'"

The quartermaster groaned in the bitterness of his spirit, and the major paused. We will leave them and return to O'Brien.

The old serjeant, who had with grief reported his recent failures, was much interested for him. He found a party listening with curiosity to the remarks of the Glanamora men, who were scraping together every tittle of circumstantial evidence whereon to convict Moyle of the murder. O'Brien made out the case against him, so as to leave scarcely a link wanting in the chain of testimony; and appeared to consider him as already cast for death. The serjeant drew him away from the party, and seriously represented the danger to which he was needlessly exposing himself, as Moyle must, in time, hear all again, and would be greatly exasperated by it.

"What care I for his anger?" said O'Brien: "do you think I'm going to keep it a secret from him?"

"I suppose not; but setting aside that, it's hardly fair to go such lengths in a man's absence; you've no proofs yet, that would warrant his being put on his trial for a murder, and Moyle is not the man to overlook such an attack on his character."

"No more am I," said O'Brien.

"But you will be unpleasantly circumstanced if ever you should join in India. Moyle, I grant you, is no favourite with any of us who are now here, and to the greater number he is unknown; but his promotion has given him some influence in the regiment, besides what he had before; and, I tell you honestly, O'Brien, that you are preparing trouble for yourself. Remember how you were once entrapped, and what he made you suffer; and don't needlessly provoke a man who seldom forgives and never forgets an injury."

"But I shall put him down so completely by exposing his vile character, that he will be glad to sneak out of the way."

"Not he, believe me. He has an advantage over you, O'Brien. I don't mean to hurt your feelings; but you must not forget that there is a difference between a man who has deserted, particularly under your circumstances, and one who has managed to keep up a fair outside for years in a regiment. All our officers are not major Murrays, I can assure you; and you'll find that Moyle can do you greater mischief than you can do him. Take my honest counsel in good part, my dear fellow, and stop the tongues of those recruits, or you may bring them in for a share of the vengeance that Moyle very well knows how to wreak, especially under such very great provocation as you really have given him."

Thus, on all sides was O'Brien warned; but no other effect was observable on him than that he rather checked the two young men in their discourse concerning Moyle, when others were present, from an unwillingness to implicate the poor fellows in the consequences predicted by the serjeant. His own language, at the same time, becoming sterner and more vindictive, as though to prove that he was incapable of feeling any apprehension for himself.

The reigning sin of O'Brien was pride; and this might be traced in every step of his progress. He was conscious of it, but regarded it as a proof of his superiority over others; and delighted in showing himself possessed of a haughty spirit. Of all the snares that Satan has woven for man, this is the most universally prevalent and fatal. It entrapped the feet of our first mother when walking in innocence in the garden of Eden; it impelled her eldest born to imbrue his hands in a brother's blood; and, from that period even to the present day, it has reigned a cherished sin among the human race. Man loves to maintain an imaginary superiority over his fellow, some fancied excellence, some advantage acquired by the possession of greater wealth, some consciousness of deeper research into what other men have written, some whim of possessing superior refinement of mind, or a more exact observance of outside forms, and such idle ceremony as the world deems polite; these things intoxicate the heads of the upper classes, who are apt to suppose that pride is their exclusive badge, distinguishing them above the vulgar. How mistaken they are in this, may become obvious to any one who traces the workings of the same evil principle among those of the lowest grade in society. In fact, pride is a great leveller: he who allows it in himself, adopts a livery worn by every drudge in Satan's extensive household.

The only true distinction among men is his, who makes himself, in spirit as in deed, least of all, and servant of all. This, however, may be seemingly done without attaining to the grace of humility. Men may be practically, or sentimentally humble, without "in lowliness of mind, each esteeming other better than themselves." The workings of pride are so secret and subtle, that nothing short of the wisdom which cometh from above, can detect them; nothing less than the strength derived from a real union with Christ, can grapple with the insidious and powerful foe. How emphatic is that solemn declaration of the Holy Spirit, "the proud He knoweth afar off." He knows them as He knew Sennacherib—"I know thy abode, and thy going out, and thy coming in, and thy rage against me."

Is it not amazing, that a creature taken from the dust of the earth, raised up to a sentient and rational life, and using its newly imparted faculties to perpetrate an act of most daring rebellion against its Maker, doomed, for that act, to return to its native dust, and become a loathsome mass of the foulest corruption, while the in-breathed spirit, wilfully sold to the service of Satan, is claimed by him, the eternal partner of his fiery torments—that such a creature should, during its little span of existence above ground, rear its head, and strut, and vaunt, and jostle its kindred wretches on the melancholy march to their common grave? No marvel that the entrance of self-knowledge tends to humility: no marvel that he who can, by faith, behold the Son of God nailed to the cross by such beings, and for such beings, and know that by the innocent blood there streaming, his own iniquity is purged and his sin taken away, should sink at the foot of that cross, and long to fall lower yet under the overwhelming sense of man's abominable wickedness, and God's unspeakable gift. This spectacle, seen by the eye of faith, will humble the pride of man; nothing else can do so.

Our wretched deserter, O'Brien, beheld it not; it was pointed out to him, but his averted eye roved after other objects. He appeared to be in the way to receive ample spiritual good, under the careful culture of his pious commander; but the old snare was drawn closer around him, by means of the discovery made of Moyle's spiteful proceedings. Wronged he certainly was; but his own gross misconduct had given a pretext for bringing against him those exaggerated charges. He would not acknowledge this; he closed his eyes to all but the falsehoods that were grafted on a truth, and considered himself not only an injured, but an innocent man. From the period of his thus giving place to the devil, by listening to nothing but his revengeful suggestions, O'Brien rapidly lost the little ground that he seemed to have gained. The parable was verified in him; for the house, swept and garnished as it had been, became the abode of worse spirits than before. He hated the reproof that his conscience bore testimony to: he longed to escape from his faithful reprovers; and the summons to prepare their small detachment for speedy embarkation with other troops, was to him a welcome sound.

The colonel, who had visited the depot, was going out with them, and one of the subalterns of major Murray's little garrison. On the eve of their departure, the major addressed the men in a strain of affectionate admonition that appeared to touch many hearts. O'Brien entertained a very strong regard for this excellent officer, apart from that which ought to have formed its basis. He loved and respected the major more than any man he had ever seen; and a desire to stand well with him, had powerfully restrained O'Brien from plunging freely into the evil courses to which he felt inclined to return under the dominion of his hardened feelings. When separately addressed after the others were dismissed, he listened to every word, chiefly because he loved the tones of a voice that had never assumed a harsh accent in speaking to him; and his thanks for the kindness shown were warm and sincere. The major earnestly enjoined on him watchfulness over his own heart; he showed him the danger to which he had exposed himself by his precipitate and vindictive proceedings against Moyle; and he pointed out the safety that would surely be found under the buckler of the Almighty, if O'Brien would but betake himself to that refuge, by the only appointed way—Jesus Christ. In conclusion, he delivered to him a small packet for Philip Dale; and gave him a book for himself, as a parting testimony of good will. O'Brien left the major's quarters, secretly resolving that a word should never be spoken against him in his presence without meeting an indignant contradiction; and when he should have been pondering and praying over the major's counsel, he was amusing himself by fancying future conversations, where he would, with fiery intemperance, silence any who dared to scoff at the religious character of the man whose partizan he resolved to be. Oh! that wisdom were given us, more frequently and profitably to explore those "chambers of imagery," within which a thousand abominations are carried on.

We cannot follow O'Brien through every step of his wayward course. He embarked; and on board ship soon lost the remembrance of his recent restraints, excepting that he never could sin with the same freedom from apprehension that he had known in former days. Sin he did, and with a high hand, and bold forehead; but there was a gnawing wretchedness in his heart the while, a certainty as to what must be the end of such things, that took away all enjoyment. He dared not get quite drunk because of the punishment that would follow, his party being under the superintendence of a very strict and vigilant non-commissioned officer; but he went as far as he might venture: he drank till reason began to stagger; while a voice that nothing would silence, seemed continually to whisper and reproachfully remind him of the sole consideration that kept him from going on to the excess of intoxication, adding, that he was a drunkard, and no drunkard should inherit the kingdom of God. It like manner, when he gambled, and took, as all gamblers will take, advantage of the ignorance or unskilfulness of others, he was reminded that none must go beyond or defraud another, for God is the avenger of all such. The Avenger seemed to frown on him, but to the city of refuge he would not turn an eye. He still gamed, he still cheated, and still resisted the voice that he could not escape from. It was so in all his other transgressions.

The ship arrived at its destination, and O'Brien looked forward to a speedy junction with his regiment, but the reinforcements were ordered to remain for a while in quarters where they first disembarked. Here O'Brien was more at liberty than on board, and he made use of his freedom to indulge his evil inclinations in every way. Convinced that the inward reprover had been awakened by the hearing of solemn truths since his desertion, he resolved to try what a determined battle with conscience would effect. He became an open scoffer at holy things, and a persecutor of all who strove to maintain even the semblance of propriety. This led to a different result from what he intended: he was kicking against the pricks, and succeeded accordingly. He involved himself in a quarrel, and in the heat of his passion, struck a corporal of another regiment. For this he was immediately tried, sentenced, and again flogged.

The fact of his former desertion after punishment was no secret, and he was therefore kept in close custody until an opportunity offered of sending him securely to his regiment. He reached it with every badge of disgrace upon him; and on his arrival being reported to the colonel, with the foregoing particulars, he communicated it to the officers then seated round his table, adding with a sneering smile, "he is one of Murray's saints, gentlemen."

A laugh followed; and the young subaltern, who had come out with the detachment, and joined immediately, ventured to say, "pardon me, colonel, but major Murray is far from considering this man as a religious character."

The colonel cast a sarcastic glance at the speaker, coolly replying, "major Murray's recommendations on the point of religious character, sir, go for little or nothing at head-quarters."

O'Brien, meanwhile, was lodged in the guardhouse, the acuteness of his feelings being blunted by the pressure of serious illness brought on by his sufferings and a distressing march in a climate perfectly new and very uncongenial to him. He was visited by the surgeon, who ordered him into hospital; and there he lay, burning with fever, for several days. Even here he was kept in a separate ward, where no one was allowed to visit him, except those on hospital duty. The first day of perfectly restored consciousness was a bitter period: dreading the sight of some former comrade, perhaps of Moyle, he feigned sleep, as much as he could; and took from under the bed-clothes a cautious survey of all who approached him. They were strangers, and he began to rally a little, nerving himself for the meeting, which he knew to be unavoidable, with those whom he dreaded to see.

The next day, the subaltern before mentioned was on duty, and visited the hospital in his round. He passed near the bed of O'Brien, who looked in his face, and received in return a glance where pity was blended with grief, and displeasure. O'Brien felt as if he would rather have seen any other, than one who reminded him so strongly of major Murray. Soon after this, the adjutant formerly acting at his first depot, came to see him. A very long and severe lecture was administered, in which the officer reminded him of his repeated cautions and predictions; the first, he said, had been thrown away, the latter verified to the uttermost; and as they were now so situated as to render the strictest attention to military discipline essentially necessary, he could assure O'Brien that, without a very speedy and decided change of character and conduct, he would be in great danger of suffering the extreme penalty—death itself. He added, that the heavy accusations brought by him against serjeant Moyle, in his absence, had done himself no good in the regiment: and he must beware how he proceeded in his new, and very critical position.

O'Brien made no reply to this long and reasonable address: his spirits were still too weak to bear much excitement; and he felt that his condition was indeed a very miserable one. No other visitor followed the adjutant; but the hospital serjeant told him that the colonel and some other officers would be there in a day or two, to decide what should be done on his quitting that place, as the surgeon had reported him fast approaching to convalescence.

This was an event more dreaded by O'Brien as a prelude to some further disgrace, than from any awe that he felt as to the scene itself. All his anticipations of joining the regiment with a renewed good name, and at a high advantage over Moyle, were miserably defeated; and he knew not to what depth of mortification he might yet be brought. His hardihood was returning with his bodily strength, and the idea that he was dealt with in a most unjust and cruel manner, again took possession of his mind, to bear him up under the degradation that he could not but feel was his portion in the sight of all men. This was the enemy's old device, to render the rod ineffectual, both as regarded present amendment and spiritual profit. Brayed he had been, in a different mortar from the former one, but his foolishness was not leaving him. He had sinned against such light as he had, from his earliest years; and, since a greater measure of light had been shed, by the preaching unto him of those things which he could not avoid hearing, his sin assumed a deeper dye. Of this, too, he was in a degree conscious; but he laid hold sometimes on a sacred truth, and perverted it to his imminent peril. He had heard it repeatedly asserted, that man could not, of his own free will, turn to God, but needed the power of divine grace to lead and to draw him unto Christ; from hence, when he could no otherwise stifle the pleadings of conscience, or silence the voice of friendly admonition, he would argue that it was useless for him to attempt what no man could do; that he could not go of himself to God; and if he was not drawn, how should he get near? But the falsehood and wickedness of such an inference is manifest. He had heard repeatedly the strong injunction, with its immutable promise: "ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" it was reiterated, "for *every one* that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." To enforce it more distinctly, he had the subjoined emphatic confirmation: "if a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye, then, being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

This passage had been brought before O'Brien many a time; its meaning is so plain, that no ingenuity of man can wrest it from its obvious import; nor put upon it any other construction, than that which might occur to a child of six years old. Yet did O'Brien lay hold on another truth of God's word, whereby to disprove this; because he *would* not ask, he *would* not seek, he *would* not knock. And oh, how wonderfully does the Lord bear with the impious rebellion of creatures whom his wrath might justly overwhelm in an instant and everlasting destruction!

In this self-hardening, yet self-justifying state, did the unhappy O'Brien sullenly wait the award of his commanding officer. It was not long delayed. The colonel visited him, with several others, and gave him a most severe lecture, recapitulating the whole of his former conduct, dwelling on his well-merited disgrace, censuring the lenity of major Murray on his capture, yet showing how greatly it aggravated his subsequent misconduct; and finally, pointing out with how bad a character he now, through his own fault, joined a regiment, to which he might have brought comparative credit, had he only done common justice to the extraordinary indulgences and advantages afforded him. The colonel told him, that his comrades deeply felt the disgrace of having had a man of their's brought out for ignominious punishment in so large a garrison, at head quarters, and that he must expect to be shunned accordingly. He added, that there was little danger of his deserting into the jungles, where ready executioners would be found in the wild beasts or the concealed natives; but that he would be strictly watched, and the least deviation from duty punished with the severity that he so well deserved.

"Join your company to-morrow, sir," said the colonel, in conclusion. "I have no hope of your ever becoming any thing but a disgrace to the corps; yet, depend on it, you shall be tamed into subordination, or shot."

That O'Brien had fairly merited the most severe reproof, cannot be denied; yet such was not his own view of the case. He contrasted the asperity of the colonel's address, with the rebuke that, under similar circumstances, he should have received from major Murray, who, he was very sure, would have mingled the tones of hope and encouragement with the sternest denunciations that he could have uttered. "So," thought he, "I am not even to be allowed a chance of recovering my good name, but I am to be watched like a mad dog in the regiment, and shot on the first pretext. I may save myself the trouble of mending my ways, and take the consequences. I came here to be killed, if so my luck might be, in battle; and since a bullet is but a bullet, be it from the muzzle of a friend's or an enemy's firelock, I may as well take my swing, plague them, as far as I can, and let them shoot me, whenever they are tired of it." Thus wickedly did he resolve, instead of turning from what he deemed the unreasonable severity of man, to a pardoning God, whose name he knew to be Love, and all his works to be mercy and truth!

CHAPTER IX.

When O'Brien appeared on parade the next day, it was deemed right to address the soldiers on the occasion of his joining. This was rather opposed by some of the officers, who considered it injudicious to break a man's spirit altogether; but the colonel was resolved upon it. He had peculiar notions of his duty, and was exceedingly strict in all that related to discipline; while his rooted aversion to the religious views and practices of major Murray rendered him even less tolerant in cases where he could, as he thought, fasten a deserved reproach on any of his followers. Hypocrisy was therefore introduced among the offences proved against O'Brien; and the men were warned to shun it, as much as any other of his crimes. This, however, was the way to harden, not to bend, such a spirit as his: and it was a matter of wonder to many, with how steadfast a countenance, and how lofty a bearing, the culprit listened to the harangue, of which he was the subject, as though it concerned him only in the same measure and manner that others were concerned in it. He had been ordered to step out from the ranks, during the address, the men being formed into a hollow square, and the officers fronting O'Brien. It was a situation to try the nerve of any man; and the colonel himself was evidently astonished at the cool, collected, determined expression of the eye that never for a moment shrank under his; yet never once betrayed the least mixture of disrespect or defiance. When O'Brien was commanded to fall back into the line, he executed the movement with such alacrity, steadiness, and precision, as quite completed the effect, that his singular self-possession was calculated to produce on the spectators, more particularly under the circumstances of his very severe and protracted bodily sufferings. But he had drawn too largely on his wasted strength, and a minute afterwards he fell back, fainting, into the arms of a comrade—that comrade was Philip Dale.

The surgeon remarked, that nothing less could have been expected: he only wondered at its not having occurred long before; adding, "if you tame that fellow, colonel, we must catch a few tigers in the jungle for the next proof of your skill; he is more a-kin to them than to any thing I have met in the shape of man."

The colonel smiled, and replied that he really was a most extraordinary piece of assurance, and would either become a first-rate soldier, or prove himself the most incorrigible ruffian in existence.

O'Brien was more vexed at his fainting fit than at any thing that had passed. His first words, on recovering, were to swear at the climate, as being only calculated to make women of all who came there. He sprang to his feet, resumed his cap, and insisted upon returning to the ranks: but the men were dismissed, and on the way to their quarters. Dale had assisted in administering restoratives to O'Brien, but when he heard the profane and blasphemous expressions that broke from his lips, he quietly drew back, and went out.

The men's dinner was preparing, and O'Brien, having recognized one of his former comrades, who had accompanied him from Ireland, fell into conversation with him, preserving an unembarrassed air. The other was civil, but rather cool;

and answered the questions put to him with more caution than O'Brien liked. He soon perceived that a very great shyness existed on the part of the men towards him; but nothing irritated and disappointed him so much as to find that the two Glanamora lads who came out with him, were on the most intimate terms with Moyle, and would scarcely speak to him. They had marched with the rest of the detachment while he was detained, awaiting the court-martial, as it was deemed advisable to make an example of him in the garrison where his offence was committed; and the young men found it much more to their interest to make friends with Moyle, than to continue the partizans of one so overwhelmed with disgrace. Indeed they were not much to blame; for Moyle related so many things to O'Brien's disadvantage, occurring when he was first on duty with the regiment, corroborated by others, and gave so plausible an account of himself in the matter of O'Brien's charge against him, that the youths began to fear that they had been imposed on; and the benefit that they should derive from being in favour with the pay-sergeant of their own company, completely turned the balance against O'Brien. In vain did he upbraid and remonstrate: they were resolved to think of him as a man who could not be trusted in any respect; and he was left to endure the most bitter mortification, where he had anticipated a great triumph. The conduct of Moyle exceedingly aggravated his displeasure; for instead of coming to him for a recantation of what he called his calumnies, which would at least have given O'Brien opportunity to substantiate some of them, he treated him with a sort of contemptuous pity that was, beyond measure, galling. Moyle had fully succeeded, through O'Brien's own misconduct, in his grand object: the character of one whom he dreaded as an accuser, had been utterly ruined. The accusation was brought, and it fell to the ground, because he by whom it was preferred had rendered himself unworthy of credit. Thus was a painful apprehension removed from Moyle's mind; O'Brien had done his worst; and that worst had proved to be as nothing. Of course, the sergeant found it his interest to sustain an appearance of compassion for the young man who had formerly been his friend, and subsequently his open foe. This sort of conduct imposed on many; but there were some who could so far read the characters of men, that they found it more easy to believe serjeant Moyle capable of a secret murder, than to imagine the open and fiery O'Brien plotting a wily course of aspersion, whereby to injure the character of another man. Moyle was dark, and crafty; he was known to be so. He was cool, and never forgot an affront; never failed, at whatever distance of time, to make the person who offended him remember it also: and the vengeance that he took was always something beyond what other men might have thought sufficient for the occasion. He was, indeed, what the Scriptures denounce, "implacable, unmerciful;" but there was a smoothness of exterior, and a general civility of conduct, that concealed his real disposition from those who had not witnessed some proof of its existence.

O'Brien, on the other hand, was quick, indeed, at conceiving himself wronged or offended; but if his resentment had no immediate opportunity of blazing forth, it speedily died away. He could more readily have inflicted death on the spot, in retaliation for an injury, than have borne it in mind for a future opportunity of even a much lighter revenge. All his feelings were violent, but each was transient in its duration: and because the memory of his angry ebullitions was so short with him, he wondered at the abiding consequences that often followed them. A man who should have provoked O'Brien almost to bayonet him one day, on the next, might proffer him a friendly hand without any apprehension of its being rejected. Therefore, among those worldly people who contemplated the two characters, O'Brien's was the more attractive of them. There are few who do not prefer violent and transitory anger to cool malice; but are not both alike opposed to the mind which was in Christ Jesus? Wrath and strife are among the works of the flesh, denounced; and the hasty tongue is said to be set on fire of hell. Various as are the chains whereby the great enemy holds his captives in bondage; they are alike forged by him, and alike available for the purpose that he designs them to answer.

By degrees, O'Brien gathered about

him a little party of adherents who admired what they called his fine spirit. He never looked, spoke, or acted as if he felt himself disgraced; and this made it difficult for others to remember that he was so. The pride of his heart was a passport to the proud hearts of other unregenerate men: and while Philip Dale was scorned and persecuted for acknowledging himself a sinner before God, and preserving the aspect of a man humbled for his offences, O'Brien was admired and followed by the same persons, because he, being a notorious offender before God and man, showed no consciousness of his iniquity, but seemed, in impious hardihood of spirit, to brave alike the punishment inflicted by earthly governors, and the infinitely weightier visitations of divine wrath.

Encouraged by the applause that was in itself a badge of his disgrace, O'Brien became a more hardened sinner than before. Little did those around him suspect the workings of his mind, when he was compelled to think. Within there was a desperate conflict carried on; the great enemy held his prey fast bound, but a mightier than he had approached so near, that there was cause to dread the loss of his "lawful captive."

O'Brien knew himself to be a sinner; he knew that the wages of sin is death. These two truths he had not known in any thing like that depth, and extent, and importance, wherein they now appeared to him. He clearly saw that he was treading the paths of destruction; and it was only by suggestions representing to him as unpardonable, the excess of his transgressions, that he was withheld, at some times, from crying for mercy to that throne where no such cry ever ascends in vain. Persuaded that there was no hope for him, he struggled through those short seasons of agonizing conviction, to plunge into greater guilt, under the influence of despair; and beholding in the Lord an offended Judge, resolved on condemning him to everlasting punishment, he secretly raged against the power from which he knew it was impossible to escape. He could not be an infidel, though he would gladly have disbelieved what occasioned him such intolerable torment of mind: he, however, resolved to live as though no future state existed; and in every thing to follow the impulse of his depraved inclination, so far as he could do it without exposing himself to capital punishment.

The troops were led into action before he had been with them long; and here, O'Brien distinguished himself by his undaunted bearing; leading his officers secretly to wish that they could devise means of so far reclaiming him, as to render his military qualifications more available to the service: but in vain; the courage of O'Brien was that of the wild animals around them—instinctive, and totally unaccompanied with any moral principle. A few days after receiving a strong testimony of approbation from his commanding officer for exemplary conduct, in some difficult and hazardous field service, O'Brien was brought out to endure a heavy infliction of three hundred lashes, for language so mutinous, that, had not the former circumstance weighed somewhat in his favour, he would probably have been sentenced to death.

Months passed away, and through various changes of scene, through numberless perils, and strange escapes, O'Brien pursued his headlong course of desperate rebellion. The colonel, promoted to another command, was succeeded by an officer, who, on being made acquainted with the character of O'Brien, on the occasion of his receiving some punishment, said that he would not allow such a fellow in the corps; and, by the exertion of interest, obtained his removal to a regiment about to march into the interior, to take up some arduous duty. O'Brien was enraged on hearing of this arrangement; for he still watched Moyle with the ferocity of a tiger waiting to spring upon his prey. For him he had no forgiveness; and many expected to see the sergeant's life violently taken by the hand of this desperate man. Finding that he could not escape the intended exchange, O'Brien did what the greater number of the officers had predicted he would do—he deserted; but the attempt being anticipated, a watch was set; and having been allowed to proceed far enough to place his intentions beyond a doubt, he was retaken, again flogged, and dispatched to his new corps, under an overwhelming load of obloquy.

Philip Dale had long ceased to proffer any other aid to the hardened criminal than his prayers; and even the strong faith of the pious soldier could scarcely find encouragement to persevere in pleading for one who laboured so sedulously for his own destruction. He saw him marched off, with a sensation of mingled grief and thankfulness, for O'Brien's presence was a sore trial to him in many ways. He sent after the culprit a look full of painful regret, and breathed a fervent ejaculation for mercy on him, assured that they should meet no more until both were summoned to the judgment seat of Christ.

When O'Brien reached the head-quarters of his new regiment, the colonel of it, a mild and sensible man, addressed him in language that produced a momentary effect even on his callous mind, representing the advantage afforded him of turning over a new leaf—of laying aside former habits with his late uniform. "Come, my man," he said, "we will not discourage you by dwelling on what is past, all that I require is to see you a good soldier in my regiment, and there is nothing whatever to prevent you becoming so. A fair trial will be allowed; and as you must have discovered before now that nothing but disgrace is to be gained by insubordinate conduct, you had better take advice, given you solely with a view to your own welfare. Should you be guilty of improper conduct in this regiment, you may depend on receiving punishment as severe as the measures I now propose to adopt are lenient. Your former character is not known to the men, in those particulars that you naturally must wish to keep secret, and any exposure of it will only result from renewed misconduct on your part."

This judicious kindness really did produce, for a time, the desired effect, so far as the outer deportment was concerned. O'Brien entered on his duties with alacrity, and was so circumspect as to make a favourable impression on most of his comrades, but it was of short duration. A year's service left him without a friend in the regiment excepting among those who prized a dauntless leader in all wickedness. The rivets of his chain were doubly locked; and remorse itself scarcely survived, except when, in the visions of the night, some appalling representation of the terrible future sent him starting from his bed in wild dismay, and prompted a cry for mercy, instantaneously stifled by the workings of gloomy despair.

It was after a long course of guilt and wretchedness that O'Brien found himself quartered where a considerable portion of the army had assembled; and here, too, he had signalized himself by his usual reckless defiance of all authority. The colonel had tried every method in his power, but in vain. The only means that could possibly prove effectual in such a case, were unknown among the regulations of the corps. The words of gospel truth had not once reached O'Brien's ear, during the whole space of his Indian service.

Not long after his regiment had joined the main army, O'Brien was placed under arrest; the particulars of his case shall be stated in the words of a pious chaplain, who, in the pursuit of his labours on that station, had become acquainted with the circumstances. The letter was addressed to a friend in England, and after some personal matters, thus proceeds :—

"* I must now tell you something that has of late called forth my best exertions, and greatest anxiety. An unhappy soldier was tried here last week for desertion for the seventh time, mutiny, and striking an officer upon a court-martial.

"Any one of these offences was death, and when coming in this sad combination, made his fate almost sure. He had been a notorious character; having for various offences received five thousand three hundred lashes; and having been reported to me as a most bigoted Roman Catholic, as well as a hardened culprit, I delayed visiting him until there should be a hope of his heart being softened by the dreadful sentence that awaited him. But learning that he intended to be very abusive, when called upon for his defence, I went to persuade him, if possible, to a more becoming and less fatal conduct. After many visits, and many hours' expostulation, he consented to take my advice, and to accept my assistance in preparing a better defence.

"I staid with him nearly the whole of Friday night, and when I left him sat up the remainder, preparing his defence against the next day; but finding that I could not succeed so well as I wished, in so short a time, I went to the court on Saturday, and begged for him a longer time, till Monday, to prepare his defence. This, through my entreaty, was granted: I spent the whole day, and nearly the whole night, in collecting witnesses and arguments for him. On Sunday I had to go through my usual fatigue of three whole services, yet I sat up the whole of that night, and wrote a very long defence, which had so much in it that was plausible, that I even hoped it would save the poor wretch's life. I spared no effort either, to turn the current of opinion in his favour.

---

* This letter is authentic, and given in the exact words of the writer.

"In all this, I was imminently endangering my own life: for this is not the country for such irregular exertions; in going through it I once or twice felt very ill, and my anxiety to complete what I had undertaken was so great, that I was content to suffer, if his life could but be saved.

"On Monday morning I went to the prisoner, at five o'clock, and read over his defence, which he seemed cordially to adopt: but to my great grief, and to the astonishment of a crowded court, when brought up for his defence, he cast mine aside, and put in the one he had originally intended to adopt. From that moment, his fate became inevitable; but I prevailed with the judge-advocate to allow mine to be read over, which was done; and from the attention which was paid to it I really believe that had the prisoner been willing to adopt it, it might have saved him: but his conduct was most perverse, and the consequences to him must be fatal.

"I am now performing the most painful of all duties which can fall to a clergyman, of preparing him for the event that awaits him, and writing his condemned sermon. I thought last night, when I visited him, I saw some symptoms of contrition—some glimmering hope, that, though an outcast from the world, God will make him accepted in the Beloved. It pierced me to the heart to witness the deep distress of his mind; but we appeared both to be comforted in prayer. I mention this, not out of a spirit of vain boasting, for it is little enough that I can do, or have done, for this poor creature; but it strengthens an argument I once had with you about the effects which the miseries of the world produce upon a Christian's mind. Those, indeed, who pass through the world caring only for themselves, and who, so far from observing the wretchedness around them, and obtruding themselves in the haunts of affliction, will look at nothing but what is gay and sprightly, may indeed appear to have a very enviable happiness, till it comes to their turn to suffer pain and anguish. But those who seek to live for God and mankind, must witness many scenes of sorrow, that will tinge their own views with a lively sort of melancholy. How can they think of the miseries of sin, which they see realized in every one around them; how can they frequent an hospital, or sick bed, or how can they see a wretched criminal counting the hours that limit his existence here, without feeling that there is enough in the sorrows of others, be we ever so happy in ourselves, to make this world a source of grief to our hearts? Not that these things need make us whining and gloomy; but they will make us at all times profitably pensive. And though such dispositions may not shine in a drawing-room, nor be much esteemed in the gay world, nevertheless they will take those who possess them into scenes which the world would scorn to visit, and impart a consolation to them that mourn, such as the world cannot give. And you will always find that those whom the world stigmatizes as melancholy enthusiasts, are, after all, the sincerest friends, and the most cheerful companions in private, the most social in their domestic relations, and the best comforters in the hour of trial and affliction."

Such is the first letter concerning O'Brien, received from one who had been so singularly directed to him, at a time when all help appeared to be totally and for ever withdrawn.

Pre-eminent in evil, O'Brien had made himself a mark for man's abhorrence: his seven desertions proved the reckless desperation of his mind, and the extremity of punishment inflicted on him seemed only to harden him into steadier opposition against all authority, and more perfect contempt of every divine and human law. The circumstance of his rejecting the defence drawn up for him by his kind friend, and using the last opportunity that he was likely to enjoy for the desperate purpose of insulting his judges, furnishes an awful proof of the power which the great enemy had acquired, when even this diabolical suggestion was acted upon; the most certain of all means to seal his doom, and to consign him, without further opportunity for repentance, to his ignominious grave.

O'Brien left the court perfectly sure of his sentence: the space needful for its confirmation by competent authority was not long; and he returned to his prison able to number, with tolerable accuracy, the days yet to intervene before he should be launched into eternity. One month was the utmost limit of his remaining existence.

Exhausted by the efforts that he had made, O'Brien, on being locked into his cell, flung himself on the little bedstead, closed his eyes, and recalled the whole scene of that eventful day. For a time he secretly exulted in having indulged his fierce temper before the court; but, by degrees, a dark and fearful gloom stole over his spirit, as the consciousness of his actual situation became more distinct. Death was near, and after death would come a judgment infinitely more terrible than any that man could hold on his fellow. He must stand before a tribunal where the wicked would be speechless; he must face a Judge who was not to be defied or mocked.

This reality was indeed, as yet, but indistinctly represented, while he strove to drive it from his thoughts: but together with the prospect of speedy destruction came a thousand agonizing recollections of the past, as regarded his home, his friends, his country, his comrades; all that he had suffered, and all that he had lost.

Glancing back to his entrance on the military life, he beheld, with tormenting clearness, the many advantages that he had possessed; he recalled his former credit, and could not hide from himself the fact of having most wilfully, most wantonly, sacrificed it in pursuit of what he had found to be a combination of wretchedness and disgrace. The image of Moyle enjoying respectability, and rising in his profession, notwithstanding his crimes and O'Brien's desperate efforts to destroy him —efforts that had ended in his own ruin, haunted and goaded him beyond endurance. Then, the recollection of Philip Dale maintaining the integrity of his character uninjured, unmoved amid the sneers and the hostility that O'Brien had shunned at the price of everlasting ruin, would arise to show him what a wretched bargain he had made in rejecting the cross. At times, he regretted not having gone to far greater lengths in crime; then he would strike his head with frantic passion at the folly which had led him into such ruinous paths.

The opening of his grated door aroused him from these dreadfully tumultuous thoughts; and the voice of the compassionate chaplain fell on his ear in accents that he would gladly have excluded, even by the rudest violence of repulse, had not the unexampled efforts of this stranger on his behalf awakened, even in his hardened bosom, feelings of gratitude that forbade such a base and savage return.

The result of this interview has been shown in the foregoing letter: "symptoms of contrition" seemed to accompany the anguish of O'Brien's mind, which was too great to be concealed from his anxious visitor; and the exercise of prayer did, in a measure, compose that agitated spirit; although the calm that ensued resulted in no small degree from utter exhaustion of mind and body.

When the chaplain left him, his outstretched hand was fervently grasped by the criminal; and that charity which "hopeth all things," drew comfort from the striking contrast between O'Brien's fierce, stormy defiance of God and man, in the morning, and the comparative humility of his deportment in the evening. It was not difficult to account for such a change on other principles; but faith loves to lay hold on that which worldly wisdom would pronounce a shadow, giving it substance by her touch.

The chaplain had been misinformed as to O'Brien being a bigoted Roman Catholic: he cared nothing for that church, but, in his resolution to avoid the hearing of scriptural instruction, he had more than once pleaded his nominal religion as an excuse. This led to the inference, that, from attachment to his own creed, he would reject the assistance of a Protestant minister; and had the one in question been a timid or a credulous man; had he been willing to let any obstacle turn him back in the path of duty, here was a circumstance calculated yet further to remove from the wretched O'Brien the succour which he so much needed.

It is a fatal snare of Satan, to place this impediment before Christians in their intercourse with members of the Romish church: they take it for granted that their words will be rejected, they therefore withhold the doctrine whereby those perishing souls might be enlightened and saved. "Whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear," are the terms on which God commands his ministers to speak; and the rebellious rejection of their message is rather urged as an argument for redoubled earnestness in reiterating it, than admitted as an excuse for silence.

So far was O'Brien from placing any confidence in the guides whom he professed to follow, that when a priest was sent, after the confirmation of his sentence had arrived, he quietly but firmly refused to admit him. The chaplain, in a subsequent letter remarks, "this was a happy triumph; for the idolatry and presumption of the Romish tenets would have ill accorded with the pure and humbling truths of the gospel, which I laboured to expound to him; and which he had received with considerable profit and delight."

Yes, reader, O'Brien the hardened rebel, O'Brien the abandoned profligate, O'Brien the deserter, justly condemned to a shameful death, was receiving profit from the word of God, and evincing delight in that which he had so daringly defied, and cast far from him. But who shall speak the fearfulness of that conflict through which he was brought! Who shall tell the desperate struggle of Satan to hold a prey which he must have considered indubitably his own—the terrific array set forth by an accusing conscience, the resistance of deeply-rooted, long-cherished, obstinate unbelief in a heart that had been hardening itself so long against God! And, Oh! who shall speak, who shall conceive the depth of the riches of that grace, which could stoop to take up a wretched sinner from such an abyss of infamy and guilt; which could bear with him, plead with him, wait to have mercy upon him, and when he had, by abusing every gift entrusted to him, made the Lord, as it were, to serve with his sins, and wearied Him with his iniquities, could blot out his transgressions, and remember his sins no more!

Overpowering, indeed, is the contemplation; stupendous the mercy of our God. Six thousand years of rebellious ingratitude have not sufficed to provoke the withdrawal of his tender compassion from the sons of men. He is the Lord, He changes not, therefore, and therefore only, we are not consumed. The covenant of His love in Christ Jesus is sure; the word that hath gone out of His lips, He will not alter. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from ALL sin: the heart sprinkled by the washing of regeneration, is made clean: from *all* its filthiness, and from *all* its idols, it is cleansed; and though the sins of the culprit be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

CHAPTER X.

"BUT how," asked O'Brien, as with tearful eyes, he listened to such assurances from the lips of the chaplain, "how *can* all this be made good to such a one as I? No doubt, it is true to all who properly repent: but, sir, when I think of my monstrous wickedness, I feel that it is not possible for me to repent as much as God requires."

"Is it, then, our repentance that shall save us, O'Brien?"

"No, no, sir; you have plainly shown me, that nothing else than the blood of Christ can do that."

"But I have also told you, that repentance is inseparably linked with the reception of salvation; and that impenitence is always accompanied with unbelief."

"You have, sir; and that makes me tremble. One man has more to repent of than another; and on the whole face of the earth, I believe none has so much as I."

"Tell me, O'Brien, if by any interposition your sentence could be revoked, and you were again placed in your former situation, would you return to your former ways?"

"The Lord forbid!" exclaimed O'Brien, shuddering. "Oh, sir, I thought of that last night; and so much should I fear my own wicked heart, that if I could but be sure, quite sure, that my sins are forgiven me, I had rather die this hour than live to be as I was."

"I believe it, O'Brien; and since the true meaning of repentance is such a change of mind as makes past sins hateful to us in the review of them, and the idea of relapsing into them intolerable, I feel better satisfied of the reality of your's than you do. But now tell me, believing that your great and dreadful crimes are indeed pardoned, all the stains of your guilty soul washed away, and a mansion of eternal happiness prepared for you among the inhabitants of heaven; believing all this, tell me, what think you of Christ, O'Brien?"

The criminal made no reply; he covered his face with his hands, and presently burst into tears and sobs. The minister looked on him; and after a few minutes, gently laying his hand on the trembling arm of the penitent, he repeated, "speak, O'Brien: answer me, tell me, *what* think you of Christ?"

"Don't ask me, sir. What can I think of Him, how can I speak of Him, what can I do for Him? Haven't I been blaspheming Him all my life long; and now, with only a few days to live, does He let me come and cling to Him, like a child to its mother. Oh, what is the worth of the little breath I have left, to praise Him!"

"Do you love him, O'Brien?"

No answer was given.

"If you could certainly, and without doubt, believe that He has set His love upon you, marked you out, followed you through all your desperate paths of guilt, and now, at the last, has got hold of you, and waits to receive you with rejoicing into the kingdom of heaven, should you then love Him, and how much?"

"Sir, whether I be saved or not, I see so plainly what the Lord Jesus has done to save me, and how willing He is that I should be saved, that the very cause of my greatest misery is my not being able to do any thing that could show my love to Him:" and again he wept.

"Now, O'Brien, this is a mark by which I would measure your repentance, rather than by the degree of your wretchedness in reviewing your sins. To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much. Those tears, O'Brien, flow from repentance."

"No, sir; from sorrow, that I can make no return to the Lord Jesus for His wonderful love to me."

"In other words, from bitter grief that you have made so ill a return, and that your late acceptance of His love leaves you no time to serve and glorify Him before men. This is repentance."

The chaplain then read the latter part of the seventh chapter of St. Luke's gospel, explaining that the words, "for she loved much," might be understood as expressing, "therefore she loved much;" and, after joining in prayer with the poor penitent, he departed.

The change in O'Brien's aspect was truly astonishing; his former condition, even after his trial, is thus described by the faithful minister who was sent to pluck him as a brand from the burning. "He had been considered as a most desperate character, and one who was likely to commit murder if he could, that he might have, as he expressed it, something to die for; and I was cautioned against trusting myself alone with him, without a guard. It appeared afterwards, by his own confession, to have been a prudent caution; for, upon one occasion, on which I was talking to him rather severely, I was actually obliged to call in help to get out of his cell: he was so enraged that he, as he told me afterwards, was upon the point of striking me, and nothing withheld him but his reverence for my office and person as a clergyman. He said, that had it been an officer of his regiment, or the governor himself, he would certainly have done him some mischief. Yet this poor fellow afterwards became as meek as a lamb."

But far, very far from a state of unclouded joy was the poor prisoner's mind: the recollection of his former sins was most grievous unto him, and so intolerable the burden, that so long as a doubt remained of his acceptance in Christ he was subject to dreadful depression.

"In a few weeks," writes the chaplain, "he attained to a considerable knowledge of all that was essential to his salvation. The eagerness with which he read his Bible, and listened to my explanations of it, was most interesting. Sometimes when I entered his cell, I found him cast down beyond the power of conversing with me; then he would put the Bible into my hands, as the only source of his consolation, and he seemed immediately to forget his sorrows in the glad tidings of the gospel. Often, when distress and anguish came upon him, he would begin to pray with me; and certainly I never saw a more convincing proof that God hears and answers prayer, than in the remarkable relief which he invariably found, in making his requests known unto Him. My attentions had done away some of the prejudices against him.

"His colonel went to visit him, and a truly touching interview it was. The colonel was so affected, I thought that he would have fainted; and the prisoner seemed as if his heart were bursting.

"Oh, how little do we know of misery! If we would see it at its height, we must frequent the dungeons of those who are appointed to death, and who are dying worse than a thousand deaths in the lingering and torturing suspense of a public execution."

Weeks, indeed, passed heavily over the condemned head of O'Brien; yet, as the number of his days diminished, they seemed to have fled with strange rapidity. Death, as the termination of his mortal existence, he feared not; neither did its pains terrify, nor its attendant ignominy appal him. The one great source of his occasional depression was a deepening knowledge of his own exceeding sinfulness, his aggravated transactions, his hardened depravity, his frequent daring of divine wrath; while his view of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, though remarkably clear as to its all-sufficiency, lacked the personal application that could have enabled him unhesitatingly to say, "he loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." Still there were moments of exquisite enjoyment to the poor sinner, when he could, by a close examination of scripture promises and invitations, obtain a perfect assurance that as no thirsty soul was ever prohibited from taking of the waters of life freely, and as the thirst of his soul for those waters was unquestionable, he had the witness both of the word and of the Spirit that the gift was his own.

When the finding and sentence of the court-martial were transmitted to the seat of government for approval, major Murray, who had joined his regiment some time before, was at head-quarters. The circumstance was made known to him; and with deep sorrow, though without surprise, he heard the particulars. Such aggravated crimes struck him with dismay; and as the rejection by O'Brien of the chaplain's defence, and the preference that he gave to his own most intemperate and abusive one, was stated, the major scarcely dared to entertain even a distant hope that this object of so many prayers would at last leave the world otherwise than a hardened offender. He returned to his regiment the following day, and made known to Philip Dale the melancholy event. Together they deplored it, until, by frequently speaking on the subject, the major became so restless, that he resolved on visiting the station, which was at no very great distance from his own. So much time had, however, elapsed, that he arrived only two days before that appointed for the execution; and it was late in the evening when, having obtained an order for admission, he reached the malefactor's cell. Rarely had an emotion so painful swelled the heart of the pious officer as when, the last bolt being withdrawn, the door opened, and he stepped within the precints of the cell. O'Brien sat on the side of his low bedstead, a small table was before him, and upon it a candle burning. He was intently perusing a book; but on hearing the entrance of a visitor, he shaded his eyes from the glare of the candle, and cast an enquiring look towards the door. The major had pulled his military cap over his brow, and was not immediately recognized; but as he approached with slow and reluctant step, raising at the same time his cap, O'Brien started with even violent action from his seat, exclaiming, while he cast his hands and eyes towards heaven, "every prayer! is every prayer to be answered? all *my* prayers?"

Major Murray was astonished, but half incredulous: he dared not attach to the soldier's words all the meaning that they seemed to convey; yet, as he sorrowfully gazed upon him, the change in his countenance, which was most obvious, struck him very forcibly: he asked, in a low and anxious voice "O'Brien, *do* you pray?"

But O'Brien's tears flowed too fast for a reply; and the major, deeply moved, added, "sit down, my poor fellow, sit down," at the same time seating himself on a stool, on the opposite side of the table, and taking up the book, which proved to be what he wished, the holy Bible. The passage that O'Brien was studying was the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

"Major," said the poor criminal, when he had a little recovered himself, "how could you come to visit such a one as I?"

"I could not help it, O'Brien; and I almost feared that I might have delayed too long."

"No, sir, I am not to be executed till the day after to-morrow."

The words were spoken in a quiet though sad tone; and they pierced the major's heart. O'Brien continued, "I am then to receive the wages that you often told me were the due of my sin."

"Alas, O'Brien, if that bodily death were the only wages, I should not grieve for you as acutely as I do."

"But, sir, I do hope, I must hope, I can almost more than hope, that bodily death is the only payment I shall get. For there is a gift, the gift that only Christ can give, and though it seems almost impossible to you, who know so much of me, yet even I am not shut out from it."

"O'Brien, you have been a very grievous offender."

"You might say as much as that, sir, to almost any body; but if you were to begin to number up my crimes, and to tell them all, the hours that I have now to live wouldn't be long enough. There never, never was such another wretch; nobody ever fought against God as I have done; Satan never had such a servant; my comrades never had such an enemy; all the venomous serpents in this country couldn't match the poison that has lain under my tongue"—he stopped in an agony not to be described, and hiding his eyes with one hand, with the other pointed to the Bible, pushing it towards the major, with an action at once impatient and imploring.

Major Murray, agitated by this unlooked-for scene, turned over the leaves, until O'Brien, in a smothered tone murmured, "read, oh read!" and he then, almost at a venture, took the fourth chapter of the second epistle to the Corinthians. As he proceeded, O'Brien withdrew his hand, and fixed on him his swollen eyes, with an expression of insatiable eagerness, gradually softening into one of placid content. The major proceeded on to the following chapter, and read it through, giving a most animated emphasis to the last two verses; "now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

"Now tell me, O'Brien, do you understand this?"

"I do, sir, perfectly."

"And what do you learn from it?"

"I learn, sir, to be ashamed of my unbelief. God doesn't send me message upon message to mock me for believing it at last."

"True, true," exclaimed the major. "But tell me more of this, O'Brien, for I also am even now sinning through unbelief.'

"I can only tell you, sir, that I sold myself to Satan, and the Lord Jesus Christ redeemed me; I don't feel in myself able to understand it, and when I think of all that I have been, and all that I have done, it seems quite a dream to suppose I should escape hell; but again, when I think of the blood shed on the cross, and whose blood it was, I know there is worth enough in it to redeem a world of such vile criminals; and when I consider why it was shed, for no other purpose but to deliver such, I dare not doubt any longer. My doubting seems the worst crime of all."

"And how long have you felt thus?"

"Since my trial, sir: the blessed man who would have saved my life by the defence that he drew up for me, was disappointed in that by my obstinate wickedness; but in spite of Satan, and of myself too, he has been the means of saving my soul."

"Mercy most amazing!" cried the major, "and he visits you, this man of God?"

"Daily, sir, oftener than once a day. I was near killing him in my savage fury for his faithfulness at first: but that didn't daunt him. He came again, and again, and he taught me, and prayed with me, and manifestly, I may say, set forth Christ crucified before my eyes, 'till the devil couldn't put a word into my mouth, nor a thought into my heart, against my being saved. Yes, I shall be saved," he continued joyfully, "for indeed, sir, I *have* come to Christ, and I do cling to the dust under his feet; and I am quite sure that He meant what he said, when he declared, 'him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Shall I not be saved, major Murray?"

"O'Brien, I am utterly overwhelmed at the astonishing mercy of God to your soul. Yes, I dare not doubt your safety. The fact of this pious minister having been so deeply interested on your behalf, and the perseverance given to him, in a work of which I well know that the difficulties and the discouragements must have been very great; all, all, confirm the sweet hope that your words inspire. I heard of the rejected defence, but not the character of him who drew it up. Mercy unbounded!"

"Then, sir, let us praise the Lord."

They knelt; and when the major's voice utterly failed, through excess of emotion, O'Brien took up the thread of his address, pouring forth the utterance of a heart at once so humbled and so glad, so contrite and believing, that any farther question seemed quite impossible. They resumed their seats, and remained for a few minutes silent. At length, O'Brien said, "I quite prayed for a sight of you, sir; but was afterwards ashamed to think of such an unreasonable prayer. Now you are come; will you answer me some questions?"

"Most willingly, dear O'Brien."

"If I had not heard the gospel before now, I should be easier in my mind than sometimes I am. You know, sir, it is a fearful thing to fall away; and I often think I have done so."

"No, you never *received* the gospel; though you heard it. Did you discern the character of Christ, his work in saving sinners, and the way in which a sinner is to be saved, as you now do?"

"Oh, no, sir, I had not an idea. What I understood was, that the wicked must be turned into hell; and that I, being wicked, must go with them, unless I changed my conduct, and made amends for my former sins, by a new life. I understood, too, that I could not do this of myself, but must pray for help from above to do it. But I did not want to have my life changed, farther than might be good for my credit and promotion. I thought of Christ as the Judge before whom I must stand at last, who would send me to the place of torment if I died in sin, and take me to heaven if I became holy. That was all."

"Yet you heard the gospel very plainly set forth."

"I did, sir; but I paid no regard to it. I used to be thinking of my uniform, or any nonsense, rather than of what you read or spoke. But I understood so much as to be certain that what you did say was the truth; and when I called to mind what I knew of my own religion, I plainly saw that was not truth, nor reason either. I refused to see a priest, because I knew that if ever I was to get any help at all, it must come from those who would bring the Bible in their hands, not from such as had only man's authority to show for what they told me."

"You seem to have acquired a knowledge of God's law sufficient to aggravate most fearfully your condemnation; but it is plain, that of the gospel you were utterly ignorant. Therefore your case is not that of one who has fallen away. If it were, O'Brien, I should still address you in the words of invitation, "turn, O, backsliding children, saith the Lord." "I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely." Your's has been a course of very terrible iniquity, over which divine grace hath yet more abounded."

"Still, sir, you must not lose the comfort of knowing that your instructions have been a very precious blessing to me. When I began to listen to my dear minister, I felt this; and also, I never was—never could have been comfortable in any sinful thing whatever, after I had listened to your teaching. It followed me every where. Oh, sir, don't be discouraged, but speak to all the men, as you spoke to me." He then inquired for Philip Dale; and asked the major if he would carry his forgiveness and a message to Moyle."

"I cannot, O'Brien. Moyle met a dreadful death not long since in the jungle; he was seized by a tiger. A few days after we had buried his mangled remains, an order came out to send him home a close prisoner on the charge of that murder which the dying confession of an accomplice had brought home to him."

O'Brien seemed much affected on hearing this, and exclaimed, "why am I singled out, while such a fellow-sinner perished in his guilt?"

"It is the act of sovereign mercy that saves you, O'Brien; and to that be all the praise."

A bell just then tolled the hour; and the prisoner looked at his friend with solemn earnestness. "My hours are very few, major: it is awful to die."

"It is; but the sting of death has been taken away."

"The eternal sting has, indeed; but, sir, my death has many stings yet. There is the public shame, which I have often braved at the halberts; but now I feel as if my shame brought disgrace on my Heavenly Lord. A believer may suffer joyfully, I know, in his master's cause: Philip Dale does so, and he would gladly go to death for it. But for a believer to be publicly executed for his own great and scandalous crimes—I can't bear that thought."

"You were not a believer when you committed those crimes."

"No, sir; but many who know what my life has been, will think me a hypocrite in my death."

The major sighed; he very well knew the truth of the remark.

"Then, sir," continued O'Brien, "there is another thing that bears me down sorely. I have lived not to even the middle time of life; yet I have crowded as many sins into my few years as most men contrive to commit in sixty or seventy. Now, I am to be cut off, without having time given me to do one service for God, or even to try to undo any part of that great mischief which my vile example has done among men. I am cut off," he repeated in a tone of anguish, "after devoting myself to the work of Satan; and I am not permitted to show my face as a servant of God."

"That is a sting, I confess, O'Brien; but remember that God does not always avert the natural consequences of our transgressions, as regards this world. You have, by your own confession, greatly sinned against light; and have misled many into dangerous paths. For this you must die a distressing death to appease the just laws of your country, and to counteract, as far as may be, the perilous consequences of your former way among your comrades. To suffer as an evil doer is truly grievous; yet, patiently receive the chastisement, and give thanks, fervent thanks to the Lord, that he delivers you not over to the bitter pains of eternal death."

"Then we must pray again, major, for my very soul is troubled, and full of bitterness, when I think what my sins have brought me to."

The major prayed with him, and spoke many words of comfort; he then left him, to pour out the fulness of wondering gratitude in his own chamber. Early next morning, he sought the faithful chaplain, and received a full confirmation of his most sanguine hopes respecting O'Brien. On repairing to the cell, they found him in a most rejoicing frame of mind, as regarded his prospect for eternity, but sorely afflicted when dwelling on the impossibility of his doing any thing to promote the cause of Christ on earth. The visit was long and affecting; and when the major spoke of departing, O'Brien earnestly entreated his presence at the place of execution.

"Cannot you spare me, my poor fellow? It will be a dreadful trial."

"I know it, my honoured friend; but I have such strong reason for it. I want you to be able to say to my poor comrades, 'I myself saw the deserter shot,' I want you to be able to add, 'I myself saw the pardoned sinner die in peace;' and I want to have the comfort of looking on you in that trying hour; for, indeed, major, it is a very trying one, even to him who can cast his soul on the Lord Jesus."

The major consented, and left him with the indefatigable chaplain. The whole regiment appeared unusually cast down, in the prospect of the morrow; and many officers declared that they would rather be exposed in the jungle to a rencounter with wild beasts, than be present, as they would be obliged to be, at O'Brien's execution. The garrison was very large; and every corps in it partook more or less of the feeling.

There was a select mess, composed chiefly of superior officers, at which major

Murray was invited to dine: he consented, in the hope of exciting some profitable interest in the minds of his friends and brother officers; but his heart was very sad, and his looks sufficiently proved it, when he appeared among them.

'I don't wonder at seeing you cast down," said the colonel, "for we are all in very low spirits to-day."

"It was a sorry gift that we received from your regiment," remarked another, "when you turned this miserable fellow over to us. So much trouble we never had with any man."

"I can believe it," replied the major, "but I was not present when he was transferred to you. I had him under my command, at the depot, and certainly hoped better things of him than afterwards occurred."

"I cannot comprehend," said the former speaker, "how such a change has taken place in our feelings respecting him. Never was a man more generally or more deservedly detested. His comrades shrank from any appearance of intimacy with him: not a non-commissioned officer but was weary of reporting his misconduct; and as for ourselves, if a court-martial was summoned, we were almost sure that the prisoner was Denis O'Brien. At first we tried lenity, but our patience became exhausted; and we certainly lashed him without mercy of late. One plan succeeded no better than another: our indulgence he abused, and our severity he set at defiance. Did you hear of his last defence?"

"I heard, with grief, that it had been an aggravation of his crime."

"Nothing could equal its insolence and insubordination, except the astounding effrontery with which he delivered it. You would have supposed we were all assembled to receive a reprimand from him; and such a torrent of abuse I have rarely heard from any quarter."

"What renders it more astonishing," observed the colonel, "is, that a good man, out of mere pity, had drawn up a defence for him so ingeniously, that we should have found it difficult to go to the extreme of martial law, had he adopted it. Nay, he did so far adopt it, that he held it in his hand, and seemed to have every intention of using it; when, at the very moment of being called on, he, in a paroxysm of sudden rage, flung it down, took from his cap his own extraordinary and fatal composition, and thundered it out, with really savage delight at the opportunity afforded him of insulting us."

"Strange as all this may be," said another officer, "there is something more unaccountable still in the matter. I can more easily understand O'Brien's conduct than that of the worthy clergyman."

Several agreed in this remark; and the colonel added, "I am convinced that to him is owing the softening of our feelings towards O'Brien; and the more surprising change in his countenance. Mr. —— was an utter stranger to the prisoner; and so far was the latter from seeking his aid, that I am assured by the sentries that he visited him at the peril of his life, so violent was the infatuated man. Yet on such unpromising grounds did this stranger work, as if his existence depended on the culprit's escape; and even after the reading of that most provoking defence, he prevailed over us, irritated as we were, to hear *his* version of the matter. I never beheld a person more distressed than the benevolent man was, during O'Brien's invective; and I really think that the sight of his unaffected grief and dismay disarmed our just resentment."

"I could have fancied a person of very enthusiastic benevolence going so far," said the other officer; "but after the wanton rejection of his help, it was more than man could expect from man, that he should devote himself as he has done to the criminal; and the colonel says, that the influence he has acquired over him is far more wonderful than that of the Indian juggler over his serpents."

"It is not merely towards himself," rejoined the colonel; "for, in every respect, and with regard to every person, O'Brien is changed beyond the power of language to describe."

"Long confinement, and the near approach of death, have tamed him," remarked another.

"No: we have imprisoned him for a longer space; and kept him in expectation of death too, to try what that would do. Besides, there's not a soldier in the army who has shown a more utter scorn of danger, or has more wantonly exposed his life, than he. His thoughts, feelings, language, looks, are all so changed, that a transformation has passed over the man sufficiently great to render his personal identity questionable, while I gazed and listened, in the vivid recollection of what he was before, at, and after his trial."

"Well," observed an officer, "the minister has done an excellent work; and one that will furnish a weighty item in his account with heaven. He must have set about it in the spirit of an Indian Fakeer; and, of the two, I should sooner have thought of lying upon a bed of spikes, than of trying my hand at turning Denis O'Brien into a Christian man."

"He has done it, however," said the former speaker, "and may well congratulate himself. O'Brien, by all accounts, is atoning for his past sins by real remorse, and to-morrow, poor fellow, his death will complete the expiation."

CHAPTER XI.

Major Murray had listened with painful attention to these remarks. Every particular respecting O'Brien engaged his heartfelt interest: the notice taken of the chaplain's disinterested and zealous efforts, gratified him; but the inference drawn, both as regarded the minister's motives, and the ground of the convert's hope, distressed him exceedingly. He felt the delicacy of his situation, among men of whom several were much his seniors in years, and his superiors in rank; but to remain silent under the circumstances would, he knew, be an abandonment of the cause which he was bound to promote. He therefore spoke.

"I can add my testimony to your's, colonel, of the decided, and most remarkable change that has taken place in the prisoner. I visited him last evening quite unexpected by him, and, on my own part, without a hope of finding him altered. Still, as I had formerly used all the means in my power to convince him of the fatal termination to which his evil courses might lead, both as regards this life and the next, I could not rest satisfied without making another attempt, even at so late a period, to bring him to a sense of his awful situation."

"And did you really undertake the journey for such a purpose?" asked one of the officers, in amazement.

"I certainly did."

"Well, I forgot: you have seen little or nothing of him since he began his desperate course, and could not imagine what a case it was. Had you been present at the trial, heard the recapitulation of his crimes, and witnessed his daring defiance, you would never have thought of such an attempt."

"Pardon me: I not only learned all the particulars of the trial at head-quarters, but also obtained from an officer of his regiment whom I met there—in fact the captain of O'Brien's company, a full and rather angry recital of his repeated delinquencies."

"Indeed! If you had his character from his captain, you were likely to get it in full: for never was man more tormented than he has been by this fellow."

"So he told me; with the addition, that he did not believe there was another like him in the service; and that his execution would be a public benefit—a remark, in which I could not help concurring."

"And did you really think, major Murray, that you could change such a character, on the very eve of his execution?"

"No: I knew that neither then nor at any time, was it in the power of man to effect such a change."

"But you acknowledge that the clergyman has done it."

"He has been the honoured instrument, I thankfully confess, in the great work which God, and God alone, could ever achieve."

"Of course: but you are not a clergyman, in the first place; and in the next, even if you had been one, I don't see that you could have been required to take a troublesome journey, exposing yourself to inconvenience and expense, for a fellow who would have been less likely to follow your good counsel than to knock you on the head for giving it."

"If I was enabled to do this," said the major, "it was by considering Him who undertook an infinitely more painful enterprise, with the certainty of far greater suffering, to rescue me from the same condemnation that O'Brien lay under."

"Indeed! May I ask who it was?"

In a serious and firm voice, the major replied, "The Lord Jesus Christ."

This announcement occasioned some embarrassment: none seemed disposed to scoff, though all clearly thought it a very extraordinary speech.

During this momentary silence, the evening gun fired from the battery, and major Murray took advantage of the incident to proceed. "My dear friends, bear with me on this occasion, for the season is unusually solemn. That gun will again fire at sunrise, rousing us from our slumbers to prepare for one of the most awful spectacles that the eye of man can witness. Think, but for a moment, how heavily the sound has fallen on the ear of yonder captive, telling him that the sun has gone down on the last, last day of his mortal existence—that never more shall he gaze on the evening sky, never more compose his head on the pillow; but that *his* sun going down at noon, to-morrow night shall find him a stiff and mangled corpse, while his soul shall have entered upon a state, from which there is no escape—shall have received its doom for eternity. Oh, these are awful thoughts, for one whose pulse throbs at this moment in as warm and vigorous life as your's or mine!"

A very powerful sensation was evidently awakened by these words; and the attention of his hearers riveted by remarks that had so general a bearing, appealing only to the sentiments of humanity existing in every bosom not utterly devoid of feeling.

The major proceeded. "My reflections, since the fact of O'Brien's condemnation became known to me, were such as I have now expressed; I anticipated this very hour, this evening's sunset, and to-morrow's dawn, and the dreadful preparations that his comrades are already making for the last, solemn scene of poor O'Brien's mortal life. Had I paused here, I should have felt my utter inability to render him any service; I should have rejoiced in exemption from the distressing duty of being present at his execution; but this I could not do. The volley that will stretch him before your eyes a lifeless corpse, may, to many, bring with it a melancholy relief, in the consideration that 'all is over.'"

"A relief, indeed!" exclaimed an old officer, interrupting him. "In my sepoy regiment, such a spirit of mutiny existed, a few years back, that we were actually compelled to have several executions in succession. I can truly declare that, from the moment of passing sentence, I never knew a comfortable feeling, until the last volley had brought, as you rightly express it, the melancholy, but at the same time welcome relief, that, at last, all *was* over."

"It is natural," resumed major Murray, "to confine ourselves to what the eye can see; to what is present, and temporal: we feel a reluctance to look beyond that boundary into what is unseen, and eternal. I have, however, learned so to do, and in anticipating the fatal shot my mind could not rest there; it realized a far more terrible scene, even the launching forth of an unprepared soul upon the ocean of eternity, dark with the tempests of divine wrath, affording no hope, no peace, but the blackness of despair—the voice of everlasting lamentation, the gnawings of the worm that dieth not, and the burnings of the fire that shall never be quenched."

"As military men we have nothing to do with that," hastily observed the old officer: "our duty is to dispose of the culprit's body according to law; the rest is between God and himself."

"True, my dear sir; yet, as we all must inevitably meet once more, and that at the tribunal of God, it is not too much for man to expect from his fellow-man, that his eternal destination should be a matter of some interest to him. If I did not know that the moment must arrive when I too shall depart into the world of spirits, I might, perhaps, look carelessly on, while my companions entered it to be seen no more: but as the death of another is a sample of what I am hastening to; and since each event brings that unknown period nearer to me, is it not to be expected that feelings of sympathy should reach farther than what solely concerns the perishing body? When I mused on O'Brien's approaching death, I certainly took this view of the event; and my knowledge of the desperate wickedness of his past life invested with appalling darkness the prospect before him. There is something very terrible in contemplating the moment when you shall actually see an individual, well known to you on earth, standing before the judgment-seat of Christ; and shall hear him receive a doom which you have too much reason to fear will be that dreadful one—"depart into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." To this, in the present case, was added the reflection that the guilty man had been placed under my immediate command, and that I was myself personally accountable so far as regarded that period."

"How accountable?" asked an officer.

"Both as to the care that I had taken to check his evil habits, and the example which I had set, to lead him into a better way."

"Pardon me, major Murray: the duties of an officer and a private soldier are so dissimilar, that, unless in what regards a strict attention to military rules, I don't see how the example of the former can affect the latter. The soldier has nothing to do with his officer off parade."

"I thought so once," replied the major; "but circumstances have led me to take a very different view of the matter. There exists a link between us, that is too little considered; and by means of that link our private characters—our conduct in matters unconnected with our profession, acquire incalculable weight among the men."

"What link do you speak of?"

"Our servants. They are private soldiers, and are necessarily much with their comrades, to whom they report what occurs in our quarters, enabling the men to seize upon every immoral and profane habit, every intemperate indulgence of ours, as a sanction for the gratification of their own evil propensities: or to regard the consistent life of an officer as a pattern to shame their vicious ways, and to show them the path wherein they ought also to walk."

"There is some truth in that," observed one of the party, "but I must own it never occurred to me before."

"It has cost me many a pang," said the major, "in looking back on the first years of my military life, and not a little humiliation with respect to later times. This added poignancy to my grief for O'Brien. I knew him to be a notorious, daring, hardened sinner, and that, so dying, he must utterly perish. I knew that a sufficient atonement had been offered up, and accepted, for his sins, equally with my own, and those of the whole world; and that repentance might yet be given to the criminal, with faith to believe on the Saviour, through whom alone he could find mercy. This consideration led me hither. I visited O'Brien, expecting to find him what he was on the day of trial, and resolved to hold out to him those offers of pardon and acceptance which the gospel ceases not to proclaim, even to the vilest offender. I found the work already accomplished: another had been beforehand with me, and what effect is produced by the simple preaching of Jesus Christ, and him crucified, you all in some measure know."

The major then turned to the officer who had spoken of the expiation to be made by O'Brien's death, mildly, and courteously asking, "may I, dear sir, without offence, notice something that fell from you not long ago?"

"Certainly, sir: I don't remember having said any thing particular; but pray proceed."

"Your observation, as nearly as I recollect, was, that O'Brien is atoning for his past sins by real remorse; and that by a shameful death he will to-morrow complete the expiation."

"I believe it was so; and don't you say the same?"

"Not exactly: indeed, not in any respect. I had much conversation with him last evening on that very point; and nothing can be farther from his thoughts than to imagine that his repentance or sufferings can have the slightest share in atoning for any part of his transgressions. Human justice is satisfied by them; but the justice of God demands an infinitely greater expiation than the sufferings of man, even throughout eternity, can afford. O'Brien looks with a single eye to what Christ endured for his sins; and knowing that God has accepted the ransom, he rests in the assurance that his debt, paid by another, cannot be demanded of him."

"Under such teaching as he enjoys," said the officer, rather sneeringly, "I dare say O'Brien has made greater advances in theological study than I have, who pretend to nothing of the sort."

"Oh," exclaimed another, "I have known instances of this, when the greatest reprobates have been talked into such a fit of enthusiasm, almost at the foot of the gallows, that you heard nothing from them but the hurry they were in to be turned off and go to heaven."

"That, however, is not our prisoner's case," said the major, who saw the natural enmity of the human heart rising against the plain statement of salvation by faith. "O'Brien receives the punishment of death in a different spirit. He feels it to be a sore disgrace, and deeply mourns that his sin occasions him to be cut off, leaving him no space to prove before men the reality of his repentance, and to glorify God with his lips and in his life, whom he has so fearfully blasphemed and dishonoured. This is his feeling; he is quite free from every thing resembling enthusiasm: but on the contrary, deeply humbled, contrite, self-condemning, and mourning over the wrong that he has done."

"I must confirm your assertion," said the colonel, "though I don't pretend to go along with you in all that you have said. I never saw a man so humble as the poor fellow appears. I certainly, too, heard from himself something very much like what you have been saying, in reply to a remark of mine, on the good use that he was making of the time allowed him to settle his accounts for the next world. In fact the pangs of his conscience are so great, that he hardly seems to think his repentance deep enough to do him any good."

"But, did you not find him perfectly resigned to die, and tranquil as to what should follow?"

"Oh, yes; he distinctly told me that he believed his sins were forgiven, and that he should go to heaven; but there was nothing of the sort that our friend spoke of just now; no bragging, or high-flown expressions. In short, it is quite impossible to doubt his sincerity."

"I rejoice, indeed, at your testimony, my dear sir," replied the major, "and I repeat that the feeling of chastened and subdued happiness pervading his mind in reference to eternity, springs altogether from the assurance of his sins being washed away in the blood of his Saviour, whose perfect fulfilment of the divine law is in like manner accepted on his behalf, as his iniquities were laid upon Christ."

"Now, major Murray," observed the old officer, "if you would make me governor-general, for merely understanding that, I could not do it. Neither, in fact, do I believe that you or any man can attach a defined meaning to the expressions that you have used."

"True, sir: neither I nor any man can do so unless enabled by the Holy Spirit to comprehend what he has revealed."

"What revelation do we need beyond the Bible?"

"Permit me to ask you, if the Bible were brought to you in the darkness of the night, what would you require, to enable you to profit by its contents?"

"Why, a candle I suppose: or else daylight."

"Just so. As the printed character would remain illegible to your bodily eyes, until some light were shed on the page, so the spiritual meaning continues hidden from the mind of man until divine light falls upon it from its great Author. In the former case the candle or the sun reveals to you the contents of the book, not adding to them any thing that was not previously there: the latter is a similar revelation, but of a far higher character, and infinitely more important results."

"Then you mean to say that I cannot understand the Bible?"

"I passed no individual judgment. I can only declare, with regard to myself, that I read it long without spiritual understanding, and consequently, without profit, through a vain confidence in my own powers. It was not until I was directed to the invitation, "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him;" and, assured that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the FATHER OF LIGHTS," that I besought the illumination He alone can bestow. Then I began to discern important truths long hid from my eyes. The doctrine before so unintelligible became then perfectly clear to me."

"If you mean that strange one of what you seem to call a double imputation, I wish you would put it in as clear terms as you can; for to me, it is very mystical."

"We are told, that 'great is the mystery of godliness;' and, surely, we cannot expect to find the highest and most awful transactions of eternal wisdom less mysterious to us than the very simplest and most common operations of what we call nature. You cannot tell me in what manner the food which you eat sustains your life. You cannot give any kind of solution of the difficulty, how the same juices drawn from a narrow spot of earth, and circulating through the same medium, should tinge the stalk of this flower with green, and its petals with a rich diversity of colours."

"I confess it: nature is full of mysteries. Wonderful in its variety; more wonderful in the perfect order with which that variety is regulated. Believe me, dear major, you are not conversing with a scoffing infidel anxious to disprove whatever he cannot comprehend, but with an old man, who knows perhaps too much of this world, and too little of the next, and would fain learn of his juniors, who have studied more successfully than he has. I again request you to state, as clearly as you can, that doctrine. If the poor fellow, who is to be sent into eternity to-morrow understands it so well as you say, why may not I?"

Much affected by this simple appeal from the greyheaded veteran, the major looked at him with mingled love and respect. The reference to O'Brien's approaching fate, which had almost been lost sight of in the interest of the subject, roused him to increased solicitude for the souls around him. He sent up a mental prayer, and then spoke:

"The doctrine which you, my dear sir, have aptly characterized as a double imputation, is that whereon, solely and exclusively, I build my every hope of future blessedness. It is capable of a very brief and simple statement. We must bear in mind the actual condition of man, in the eyes of his Maker, a transgressor, stained with many sins; we must consider the Divine character, a Being so pure and holy that nothing evil can find admission into his presence; a Being perfectly just, who has declared that He will punish iniquity; perfectly true and righteous, to execute whatsoever he has denounced. Man, the criminal, stands before this holy and unerring Judge, a guilty creature, unable to change himself, or to make any compensation for his past offences. What does man require? Pardon for his multiplied sins; and such a righteousness as shall make him meet for the favour of God, and an inheritance in heaven."

The major paused: no one dissented.

"In this state, evidently hopeless as regards the human race, not one of whom can extricate himself, much less help another, man is greeted with the glad tidings of a mighty deliverance wrought out for him by the Son of God, who, assuming human nature for this express purpose, took it upon himself in its original purity, maintained that purity unsullied, and added thereto an active righteousness by perfectly fulfilling the divine law in all its requirements. This holy, spotless, most righteous Being stands before God the Father exempt, by *right* exempt, from all the sufferings that sin has brought into the world; having incurred no punishment, but claiming, what neither Adam nor any of his posterity could possibly claim, eternal blessedness as the fair purchase of his own merit: yet we behold Jesus Christ smitten and afflicted of God, despised, rejected, persecuted, and murdered by men —from his earliest infancy marked out as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and his latest breath poured forth in the midst of excruciating tortures. Now, unless you could dare to charge upon the Most High an act of deep injustice, cruelty and wrong, you must acknowledge that Jesus Christ suffered for others, and not for Himself, that He died the just for the unjust."

"I never doubted that. He certainly suffered for us."

"In other words, by the imputation of our sins to Him, God 'made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin.' In like manner is the perfect obedience of Christ imputed to those who believe on Him, as a Saviour."

"Do you mean to say," asked the old officer, "that Christ's righteousness makes us righteous?"

"Not otherwise than our sins made Him sinful, which they most assuredly did not. I mean to say that as God for our sakes treated His innocent Son as though He were a guilty sinner, so he for Christ's sake treats his transgressing people, when they come to Him in faith, as though they were perfectly righteous. Our iniquities were laid on Christ to be punished in Him that they might be pardoned in us: His righteousness is imputed to believers, that they may receive, as a free gift, the reward earned by their Master alone."

"Now in terms this is not obscure, I confess; but when you come to examine the thing, it amounts to this: that we, being sure of another's righteousness, may live just as we please. I do not believe that the Bible will be found by any means to sanction such an inference."

"Most certainly it does not," replied major Murray. "And here again, what we have marked in poor O'Brien may serve as an illustration. He receives the doctrine that I have endeavoured to set forth: he believes that Christ having suffered for him, there is now no condemnation to him: he knows that thus believing, God accepts him in Christ, looks on him in Christ, and for the sake of Christ's perfect obedience accounts him justified by faith, a meet inheritor of His kingdom. But what is the consequence of this? O'Brien is not elated, but humbled to the lowest depth of self-abhorrence; he sees the exceeding sinfulness of sin, in the dreadful sufferings of the Son of God to atone for it: he comprehends somewhat of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the love that could lead Him thus to suffer; and he mourns over the stroke that is to cut him off, not that death has now any terrors for him, but solely because he will be unable to glorify his redeeming God among men, by a holy and blameless life. Does this look like receiving the doctrine as a licence to continue in sin?"

"No: but do you really believe that if O'Brien was brought again into the temptations that formerly surrounded him, with fuel at hand to rekindle all his bad passions, he would not relapse into former habits?"

"I feel assured that he would not," answered the major; "I have spoken as yet but of the work of redemption as the immediate consequence of Christ's death, and of justification through faith in the atoning sacrifice, which brings the believer within the covenant of grace, assuring him of acceptance in the beloved Son of God. There is yet another branch of the subject: we, by the confession of an orthodox faith, acknowledge Three persons in one God; the Holy Ghost being co-equal with the Father and the Son, and his divine agency indispensable in the work of a sinner's redemption. It is by the power of the Holy Ghost alone that these things are made clear to man's spiritual vision, and brought home to his heart. It is the work of the Holy Ghost, to apply individually what Christ has wrought out for us. He dwells in the believer. The man, whose body and soul were alike under the dominion of Satan, and his heart a cage of unclean birds, becomes a temple for the in-dwelling God, by whose power, and not by his own, he is upheld in the good path, guided by divine counsel here, and brought to glory hereafter."

"All this, however, is extremely mystical."

"My dear sir, the question for us is not whether it be mystical, but whether it be Scriptural. It is clearly set forth in the Bible, and fully acknowledged in the confession of every orthodox church upon earth. All hold these fundamental points; nay, even the church of Rome, awfully as she has apostatized, and ruinously as she perverts the truth of God into a lie, has never dared to impugn the broad foundation of Trinitarian verity."

"I have, however," remarked one of the officers, "heard it denied by a very worthy member of the Unitarian communion."

"To be a worthy member of the Unitarian or rather Socinian communion," replied major Murray, "a man must be prepared to reject nine-tenths of the Old Testament, and the whole of the New. That heresy is as far removed from Christian truth, as are the Brahminical rites of the people around us. Can that be Christianity which undeifies Christ, and utterly does away with the possibility of His atonement?"

"Well," said the old officer, with a sigh, "I am still much in the dark; but greatly indebted to you, sir, for the trouble you have taken with me. We soldiers are generally very ignorant of such matters."

"I have made up my mind," said O'Brien's colonel, "to offer no further opposition, when pious ministers apply for leave to instruct my men. I had rather a prejudice on the subject; but my recent visit to our poor prisoner, and what I have seen of the good man who attends him have convinced me that I was wrong."

"Few things on this side eternity would rejoice O'Brien so much as to hear what his colonel has now spoken," observed major Murray.

"If you think so, tell him, sir, what I have said," rejoined the colonel. "But shall you see him again?"

"Yes; this night, if I may be permitted, and early in the morning."

"You are fortunate in not being obliged to attend his execution," observed one of the party. The major shook his head.

"Surely, you wont be present?" asked another.

The major mentioned his promise to O'Brien, together with the reason that the latter had given for earnestly desiring it; repeating his words, "I want you to be able to say to my poor comrades, I myself saw the deserter shot; I want you to be able to add, I myself saw the pardoned sinner die in peace." Several of the company were exceedingly affected by it; and the old officer exclaimed, "poor fellow! poor fellow! that is the best proof I have yet heard of the thorough change that you say has taken place. However it will be very hard for you, who must greatly love him. Did you ever witness a military execution?"

"Never," said the major; "and the bare thought of it seems to congeal my blood."

"I promise you that it will try your nerves to the uttermost. I, who, as I told you, have had to superintend several, can hardly find courage to witness this execution. I wish it were possible to save his life."

"I am not quite sure, that I agree with you there," said an officer of high rank, who had not before spoken. "O'Brien's crimes are known to all the garrison; in fact, almost throughout the Indian army. His repentance can be known but to a limited number; his amended life to fewer yet. Pardon extended to such a character, would seem to promise impunity to other offenders; and the reins of subordination so slackened, we should have an accumulation of crimes calling, at last, for a course of unwonted severity. Thus, mercy shown to an individual would become cruelty to many. This must reconcile us to the event."

"I perfectly agree with you, sir," remarked major Murray; "and I really believe that the prisoner himself takes a similar view of the subject."

"I doubt it not. He is happier too as it is. Why should a man who has gained the threshhold of heaven be dragged back to a world of sin and suffering? Give me O'Brien's hope to-day, and a bullet through my brain to-morrow—all the rest that earth can offer you are welcome to take."

Major Murray was struck by this singular speech; it was that of a man who knew the worth of what he had not yet been able to realize.

"Perhaps," thought the pious officer, "he may have gathered some encouragement from what I have been graciously permitted to say;" and he felt doubly thankful for having been enabled to bear a faithful testimony to the truth, under circumstances especially calculated to soften the hearts of his hearers.

CHAPTER XII.

MAJOR MURRAY having obtained a ready permission, visited the cell rather late. He found O'Brien pacing to and fro with measured steps, which ceased as he entered; and the soldier facing him with an intent, serious, yet animated countenance, abruptly said, "I am very, very happy."

"I know you are, O'Brien; I see it, and if I did not see it I should still know it."

"True, sir: the gifts and callings of God are without repentance. He changes not, though I do. My spirits may be now up, now down, like a ship on the billows; but the anchor that I am fastened to never moves. I begin to know more of this; and is it not rather strange, sir, that I must leave off learning just as I begin to understand my lesson?"

"Leave off learning, O'Brien! Why, you are going where you will never cease to learn."

"Ah, yes! I forgot that; and, sir, I shall see my Teacher. Do you think that I shall really and truly *see* Him?"

The major turned to the last chapter of Revelations, and read, "and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads."

"Oh, sir, how unworthy am I to look upon Him!"

"That very sense of your unworthiness will enhance your joy, for you will the better 'know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.'"

The chaplain entered, and, taking a hand of each, observed, "is not this communion, on the verge of eternity, a foretaste of the blessedness beyond the veil?"

O'Brien looked at the major, and suddenly burst into tears, weeping for some time, while they feared to interrupt the course of his feelings: at last major Murray gently asked, "does any thing oppress you, my poor fellow?"

"Oh, major, our country, our dear country, sweet Ireland! My heart is broken about it."

Tears filled the major's eyes. "Our dear country, O'Brien, is, like ourselves, in the hand of God."

"No, sir; it is, as we once were, in the hand of Satan, and will not come to Christ that it may have light."

"But God has a people there, numerous and faithful, who zealously labour for the conversion of others; and even among those others, God has also a people, who will yet hear His voice, and come out from under the dominion of Satan."

"The religion of our people is a false religion, sir."

"Undoubtedly it is; false and ruinous, deluding the souls of men; but these shadows of night shall flee away as the Sun of righteousness arises, with healing on his wings, to dispel the gloom of our poor country."

"You don't know, sir, how ignorant and how wicked our people are. I did not know it myself, until, in the midst of my rejoicing I thought again of former times; I have been such an awful sinner here in India, and since I joined the army, that I had almost forgotten the sins of my early youth: but, in looking back to them, I find that they were dreadfully great; and I see, too, that the people around me were encouraging themselves in all manner of drunkenness, and deceit, and hatred against their Protestant brethren; and even against each other. There seems, sir, to be a curse upon Ireland; and it cuts my heart in two to think how much *my* sins have helped to fix that curse. I can do nothing to remove it; I can do nothing to comfort the heart of my aged mother when she hears that her son has suffered a shameful death; nothing to save my poor sisters from going the way of the wretched people about them; nothing to warn those whom my early example led astray, or encouraged in wicked paths"—

The chaplain interrupted, by reading "be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."* He then kneeled down, and offered on O'Brien's behalf, an humble acknowledgment of past sin, a fervent thanksgiving for pardon received through the atonement of Christ, an earnest entreaty for the divine interposition in favour of those whom the dying criminal could not reach; and such an intercession for poor Ireland as spoke the warmest feelings of her absent children. O'Brien arose calm and thankful.

"Now," said he, "see what the turning of one little verse out of that precious book into prayer has done for me. Yet you cannot know how it has comforted my spirit. Oh, do give the Bible to my countrymen. They want nothing else. Give them the Irish Bible;" and then he related the story of Murphy, the poor reaper; together with a voluntary confession of the wanton falsehood that he had practised on that occasion.

"I have often thought," he added, "that if I hadn't shut myself out from the benefit at that time, I might have been made as happy as Murphy. And oh, what a life of crime, and death of infamy I should have escaped."

"Turn, then," said the chaplain, "to contemplate the astonishing love of your Saviour, who still followed you, and has at last gathered the wandering sheep into his fold."

On this sweet topic they dwelt for the rest of the evening: and O'Brien became perfectly composed; indeed, rejoicing up to the moment of the major's departure. The latter clasped his hand, unable to utter a word; while O'Brien in a cheerful voice exclaimed,

"Good night, sir. Night! I have nothing more to do with that word: 'there shall be no night there.' I watched the darkness closing about me this evening, with such strange feelings. I have heard dying people take leave of day-light; but I have only to take leave of night. Well, major Murray, God grant that your darkest night may be no gloomier than this is to me, and then you will have a joyous pilgrimage. Bless you, sir! oh bless you! I'll not see you alone in the morning, I fear; so now will you take my love to Philip Dale, and tell him it's a glorious prize he keeps before him. Little he or I thought that I, who despised it so long, should gain it first! Please, sir, be very careful not to let any man take encouragement to continue in sin because grace has abounded towards me. That is what Satan would have them do: warn them of it. Good night, major: bless you, sir, the Lord bless you!" and O'Brien's blessings sounded on his ear as long as he could linger within their reach.

We will now, again, take up the letter of the excellent chaplain: he says, "the night preceding this fatal day, I scarcely left him; and as each hour passed by, he seemed to ripen for eternity; and to hail the approaching dawn of the glory he so earnestly longed for. Leaving him for half an hour, whilst I went to dress myself, I returned at six o'clock, when I received a shock I never shall forget. I found him dressed in a shroud ready for his burial. Indeed, he was in the best sense ready for that, and I began to rejoice in his tribulation. I administered the sacrament to him.

"At seven o'clock we left the cell where he had lingered out three long months, and proceeded, under an escort, to the spot from which his spirit was to wing its flight to heaven. A sight truly appalling now opened to our view: the whole —— army was drawn up, two deep, on three sides of a square, leaving the fourth side open. There must have been four thousand soldiers, besides an immense crowd of natives.

"We first proceeded to the centre of this square, where the sentence and warrant were read over, which he heard with very becoming firmness, and then looked steadfastly at me, as though he wished me to resume my exhortations and counsel. From thence we were marched to the open side of the square, where his coffin and the band of his executioners were waiting. With these passing before him, and the band playing, we had to walk round the whole square. This parade must have occupied twenty minutes. I read some passages out of the Bible to him, and, as I was enabled, spoke to his comfort. He attended to little that was going on, and was better engaged in suitable thoughts of the transition he was about to make from whatever man could render awful and terrific to the joys of his Lord. He made a respectful bow to the colours of every regiment, as he passed along, and to the officers, who, together with the men, were overcome by his manner and appearance.

"The sensation was universal; many officers retired into the rear: the soldiers all wept; and even the natives, crowding in every direction, honoured him with their tears. The silence and gloom was truly thrilling: every one seemed affected but him who was principally concerned in the scene. He told me, poor fellow, it was pleasure to him. 'I am sure of heaven. I am in heaven already. I know that I have found pardon and acceptance with God, by Jesus Christ, and I am going to see him as he is. It is not death,' said he, with peculiar energy, 'he that believeth in Jesus shall never die.' I began myself to participate so much in his joy, that I forgot the formidable parade amidst which I was placed.

"As we came to the open side of the square, I thought that the near approach of death might alarm him, and I spoke to him suitably: his answer was, 'sir, I feel myself wonderfully increasing.' He spoke much of the faithfulness of God to his promises; of His nearness to him in all that he called upon Him for; and of his assurance of pardon, and of an immediate translation to unchangeable bliss. Arriving at the centre of the open side, his coffin was set down, and the party that was to fire upon him was drawn up before him. We knelt together by the side of his coffin and prayed; and as I commended him to his faithful God and Redeemer, he turned his eyes upon me with such tenderness and affection as I cannot describe.

"I then gave him my hand, which he kissed, and upon which I think he dropped his last tear, for I left him in perfect peace; and within a few minutes, I doubt not, but that the best desire and expectation of his heart were fulfilled. The shots of seven muskets, which he received without flinching, soon closed his eyes to the scenes through which he had passed; and I have the best hope that they were immediately opened to behold an innumerable train of heaven's tenants, welcoming him to the rest prepared for him, and to see the glory of God and the Lamb."

We have preferred to give this affecting narrative of O'Brien's execution, in the precise words of an eye-witness. He does not carry the relation farther; but the dreadful task remained to the troops, of slowly marching past the bleeding body of him who but a few minutes before had firmly trod the ground, in full life, strength, activity, and animation. To his own officers this was peculiarly trying; several closed their eyes, and not a few were compelled to cover them with their handkerchiefs.

Last of the party, major Murray, who had almost sunk under O'Brien's passing look of grateful affection, and who had found even his promise scarcely sufficient to induce his continuance within sight of the execution, approached, with the chaplain. The spectacle was too painful: such a death had too much disfigured the victim to admit of a lengthened survey. They passed on, whispering to each other words of consolation, and smiling through tears as they looked up towards the bright region whither the spirit had taken its flight.

"Oh that I could bring all my brethren in arms to look upon that bleeding corpse!" exclaimed the major, "and point out to them the circumstances that led to this dreadful catastrophe. Such a lesson would sink deep into some hearts."

"Can you trace the steps of his downward course?" asked the chaplain.

"Clearly, I think. When O'Brien joined the army, he had recently abandoned his depraved habits; he was beginning to live as one who had a character to support, and who was aware that profligacy of conduct would tend to any thing rather than the advancement of his credit. This was not a step to spirituality of mind, I am aware; but it was calculated to become a safeguard from the temptations that would lead him into gross vices; and to dispose him rather for the society of men whose correct conduct was based on solid principles, and whose companionship would have been the probable means of showing him a far more excellent way than that of mere selfish expediency. You remember what St. Paul says of the unbelieving husband being won by the conversation of the believing wife; and his encouraging query, "what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband; or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" This, no doubt, is applicable in other cases, besides that of the wedded life; and the person whose intimate associates are those who fear God, is in the right road for a share of the blessings that they enjoy. When our poor O'Brien joined the depot, he found none about him but men of the most profligate habits: all manner of sin and uncleanness was greedily followed and shamelessly practised among them; and if a man could be found, who, through Christian principle, abstained from these guilty deeds, he was pointed out as a proscribed person; an object to be shunned, to be despised, to be mocked, hated, and persecuted. This was the case in regard to one who, from the first, would fain have been a friend to the young soldier."

"You mean Philip Dale: many a time has he talked of him to me."

"Yes. Dale stood alone in the desire to serve this poor creature. Among his comrades vice prevailed; and those who were placed in authority over the men, those to whom I would especially desire to point out that spectacle, the regimental officers, were occupied each with his own concerns; too many in pursuits as guilty, if not as disgustingly gross, as those of the private soldiers. No one who had the power possessed the will to curb the soldier in his immoral course: and if a few had the desire to do so, they were checked, overborne, kept down, by the majority, who were but too conscious that a reformation to be effectual must commence with themselves; and that while they followed the will of the flesh in all things, they could not preach abstinence from sin to those whose eyes were daily upon their evil example.

"I speak," continued the major, "as one who knows what he asserts. I have writhed, many a day, under the cutting rebukes of my natural conscience, in witnessing the abandoned lives of the men placed under my charge: but though I might, at that time, have been called a moral character, in comparison with others; though I shunned the excess of riot to which my companions too generally loved to run, I never had courage to remonstrate with the soldiers, as I ought to have done. A glance at the officers' quarters would have silenced me; they knew, and so did I, what was going on there; and how the spirit of licentiousness, of gambling, of intemperate indulgence, revelled and ruled among the majority; while those who had domestic establishments of their own, contented themselves with the enjoyment of their privileged exemption, and took no thought for the poor soldier, to whom the nuptial and paternal ties do not furnish such advantages—do not withdraw him from the snares that beset his path. I trace O'Brien's downfall to that utter absence of concern for their men's moral and spiritual welfare, which I believe will form the ground of a most awful charge against the souls of military officers, in the great day of account."

"You had him under your command for some months at another depot, had you not?"

"Yes: and during that time he behaved with remarkable correctness, until the subtle enemy brought forward a temptation into which he was most prone to fall. He had been cruelly wronged by an unprincipled fellow, who first enticed him to enlist, in order to prevent O'Brien from divulging in his native place a crime that he had formerly committed; and who, as it appears, laid many of the snares into which the young man too readily fell. Moyle lay in wait for his soul: no man, except one poor despised private soldier, watched over him for good. Moyle could not have succeeded so effectually in compassing his ruin, had proper attention to the men's moral conduct been given in higher quarters. It was through an exaggerated report spread by this man, Moyle, in his own village, respecting O'Brien's first public disgrace, that his evil passions were rekindled when under my command: yet I think that their current was, in a measure, checked by some comparatively faithful dealing on my part; and that, had he not been so soon removed from those quarters, there was still a good hope of his being brought to see the error of his way. The law was then beginning to work its terrors in his conscience; a guiding hand would have led him to Christ. But, cast adrift as he was, those terrors only goaded him into deeper crime, under the influence of despair.

"He fled, like Jonah, from the presence of the Lord," continued the major, "but with this difference, that he knew not whom he shunned. The veil had never been raised from his heart; Christian counsel did not reach him until he was emersed in the depths of crime; and then it was represented to him as the voice of insane fanaticism, to which, if he listened, he must become the miserable object of scorn and persecution here; while of the world to come he had no conception whatever."

"Wonderful are the ways of God!" exclaimed the chaplain, "we can but humble ourselves at His footstool, giving all the glory to sovereign mercy; which wills nothing in vain. Our dear brother, now before the throne, among myriads of redeemed souls, was peculiarly sensible of the dangerous error that might through the subtlety of Satan, be strengthened by the recital of his story. He dreaded lest any should draw from it an encouragement to continue in sin; and I have known him to weep in bitter anguish, because his crimes had brought on him a doom which precluded the possibility of his evidencing among men the abiding reality of the change wrought in him."

"I witnessed the feeling that you describe," said the major, "and most acute it was. We cannot but expect that, while some will wrest even Scripture to their own destruction, instances like this will be industriously perverted. Yet men must beware; for wherever O'Brien's story becomes known, he will be a witness against those who dare to reject the offered love of that Saviour who embraced even him with the everlasting arms of mercy and truth."

They parted; and we will transcribe the closing remarks that occur in the pious chaplain's letter, from which the account of O'Brien's execution has been extracted.

"When I returned home, my heart was overflowing with joy, and thankfulness, and adoration; and great occasion had I for these feelings, in contemplating how a poor creature, sunk in ignorance, hardened in crime, fettered by prejudice, and despised by man, was, by the simple means of the Scriptures, aided we know by the secret power of the Holy Spirit, enlightened, softened, and saved. Ought not the works of God to be admired, and His goodness had in remembrance?

"Every one pitied the sufferer; and every one confessed, this hath God done, and it is marvellous in our eyes. I wondered also how I had been supported through a scene which nothing but the earnest and anxious entreaty of poor O'Brien prevailed with me to witness. My attentions to him have happily gained much respect to my ministry. The colonel has thanked me, in behalf of himself and his officers, and the men are evidently much attached to me. Colonel ——— has so fully seen the importance of a chaplain's interposition in a regiment as to pass over to me two men, who were awaiting the severest military punishment, that I might talk to them; secretly intending to remit the punishment altogether, if I can work upon their minds. But alas! we have many men whom nothing can persuade. Every one believes that the life of the unhappy O'Brien would have been spared, had he taken my advice, and the defence which I wrote for him.

"On the Sunday preceding his execution I preached from Ezra vii. 25 and 26 verses; and with evident effect for the moment. Would that the impression were deeper and lasting! My sermon was a very bad one; it was, however, passed round this cantonment, and copied by many.

"If I have caused you any distress by the sad detail of scenes which must for many weeks be uppermost in my mind, I know you will also rejoice, to find that my ministry has been decidedly blessed to one poor soul. This alone should reconcile me to my bereavements in coming hither. I am assured, also, that many persons are considerably awakened, and are giving good hopes."

And who does not participate in the thankfulness expressed by one who had forsaken home and country, and kindred, in order to seek the lost souls which his divine Master died to save? Even the philanthropist who looks no farther than the gratification of benevolent feelings as regards this world, will in some measure appreciate the deed; but they who by openly professing themselves Christians tacitly admit the awful realities of the eternal world, as set forth in the revealed word of God, must go much farther. They would account it a hard thing if the rites of Christian burial were denied to a comrade and friend, when circumstances render the privilege attainable; but wherein consists the value of such rites, excepting as they tend to bring more vividly before the survivors that truth whereof the departed stands in no need of farther proof. He has entered upon immortality, whether of eternal blessedness or of never-ending woe—his state is fixed, unchangeable for ever—his body must repose in dust, but only until "all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

Oh, reader, lay these things to heart: look within, and judge yourself, whether you be of the number of those who shall start up in joy, to welcome, and to be for ever with the Lord. Look around, and seriously inquire whether your daily walk and conversation tend to the good of those who behold you. Are you winning them to embrace the narrow way that leads to life, or are you hardening them in the broad road that ends in destruction? Your circumstances cannot be such as to leave you altogether unaccountable in this matter. Rank, authority, influence, may and must, in a fearful degree, increase your responsibility, but flatter not yourself that comparative lowliness and insignificance leave you at liberty to transgress. The beauty of holiness may shine forth, a soft and guiding light, in the very meanest of earth's lowly ones, while the darkness that the sinner shrouds himself in, and which he spreads upon surrounding objects, may, and too surely will, occasion many to stumble and fall; perhaps to rise no more.

HUBERT AND ELLEN.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

THE TRIAL OF THE HARP...BILLOWY WATER...THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE...
THE TEAR-DROP....THE BILLOW.

BY

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CHESTER STEBBINS.
1813.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE it remembered, that on the seventh day of November, A. D. 1812, and in the thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Chester Stebbins*, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*—"HUBERT AND ELLEN. With other Poems. The Trial of the Harp....Billowy Water....The Plunderer's Grave....The Tear-Drop....The Billow. By *Lucius M. Sargent*."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical, and other prints."

WM. S. SHAW,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

Shade of my brother dear!
Oft, at the silent close of summer day,
Mem'ry does bring thee near;
And often have I sought that hour, to pay
The tribute of my tear.

For, if time's various tide does roll
One hour, which, o'er thy gentle soul,
Could reign, with more of magick pow'r,
Than ev'ry hour beside,
It was that sweet, that musing hour
Of summer's eventide.

Not emulous, our friendly skiffs pursu'd
The track of life, down childhood's bubbling tide;
And pass'd the flood of boyhood, wild and rude,
Like partners in the voyage, side by side;
But, scarce the rapids of our youth were pass'd,
Scarce op'd before us manhood's ocean wide,
Ere thy fair vessel yielded to the blast.

Though Heaven to both did equal love impart,
Yet greater gifts were thine, and happier doom,
A riper genius, and a purer heart,
A life more virtuous, and an earlier tomb.

Oft gentle mem'ry's hand pourtrays
A thousand scenes of early days;
Of boyhood's walks, and shady bowers;
And youthful sports, and satchel'd hours;
And task forgot, and winter night,
Wasted, o'er tale and legend light,

Till ev'ry blast, we chanc'd to hear,
Did seem to bring the giant near.

Full oft a tear-drop mem'ry borrows,
When, thus her magick hand displays
Such simple scenes of former days ;—
And yet that tear-drop is not sorrow's :
For tears, that flow at sorrow's call,
Are always felt, before they fall.
But here, when mem'ry brings to view
Dear early scenes, for ever gone,
The heart scarce feels how strong, how true
The lines by mem'ry's hand are drawn,
Before, unknown, the tear does part,
In tribute fair to mem'ry's art.
And scarce it parts, from nature's store,
Before it steals the eyelid o'er ;
And scarce an instant there does stand,
Before it trembles on the hand.

Thy meteor lamp of poesy,
That shone with gairish ray,
Did lure my heart to follow thee,
Mid fancy's airy way.
There have I pass'd my happiest hours,
Entwining fancy's fairy flow'rs.
And thus I now have wreath'd for thee
These simple flow'rs, in garland wild,
This chaplet of my posey ;
For thou wert fancy's dearest child.....

Brother ! to thee, if it were given,
To leave awhile thy rest in Heaven ;
If thou couldst weep, thy gentle tear
Would steal, of Hubert's fate to hear ;
And pity sure would dim thine eye,
At Ellen's love and constancy.
For ne'er a theme thy heart could move,
Like gentle woman's constant love.

And sure to thee did Heav'n impart
No fickle no inconstant heart.

Dear Spirit! I have heard thee say,
"If cruel fate should bear away
Her, who alone my heart can sway,
Oh! could that heart again be gay?
And could I ever, ever bear
To part this braid of auburn hair?
Though cold her little hands, that made
And fasten'd here this auburn braid,
Her heart, in Heaven, would love me still!
And so, on earth, my heart should prove
Its tender and its lasting love;
Until, with me, this little braid,
Beside her, in the grave were laid.
For, when in death my limbs grew chill,
Sure, none could be of heart unkind,
Sure, none, to constant love so blind,

Whose cruel hand would rudely tear
Away this braid of auburn hair !"....

Shade of my brother dear !
Oh ! if the chaplet, I have twin'd,
Be not unworthy bard like thee,
Then let me dream thee near ;
And, round thy brows, in fancy, bind
These wild flow'rs of my poesy !

And, if the world severe
Do scorn my flow'rets, till they fade,
And blast the garland I have made ;
Yet still to thee, in thought, my soul
Shall rise, above the world's control.
And oft, at close of summer day,
My heart shall fondly seek to pay
The tribute of its tear.

HUBERT AND ELLEN.

HUBERT AND ELLEN.

THIS poem commences with the address of an old man to a stranger, who is supposed to be gazing at a maniack, reclining upon a grave, near which the old man is standing.

Wanderer, stay!
If your gentle heart would know
Who, beneath the lonely willow,
Makes the simple stone his pillow,
And turns, by fits, from deepest wo,
To laughter gay.

Wand'rer, though, upon his brow,
Sad despair, and sorrow now,

And fitful grief, and laughter wild
Mark him distraction's dearest child;
And hair and beard, uncouth and long,
Have done his manly features wrong;
Yet ev'ry deepen'd furrow there
Is less the mark of age than care:
And oft he holds his visage high,
And oft his dark and fever'd eye,
The quick'ning fire of youth betrays,
And lofty glance of better days.

But chance you would not deign, to hear
Sad pity's gentle tale;
For here no knight, with targe and spear,
Rides, clad in battle mail.
Nor lady bright, of high degree,
Is seen in stately tow'r;
Nor lordly suitor bows the knee
To courtly damsel, fair and free,
Well met, in sylvan bow'r.

And chance to you the world is dear,
So dear, you have no hour for sorrow;
To heave a sigh, to shed a tear,
For other's wo:
And, if your thoughts are all for morrow,
For worldly good, for worldly gear,
'Twere shame, that you the tale should hear;
Go, wand'rer, go....

Yet stay, and first forgive the wrong,
Of speech unkind and sland'rous tongue;
For pride is high, upon your cheek,
The dew is in your eye,
To hear poor crazy Hubert shriek,
With shrill and piercing cry.

And now your tears more freely pour,
While, gazing wildly, o'er the stone,
He marks the letters, one by one,
And counts them slowly, o'er and o'er

And laughs, by fits, and cries,
And mutters to himself alone,
"Here little Ellen lies."

Ah! gentle wand'rer, 'tis a dreary sight,
When all the world is hush'd in stillest night,
To see poor Hubert steal to Ellen's grave;
And read the tablet, by the moon's pale light,
And utter senseless pray'r, and wildly rave,
And wring his hands, and shriek, with piercing cry,
And start, to hear the owlet's shrill reply.

Five summers now have pass'd away,
Since Ellen slept, beneath the willow;
Five summers now have shed their ray,
Since wretched Hubert, night and day,
Has made the simple stone his pillow;
Reckless of summer's heat and winter's cold.
And pitying neighbours oft the tale have told,

How, when the maniack's life to save,
They sought the wretch, at Ellen's grave,
They found him, on the tablet low,
Brushing away the falling snow.

Some story of the hapless pair
Is told by ev'ry villager;
Enough to raise the childish fear,
The boorish laugh, the thoughtless jeer,
And gentle maiden's pitying tear.
And oft 'tis told, by tattling dame,
When Hubert to the village came,
And when the lovely Ellen died,
Who lies, upon the willow's side;
And how he plac'd the tablet stone,
O'er Ellen's grave, with tender care;
    And how his heart would swell,
When oft he sought the spot, alone,
And scatter'd rose and lily there.
And how, when sorrow turn'd his brain,

He lost his gallant air and mien.
And many other tales beside,
Of Hubert and his hapless bride,
The village dame will tell.

And some there are,
Who say, that Hubert, on the even,
Close by her bed, when Ellen died,
Knelt down, and, weeping, at her side,
Mutter'd short pray'r ;
So low, it scarcely could be heard;
But, here and there, a louder word
Was of himself, and crimes, and Heaven,
Of Ellen, and of sins forgiven.
And how, at last, in whisper small,
Ellen, with tears, forgave him all.

But it has never been denied,
That, like a lover true,
For days and nights, at Ellen's side,

Hubert gaz'd, o'er her features pale ;
And, when her spirits seem'd to fail,
Her hand more closely drew ;
And, when, at last, poor Ellen died,
Though still he gaz'd, and sadly sighed,
'Tis said, no tear was seen to flow ;
But, on his wan and haggard brow,
There was so strange and wild a stare,
That none a second look could bear.

But the sad story, save to me,
Is veil'd, in deepest mystery.

Poor, crazy Hubert knows me not !
And, by that wild, unconscious gaze,
He tells me not of former days ;
Naught lingers of remembrance there :
The frantick look, the vacant stare
Show, that my features are forgot.

Yet, gentle wand'rer, well I know,
This wretch, who looks, so mean and low,
Before his senses fail'd him aught,
Ne'er turn'd his back, on friend or foe.
And, though it strange may seem to thee,
Ne'er liv'd more gallant youth than he,
To wield a sword, to rein a steed,
In bold assault, or gentle deed.
A heart more kind, a hand more free
Ne'er op'd, in friendship's need.

He was my friend....but, stranger, say,
Why gaze, upon my locks of grey,
My humble garb, my lowly mien,
And oaken staff, on which I lean?
Though I am old, I cannot brook
That curious glance and doubting look.
I said, that Hubert was my friend:
Think you my boastful words intend,

That I was gallant Hubert's peer,
When his were honours, wealth, and gear?
No, stranger, wrong me not, in thought,
Nor will old Edwy tell you aught,
That is, in tittle, less sincere,
Than this is crazy Hubert here....
But my poor knees are weak and old,
Beneath the neighb'ring elm, 'tis meet,
To seek the cool sequester'd seat,
Where better may the tale be told....

Hubert was once as dear to me,
As child, upon a father's knee;
For, many a long and tedious year,
    Beyond the waters wild,
I serv'd his cruel sire, with fear,
    And learn'd to love the child.

And, when to manly years he came,
My love for Hubert was the same.

And, when, because he long withstood
His father's will, nor gave his hand,
Against his heart, for lady's land,
His cruel sire, in stubborn mood,
On hapless Hubert clos'd his door,
And robb'd of all his hopes ; be sure,
Old Edwy's heart could ill endure
Such cruel fate, but lov'd him more.
It was an heavy time indeed,
    Such sad mishap to know ;
For then his wretched heart did bleed,
    For hapless Ellen's wo :
And sorrow clouded o'er his brow,
And sad repentant tears did flow.

For, though he was as fair, and free,
And kind, as gallant youth could be,
In all beside, and ne'er delay'd
His hand, when pity claim'd his aid ;
Yet, on his soul, a fatal blot

Is deeply died, so dark a stain
Shall long, with Hubert's name, remain,
When wretched Ellen is forgot :
Recorded, in the page of Heaven,
Never, perhaps, to be forgiven.

Ah ! wand'rer, strangely would it seem,
That all his senses wildly ran,
When tender maiden was his theme.
Then Hubert seem'd an alter'd man ;
Light was his mood, as morning dream.
High his heart would beat, in pleasure,
Careless of the tears of morrow ;
Lightly would he seize the treasure,
Reckless of a maiden's sorrow.

And oft, upon the modest eye,
Hubert would bend his eye of blue,
And talk of love, and seem so true,
In ev'ry word, in ev'ry sigh ;

That simple maiden never dream'd,
    That Hubert false would prove.
And, if, upon his features fair,
She look'd, for wily falsehood there,
Such glance that maiden well might rue,
On face, that beam'd so fair and true ;
Where ev'ry look so gently seem'd
    To tell, of naught but love.

For, though his bold and piercing eye,
And gallant form, and bearing high,
And haughty look, and dark'ning glance,
That stay'd half way the rude advance,
Made those, who knew him not, conclude,
That love was ne'er for Hubert's mood ;
Yet none more suply bow'd the knee,
And none could heave more tender sigh,
And none more kindly glanc'd an eye,
On gentle lady fair, than he.

Then simple maid would sure believe,
That Hubert's smile could ne'er deceive ;
Till, in some sad and lone retreat,
With tears, and sighs, and wan despair,
And naught of love and Hubert there,
The wretch would seek sequester'd seat,
And mourn, unheard, her sorrows o'er :
Till tears, at length, would cease to flow,
And sighs would yield to silent wo ;
And then, with fainting look and wild,
Clasp to her breast her naked child,
And close her eyes, to weep no more....

Time fast has flown, since Ellen smil'd,
Where, in a vale, beside the wood,
Old Edgar's lonely cottage stood ;
Poor, widow'd Mary's only child.
For Edgar never liv'd to know,
Of Ellen's hapless doom ;
And, ere the days of Ellen's wo,

Thrice had the summer flow'ret grown,
And thrice cold winter's blast had blown,
On Edgar's lowly tomb.

Amid the valley lone;
Where foot of mortal seldom came,
Liv'd Ellen and the aged dame,
In solitude, unknown.
And, when old Edgar droop'd and died,
Poor Mary's wants were still supplied,
By tender Ellen's care.

At early dawn, her little feet
The dew, from off the pathway, beat,
And water, from the brook, she drew :
And oft she pluck'd the flow'r, that grew,
Upon the margin fair ;
And, still while poor old Mary slept,
Smiling, towards her pillow crept,
And gently plac'd it there.

Then silent would she watch, the while,
Her fond surprise and wak'ning smile.

Next, with kind look and willing haste,
She brought her mother's slight repast.
Then, o'er her neck, her kerchief threw;
Full well the signal Carlo knew,
And, to the door, impatient, flew.

Oft did he cast alternate look,
From Ellen, to the little nook,
Where high the birchen basket hung,
Ere, from its place, she gaily took,
And, careless, on her finger, swung.

And, o'er her auburn gay,
Before she had her gipsy tied,
That did, at best, but poorly hide
Her fairy face and floating pride;

His frequent bark would loudly chide
Her ling'ring step's delay.

Scarce, on the string, she plac'd her hand,
Ere Carlo would, in silence, stand,
With forward head, and upward ear,
The sound of lifting latch to hear;
And body back, and foot before,
And eye, intent, upon the door.
And Ellen scarce the bobbin drew,
Ere, o'er the threshold, Carlo flew,
And swiftly shot along the lawn,
With eagle's speed; nor had she more
Than dropp'd the latch, and clos'd the door,
Ere Carlo, down the hill, had gone.
And, scarce she left the threshold stone,
Ere he had swam the brook below,
And climb'd the cliff, and, on its brow,
Paus'd, and look'd back, on Ellen's way,

Shook, from his locks, the water spray,
And bark'd again, to chide delay.

And, when, with lily foot, unshod,
Across the shallow brook, she trod,
Again he sped, for then he knew
The path, that Ellen would pursue.
And, when she gain'd the ridge's height,
Carlo was fairly out of sight.

And thus, with health and sweet content,
Fair Ellen pass'd her early hours,
Nor yet e'er op'd her eyes, on sorrow;
Save once, but long those tears had dried;
'Twas, when her father, Edgar, died.

And thus, with basket at her side,
Carlo and little Ellen went,
In search of herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs;

And, homeward, with the little store,
At even, sought the cottage door.
Then, to the village, on the morrow,
Carlo and little Ellen came,
And sold them, to the village dame.

With slower step, then Carlo trod,
And proudly sought the village road;
For well he constru'd, what did mean
The decent plaid and bonnet green.

It was a pleasant thing, to see
Ellen, at even, merrily,
When length'ning shadows, o'er the lea,
Call'd home the ploughman wearily;
Tripping, with lightsome steps, along,
While, half untied, her bonnet hung;
And Carlo, marching close before,
With lifted head, the basket bore.

And truly it was fair, to see
Old Mary's kind and greeting smile,
That more than paid for Ellen's toil.
And, when her little gains she show'd,
And laid, upon her mother's knee,
And, smiling, said, " 'tis all for thee ;"
The tear, down Mary's cheek, that flow'd,
To Ellen's heart was far more dear,
Than worlds of wealth and costly gear.

Oft have I seen fair Ellen come,
With Carlo, to the cottage home ;
For oft did Hubert speed me there.
And Mary oft would turn aside,
And wipe away the trickling tear,
Then would she say, that I must bear
Kind thanks, for gentle Hubert's cheer ;
And tell him, that, at eventide,
Ellen, her little bed beside,
Would clasp her hands, for him, in pray'r ;

While Ellen, with a smile, replied,
To all his greeting fair.

Ah! nothing did I know, of all,
That little Ellen would befall.
For, when, with kindly seeming care,
Hubert would often send me there,
His words were all so mild and fair,
That, in his look, I could not read
Of aught, but poor, old Mary's need.

And, when, at first, he told the tale,
Of Mary's cottage, in the vale,
He pass'd the matter lightly o'er;
How, in the glade, some days before,
Fatigu'd, with vain pursuit of game,
He haply to the cottage came.
Then did he kindly bid me go,
Of poor, old Mary's health to know;
And, if I saw a maiden there,

With hazel eye and auburn hair,
From him, to speak the damsel fair.

Yet, in his face, that beam'd, the while,
Was naught, but pity's gentle smile.

Thus time had swiftly pass'd away,
Since first my feet, at close of day,
Rested, in Mary's humble vale;
And after, oft, at even, trod,
Along the wonted village road,
    And down the lonely dale;
Whene'er, in seeming pity's need,
Hubert would bid me thither speed.

At length, less eager Hubert seem'd,
Of poor, old Mary's weal to know;
And scarce, at last, he lent an ear,
Of all her gentle speech to hear.
And, when I told of Mary's tear,

No smile, upon his face, there beam'd,
But more of sadness rested there.

And, when, as Mary bade me bear,
I said, that oft, at eventide,
Ellen, her little bed beside,
Would clasp her hands, for him, in pray'r;
There came a cloud, upon his brow,
Bursting, in drops of heaviest wo.
I marvell'd much, but understood
No cause, for Hubert's changing mood.

Yet more he never bade me go,
To Mary's humble cot;
And long neglect did plainly show,
That poor, old Mary was forgot.
And, when.....but, stranger, gently bear
The weakness of an old man's tear:
It is the tribute, mem'ry pays,
To scenes of youth and happier days.

Gentle stranger, have you never,
Musing, upon your lonely pillow,
Given a sweet, a silent hour,
To mem'ry dear?
Whose living wand, with magick pow'r,
Can bring, so near,
Your native land, beyond the billow;
And show, so clear,
Dear early scenes, that time would sever;
And paint the friend, now sunk forever,
With hand, so true,
That long lost friend, and distant home,
And scenes of youth before you come,
In present view?

If such an hour you never knew,
Ah, then indeed you ne'er can know,
Why, down my cheek, this tear does flow,
When, on my mem'ry rushing, come

Dear thoughts of Mary's humble home.
The peaceful look, the greeting smile,
The brook, and hill, and hawthorn green,
That grew, beside the lowly cell,
And Ellen's gentle voice, and mien
My poor old heart with sorrow swell,
And of its kindest tears beguile.

Oh! could I see that smile once more,
And Ellen, at the cottage door,
And crazy Hubert's madness o'er;
Old Edwy then would gladly die,
While tears bedew'd his closing eye.....

Stranger, forgive me, for the wrong,
My heart has been indulg'd too long.
But now my tears are o'er;
And now my voice again is strong,
And I will tell you more.

I said, that Hubert ne'er again
Spake more, of Mary's humble cot.
Yet did my fondness still remain;
For, I had been so often there,
Ere the chill blast and winter wild
Had laid the little woodland bare,
That I had often wish'd to know,
How look'd the hawthorn, 'neath the snow.
And Ellen seem'd to me a child,
For she was very kind to me,
And oft she sat, upon my knee;
And then her looks were all so mild,
When, on my poor old face, she smil'd.

Yet the slight hint did always fail,
Which oft I tried, on Hubert's ear;
Thinking his kind, returning care
Again would bid me seek the vale.
And when, at last, my words were bold,
Of long neglect, and winter's cold,

And Mary, feeble, poor, and old;
No pleasure, in his eye, did seem,
And soon he sought for lighter theme;
And briskly turn'd my suit away,
Bidding me wait some future day.

At length, my feet, unbidden, trod
Once more, toward the little wood,
Where Mary's simple cottage stood.
Musing, along the lonely road,
On Hubert's strange and alter'd mood.

And, though 'twere marvel all to me,
And long neglect, and alter'd look,
And ear, unwilling, when I spoke
Of Mary, argu'd mystery;
Yet, if my wav'ring, light surmise
Did rest, on Ellen's hazel eyes,
And lovely face, and auburn hair,
It scarce an instant rested there.

As weary falcon rests his feet,
On branch, too feeble, for his weight;
And, scarcely cow'rs his wing to light,
Ere he again has ta'en his flight.

Full in my mind, came ev'ry word,
That Hubert said of Mary's need;
Mention of Ellen, seldom heard;
And fresh his smile of pity came;
And his kind heart and gen'rous deed
Put all my sland'rous thoughts to shame.

And thus my thoughts beguil'd the way,
Till deep'ning shades of ev'ning grey
Had fled, before the gloom of night.
And, distant now, the glimm'ring ray,
From Mary's cottage, shone;
It cheer'd my heart, my steps, more light,
Pass'd, o'er the valley lone;

And now they climb'd the little hill,
And gain'd the threshold stone....

My heart misgave; that sudden chill,
That ran my brow so swiftly o'er,
When first I op'd the cottage door,
Came, like the harbinger of wo.
And Carlo, on the cottage floor,
Crouching, in seeming sorrow, low,
Whose eager bark was wont, before,
To charge me briskly, at the door,
Did half confirm my fears of ill.

With rapid turn, mine eyes survey'd
The cottage o'er, and then, with care,
Search'd ev'ry nook, for Ellen, round;
Scarce glance at Mary once they made.
Expectant, still my willing ear
Listen'd, the welcome voice to hear.

In vain, I waited for the sound,
In vain, I sought for Ellen there.

And when, with eager glance, at first,
On Mary's eyes, my own were bent,
Her look my very heart did burst,
For pity, to my soul it went.
On face of flesh and blood, I ween,
Such look before was never seen.

Though I have mark'd the sorrow flow,
Down the pale cheek of sad dismay;
Such calm despair, such silent wo,
As reign'd, o'er ev'ry feature then,
Though, in my mind, I see it now,
Sure I shall never see agen,
In mortal sight, on mortal brow.
Such piteous look will surely go,
With mem'ry, to my dying day;
For then it seem'd, in sorrow's need,

As if her very soul would part.
Such look would tame the blackest heart,
That ever thought revengeful deed ;
'Twould make the wretch his crimes repent ;
'Twould blind the murd'rer's dark'ning eye,
In purpose bent, and make the brand
Fall, sudden, from his nerveless hand.
'Twould make the robber's heart relent ;
And urge the miser's pitying sigh.

Half utter'd was the word, that hung,
At first, upon my trembling tongue ;
And quiv'ring lip and swelling heart
Soon bade me, from my purpose, part ;
For Mary's features shew'd me there
More grief, than Edwy well might bear.

Her eyes, upon the floor, were bent,
Forward, from age, her body leant ;
Her arms, upon her lap, repos'd,

Her wither'd hands, in grief, were clos'd ;
Her forehead, checker'd o'er, with cares,
Bore furrows deep and silver hairs :
And, all the while, in silent wo,
Down her old face, where bitter tears
Had left the lines of former years,
Big drops of heavy grief did flow.

And now her streaming eyes, to Heaven
Raising, she fix'd a moment there ;
Lifting her hands, still join'd, in pray'r,
As if she felt an instant then,
Some feeble ray of hope were given.
And now her hands were fall'n agen ;
And now, again dejected low,
Her eyes sent forth their streams of wo,
As if her last faint hope were riven,
And naught remain'd, but sure despair.

And oft her sadly piercing look
Came to my soul, with sharp rebuke.
Mine eyes some rig'rous meaning read,
When thus she turn'd her glance on me;
She rais'd her hands, and wav'd her head,
And sighed, and wept most bitterly.

Then was I fain the more, to know
The cause of poor, old Mary's wo.
For, on my cheek, though ready pride,
At once, th' ungen'rous charge denied,
Yet, when I found my colour came,
I fear'd 'twould look, like guilt and shame;
And, with my passing thought, the more
This fancy spread the crimson o'er.

At length, my feelings forc'd their way;
But, when my fearful question came,
And when I mention'd Ellen's name,

Such sorrow trembled through her frame,
I thought it was her dying day.
She sobb'd aloud, her hands she wrung,
And, on her knees, she feebly fell;
Her wither'd arms around me flung,
And then besought, that I would tell,
Where was her dear, her only child.

And then, with piteous look, she smil'd,
And faintly clasp'd my knees, and said,
Her blessing should be on my head,
If her last wish were not denied,
To see her once, before she died.

And, though, by all my hopes in Heaven,
Of life to come, and sins forgiven,
I said, till then, I ne'er had known,
That Ellen, from the cot, had gone,
And poor, old Mary wept alone;
Yet, though I said it often o'er,

She sighed, and shook her head the more;
And scarcely lent a list'ning ear,
One word of all my vows to hear;
Till tears, at Mary's grief, that fell,
Down Edwy's cheek, did surely tell,
His heart, for others' woes, could feel,
And naught he knew, but Ellen's weal.

And when, at last, the frequent tear
Shew'd, that my words were all sincere;
And Mary fain would tell the tale,
Her feeble voice did often fail:
And of the story many a word
Was lost, or indistinctly heard;
For, ere her heart could tell me all,
Her sobs were deep, her voice was small,
And fast the bitter tears did fall.

She said, it was a month before,
When Ellen bent her steps away;

Dress'd, in her plaid and bonnet gay,
To visit, on the neighb'ring moor,
At Agnes' cot, the hill beside.
And, when old Mary bade her sure
Return, before the close of day,
Ellen, with feeble voice, replied,
She should be home, at eventide.
And, when she spake, though Mary heard
Her feeble voice and fault'ring word;
And plainly mark'd she trembled o'er,
While standing, at the cottage door;
The winter air was cold and chill,
And Ellen had, of late, been ill,
And Mary thought of naught beside.

But, when she cross'd the frozen brook,
While Mary, through the casement, spied,
Oft Ellen stopp'd, and, turning, gaz'd,
Backward, toward the little hill;
And, while she cast her ling'ring look,

It seem'd at first, as if she cried,
For oft her kerchief then she rais'd;
But piercing was the winter air,
Which Ellen's eyes could poorly bear.

Now swiftly pass'd the hours away;
Deep, in the west, the parting sun
Mark'd the short race of winter day;
Its fleeting gold no longer shone
On little hill, and cottage lone;
Its fading lustre, faintly seen,
Danc'd, o'er the pine's perennial green;
Short while, its gaudy colour now
Flounc'd round the mountain's win'try brow:
And, while the last fantastick ray
Curl'd, o'er its cap of drifted snow,
'Twas ev'ning, in the vale below.

No longer Mary's sharpest ken
Saw little hill, or neighb'ring glen.

And oft she op'd the cottage door;
And oft she held her breath, to hea[illegible]
Ellen or Carlo, on the hill;
And now it seem'd, as they were near;
And Carlo, when the wind was strong,
Seem'd coming, with the blast, along;
And now again 'twas sunken low;
And now its breath did cease, to blow
The brake, along the crusted snow:
And now its lightest whisper, still,
No sound remain'd, on Mary's ear.

At length, with weariness oppress'd,
And thinking Ellen, on the moor,
At Agnes' cot, would pass the night,
And speed her home, at morning light,
Old Mary laid her limbs to rest....

Broad day, upon the cottage, shown,
Ere Mary woke; and, scarce she mourn'd,

That Ellen yet had not return'd,
When, by the wonted bark, 'twas known,
Carlo was on the threshold stone.

Quickly she rose, and op'd the door,
Her lips half said the greeting fair,
Forward she reach'd her welcome hand.....
Then fail'd her heart, she scarce could stand,
The little Ellen was not there;
And Carlo had return'd alone.

Slowly he pass'd the threshold o'er;
And lagging step and panting tongue
Spake weary limbs, and journey long.
No track, upon the morning snow,
The print of Ellen's foot did show.
Old Mary look'd, towards the moor,
But naught of Ellen she discern'd;
At length, with heavy heart, she turn'd,
And slowly clos'd the cottage door.

Full fast were gath'ring Mary's fears,
And doubts, upon her mind, did crowd.
And now she thought of Ellen's tears,
Which, 'neath the hawthorn, once she spied,
And Ellen strove, in vain, to hide;
And how, upon her little bed,
When e'er, of late, her pray'rs she said,
Ellen had often sobb'd aloud.

And now old Mary's mind was bent,
To seek for Ellen, on the moor.
Her sad repast, in haste she made,
And scarce the besom, ere she went,
Pass'd lightly, round the cottage floor:
Her humble couch she loosely spread....
Then trembled Mary's feeble frame,
Cold dew, upon forehead, came,
When first she turn'd her pillow o'er;
For none, but Ellen, there had laid
The purse, that Mary's hands had made.

Full many years before,
The token Mary's self had given
To Ellen, on a Christmas even.

It was a gift, for mem'ry dear,
And, only once, in ev'ry year,
Ellen this treasure wore;
When merry Christmas eve came round,
And holly deck'd the cottage fair;
And Agnes, Ann, and Constance there
Partook, of Ellen's welcome cheer;
Or forward bent, with ear profound,
Old Mary's wond'rous tale to hear;
Of wizard's might, and giant's brand,
And legend fair, of fairy land.

But now, for sorrow's heavy swell,
And tears, like floods of rain, that fell,
No more the tale could Mary tell.
But, from its place, the purse she took,

And, while, upon my hand, she laid,
Though naught she spake, yet, in her look,
Her very soul might well be read.

My trembling fingers scarce unbound
The silken string, that tied it round.

Ah, wand'rer ! sure, I need not tell
What sorrow, from mine eyes, there fell,
When, glancing down, they wander'd there,
O'er purse, and gold, and trinkets fair ;
And, how my brow was damp and cold,
When first they fix'd their eager gaze,
Upon the little em'rald's rays,
Which Hubert's finger us'd to wear.

And how my heart strings, weak and old,
Their struggling pris'ner scarce could hold,
When, last of all, I ponder'd, o'er
The tale of grief, that Ellen told.

In ev'ry line, 'twas plain, to spy
The trembling hand and tearful eye.

It was an artless tale of sorrow ;
How she had lent a willing ear,
Long since, of Hubert's love to hear ;
How kind were all the words, that hung,
So false, upon his wily tongue :
And how she oft had said, 'twas shame,
That gallant youth should wed with her ;
And bade him woo some city dame,
While Ellen chang'd her humble name,
For that of some poor cottager.
And how would Hubert gently smile,
And, gazing, on her face, the while,
Swear, that the fates would ill betide,
If Ellen were not Hubert's bride.

And how, at last, with fair disguise,
And plighted vows, and tears, and sighs,

He robb'd her of her dearest fame;
And how poor Ellen's op'ning eyes
First shed the bitter drops of morrow.

How chang'd was ev'ry scene!
The purling brook, she lov'd to hear,
Though soft it murmur'd, pain'd her ear.
The matin lark, whose lofty measure
Could turn her morning toil to pleasure;
Though still his notes were loud and high,
Call'd the big tear to Ellen's eye.
All wither'd seem'd those hawthorn bow'rs,
Where she had pass'd her happiest hours;
Tho' ne'er more lovely shone their flow'rs,
Mid leaves of livelier green.

And how, full oft, at rustling brake,
Her cheek would flush, her limbs would shake;
And how, when Carlo brush'd her by,
She started wild, yet knew not why;

And, when he frisk'd, in gambol gay,
How tears, unwonted, found their way.

And then she bade her last farewell;
Saying, her feet no more could dwell,
Where ev'ry scene did sadly tell
Of former joys, of present wo,
How happy once, how wretched now
Was Ellen's hopeless doom.

Still could she bear the world's rebuke,
Her own remorse, and woman's scorn;
Nay, all but Mary's piteous look.
That look of grief, when once 'twas known,
Her child was lost, her name was gone,
Poor Ellen's thread of life would sever.
Far better, when her babe was born,
To seek some lowly tomb,
And hide her, from the world, forever.

And thus her last request she made;
"Mother! this purse thy hands convey'd,
To Ellen, in her childish years;
'Tis now, beneath thy pillow, laid,
Wet, with thy daughter's bitter tears;
Mother! if thine with mine can blend,
Shed here thy deepest drops of sorrow;
And dream thy daughter's days did end,
Ere op'd her eyes, to weep for morrow."

"This em'rald ring to Hubert bear,
Tell him, for me, the pledge to wear.
Tell him, MY LOVE AND CONSTANCY
WITH LIFE, SHALL E'ER ABIDE;
For these were Hubert's words to me,
One summer's eventide."

"Fair was that eve, like Ellen's heart,
And ev'ry bird did sing,

When Hubert, near the little brook,
Bestow'd this em'rald ring."

"Tell him, for cold neglect and long,
Though Ellen's tears do steal,
Her heart ne'er chides him, for the wrong:
Nor has that heart a wish, so strong,
As that, for Hubert's weal."

"Tell him, if, on the scroll of Heaven,
A crime be found, recorded there,
The hapless Ellen's ruin'd fame,
Against the wretched Hubert's name;
Kind Heav'n will grant, her tears may fall,
And wash that record, from the scroll;
And, in its place, shall stand, as fair,
The little Ellen's constant pray'r,
That Hubert's crime may be forgiven"....

Fast then did Edwy's sorrow part,
Fast did the tear-drops flow ;
For shame, at Hubert's cruel heart,
For grief, at Ellen's wo.

In vain, those tears of sorrow flow'd,
In vain, were all my words bestow'd ;
And, all in vain, I strove to raise
Old Mary's hopes, of happier days,
When Ellen's self should sooth her woes.
Still ev'ry look was deep dismay,
No word, in answer, e'er she said ;
With downward brow, she wav'd her head ;
And ev'ry flood of tears, that rose,
Wash'd, from her heart, those hopes away.
As rising billow washes o'er
Frail marks, upon the sandy shore.

At length, she said, all hopes were gone,
Her cup was full, her race was run ;

And well she knew, their sins forgiven,
She soon should meet her child, in Heaven :
For heart, so kind, and love, so strong,
Could ne'er endure such fortune long.

To Hubert, then she bade me bring
Ellen's forgiveness, and the ring ;
And say, of all those years of wo,
That hapless Hubert soon must know,
Old Mary wish'd no more,
Of all those days of bitter gall,
To wretched Hubert's lot might fall ;
Than, when his youth had wan'd away,
And blood grew chill, and locks were grey,
One still, reflecting hour....

And, when I left the little cot,
With kindest words my heart could feel,
Of tidings soon, and Ellen's weal ;
It seem'd, as if she heard me not :

And, when my hand the latch did raise,
Her eyes were fix'd, upon the blaze....

My tears fast were flowing,
The chill blast was blowing,
'Twas midnight, and lone was the way, o'er the moor;
Though dreary and cheerless,
My bosom was fearless,
And strong were my steps, as I turn'd, from the door.
The woes of poor Ellen
My heart high were swelling;
That heart, 'gainst the spoiler, beat, heavy and strong;
Those lips, that had bless'd him,
Those hands, that caress'd him,
Implor'd Heaven's vengeance, to wait on the wrong.

Yet, when I thought, how oft his brow,
Of late, was clouded o'er, with wo;
And when the cause was now so clear,
Of sudden start, and frequent tear,

And late carouse, and goblet high,
And all unwonted revelry;
Some hope rose feebly o'er my mind:
No youth was e'er as Hubert kind;
His smile was fair, his heart was free,
In deeds of gentlest charity.
And sure, for Ellen, it must feel,
Though black with crimes, and cas'd in steel.
But much I fear'd, he ne'er, for pride,
Would seek poor Ellen, for his bride.

Yet firm was Edwy's purpose then,
That ne'er his limbs should rest agen,
Though his old knees might need delay,
Though cold the blast, and long the way;
Until, to Hubert, he should bring
The words of Ellen, and the ring.
And, if the wretch should recreant prove,
Alike to honour and to love;
Then Edwy's bitter curse should flow,

On Hubert's head forever;
And, o'er the world, his steps should go,
Till wand'ring Ellen, safe from harms,
Found rest, in aged Edwy's arms:
Nor pause, till then, his feet should know,
Till life's frail thread should sever.

Then Edwy's store would well supply
The days, of Ellen's destiny;
For I had grown, in service, grey,
And wasted ne'er my gains away.....

The day did dawn, yet, on mine ear,
As homeward now approaching near,
Came the loud shout and laughter high,
With mingled sounds of revelry.

And, when my foot-steps reach'd the hall,
'Twas rude carouse, and riot all.

Round went the song and jovial glee,
And Hubert's voice rang merrily.

His mirth swell'd high my heart, the more ;
In scorn, I gaz'd his features o'er ;
And soon I mark'd his kindling eye,
That met my look, in fierce reply.
For oft, of late, my hints did fall,
'Gainst nights of endless revelry.

In wrath, upon my face, he gaz'd ;
His wine-sick brain could poorly brook
My bended brow, and clouded look.
And, when I wav'd my locks of grey,
His burning anger forc'd its way ;
A goblet, from the board, he rais'd,
He hurl'd the cup, it scath'd my brow,
And big, red drops began to flow.
Then riot rose, and all the throng
Rang loud applause, in laughter long.

But Hubert's face was clouded o'er;
For, still, regardless of the blow,
With look unchang'd, such glance I bore,
As Edwy never gave before.
And Hubert well might feel amaze,
For bold and scorching was my gaze.

Down my grey hairs, the red stream ran,
While slowly thus, my words began;
"Hubert! these hairs resent the wrong!
Thine aim was true, thine arm is strong;
So, Hubert, once were mine:
Where this old scar marks o'er my brow,
From which, once more the stream does flow,
I bore, for thee, a ruffian's blow;
This arm then laid the victim low,
And sav'd that life of thine!"

Full, in his eye, the tear-drop came,
He gnaw'd his lip, for rage and shame....

Wand'rer, when youthful blood ran high,
When toys and trifles were thy cares,
Didst e'er, in boyish revelry,
Scoff, at an old man's silver hairs?
If so, perhaps thy heart has born
That old man's silent look of scorn.
Then well thou know'st, why slept that hall,
Where late 'twas noise and riot all;
For, slowly round, such glance I bore,
As added words had made more poor....

Soon went the crowd; and, slowly then,
I thus resum'd my words agen;
"Hubert! 'tis true, in other years,
    For such ungen'rous deed,
Old Edwy's eyes would fill with tears,
    For grief, his heart would bleed"....

His trembling lips could naught reply,
And tears o'erflow'd his downward eye,

For, scarce had gone the noisy crowd,
Ere fast he wept and sobb'd aloud.....

"Hubert! preserve those tears, that flow,
And shed them, for another's wo!
If, in thy breast, remorse, for wrong,
Can plunge its deadly sting;
If e'er thy heart of steel can bleed,
For blackest crime, for foulest deed;
Weep, for the woes of her, to whom
Thou gav'st this em'rald ring!"

Wild then and sudden was his start;
Soon, from his lips, the blood did part.
And strangely now he fix'd his gaze,
Upon the little em'rald's blaze.
And still, his fading sight did glare;
His eye seem'd still directed there,
Nor more than seem'd; now reel'd his head,
His senses fail'd, his vigour fled.

Then flush'd my face, my fears grew strong,
For flick'ring life had linger'd long;
And long I chaf'd his palms and brows,
Ere, to his cheek, the life-blood rose.

At length, there came a piteous sigh;
And, when the little em'rald's light
Glanc'd, on his slowly lifting eye,
He strangely shudder'd, at the sight.

And, when I deem'd his strength would bear
To hear the tale, I told him all;
And mark'd the bitter tear-drops fall.
And, ere of half, my lips could say,
They rested oft, in short delay;
For oft his cheek grew deadly pale,
And oft his senses 'gan to fail.

But, when I said, "for all the wrong,
She chides thee not; her constant pray'r

Shall stand, upon the scroll of Heaven,
That Hubert's crime may be forgiven;"
Both palms his wretched face did hide,
While, with short sobs, he feebly cried,
"Oh! spare me, cruel Edwy, spare!"

"No, Hubert!" Edwy then replied,
"Still heavier be thy sorrow laden!
Still flow thy tears, in bitter tide!
Thou didst not spare an hapless maiden!
Though heavy now thy heart may seem,
Yet light shall be that heart tomorrow;
Not far is now that bright'ning beam,
Whose smile shall chase away thy sorrow.
Oh, Hubert! can thy heart be gay,
While Ellen's tears flow fast, forever?"
With quiv'ring lip, he quick did say,
"No! good old Edwy, never! never!
Her wrongs shall be my daily theme;
Her woes shall be my nightly dream;

No smile, upon this brow, shall beam;
No joy, within this heart, shall gleam;
No garb I'll wear, but weeds of wo;
No rest my wand'ring feet shall know;
In ev'ry draught, my tears shall show'r,
And mingle, with the spring;
Till Ellen's hand, in bridal hour,
Receive this em'rald ring!"....

Soft were my hours of short repose;
I dream'd, that poor, old Mary's woes
And hapless Ellen's griefs were o'er,
And Hubert was a wretch no more....

Now, from my couch, in haste I rose,
That Mary's heart might joy, to know
The tidings fair of Hubert's vow.
And, ne'er with half the speed, before,
Old Edwy reach'd the cottage door.

Lightly my footsteps enter'd there,
While, on my brow, smil'd tidings fair.
Upon her bed, old Mary laid ;
Her hands were clasp'd, as if she pray'd.
But soon I mark'd, though piercing cold,
No blaze the cottage hearth did hold ;
And Carlo, couch'd, beside the bed,
With piteous whine, and lifted head.

One eager glance assur'd me now,
Her wither'd chin had sunken low.
And, in her eye, half op'd, half clos'd,
The silent look of death repos'd.
Her last sad tear had ceas'd to flow,
And, frozen, on her cheek, did stand.
And, when I lightly pass'd my hand,
With trembling haste, upon her brow,
My fingers seem'd on mountain snow !....

Wanderer, have you ever seen,
Half hidden, in the lowland green,
The bashful lily of the vale;
One single bell, upon a stem?
Whose fragrance, floated on the gale,
Whose lustre brighter grew,
When closer to the flow'r you came,
And gaz'd, with nearer view?
And, when you rais'd its little head,
More fragrance and new lustre shed;
And, when releas'd, resum'd again
Its humble air and modest mien?

And have you torn away the flow'r,
The plaything of an idle hour,
And thrown it lightly by?
And did you e'er, at parting, view
The stock, on which the lily grew,
And mark, how soon the feeble stem,

Dishonour'd of its only gem,
    Would droop, and pine, and die?

Thus lovely once did Ellen seem,
When first, beside the little stream,
Hubert her artless charms survey'd,
As there, at eventide, she stray'd.

Thus, on her cheek, the deep'ning hue,
More closely seen, more lovely grew;
And thus her modest head she hung,
When love was first, on Hubert's tongue.
And thus he stole away the flow'r,
The plaything of an idle hour,
    And threw it lightly by;
And thus old Mary's heart, despoil'd,
Robb'd of her dear, her only child,
    Did droop, and pine, and die....

Soon turn'd away my footsteps then,
And never pass'd the vale agen.
But, when I left the lonely cot,
Old Carlo seem'd to heed me not;
Still fix'd, he gaz'd, upon the bed,
With piteous whine, and lifted head:
Nor could I force him, from the spot.

But, as I pass'd a cottier's cell,
And stopp'd, of Mary's death to tell;
I then, for faithful Carlo, there
Besought an aged herdsman's care,
Who said, he knew the lurcher well....

Long were the tale, of Hubert's woes,
And constant toil, and short repose,
And frequent tear, and bitter sigh;
And fading cheek, and fever'd eye,

And wild resolve, before a word
Of hapless Ellen's fate he heard.

As long the tale, as sad to hear,
Of wand'ring Ellen's constant tear,
And drooping head, and fainting heart,
And flick'ring life, that long'd to part;
And sharp rebuke, and woman's scorn,
Long, ere her happy babe was born;
Scarce to breathe the air of morrow,
Ere to leave a world of sorrow.

'Twere wrong, thy gentle heart should know,
Of all those hours of varied wo,
That long the friendless Ellen bore.
And shall my lips, unwilling, tell
What vice and misery did dwell,
Where my long search, at last, regain'd
All, that of Ellen still remain'd?
Kind stranger, let me pass it o'er....

But no, for now thine anxious eyes
Do speak unkind, unjust surmise....

And is thy luckless fortune blind,
To half the worth of womankind?
And canst thou, in ungen'rous part,
Think lightly of a woman's heart?

Such thoughts were mine, but long before
The frothy tide of youth was o'er.
And long, till manhood drew the veil,
'Gainst woman's heart, I lov'd to rail;
'Gainst woman's heart, I lov'd to hear
The jest unkind, and word severe.
For, oft it surely seem'd to me,
That woman's love and constancy
Were legend light, and fairy tale.

I thought, as, than a feather fair,
More light is filmy gossamer;

So woman's heart was lighter far,
Than lightest breath of summer air,
Which is so light, it scarce can bear
The filmiest thread of gossamer.

But if, 'gainst gentle woman, aught
Thou bear'st, in such ungen'rous thought,
Shame on a heart, that would disown
The fairest jewel, in its crown!
Oh! let such thought forever go!
Or never, never shalt thou know
Life's dearest drop of balm, that flows
To mingle, with thy worldly woes.

And, through thy mortal journey, long,
Thy loss shall pay thee, for the wrong.
Thy bitter youth shall never feel
That tear of soul-felt rapture steal,
While dearest thoughts thy heart beguile,
Of tender love and constancy;

Gazing on heav'nly woman's smile,
That lives and loves, alone for thee.

Thy stale noon day of life shall run,
Before another's youth is done :

On woman, if thou hadst bestow'd,
In youth, thy love, thy constant cares ;
Lighter, by half, had been thy load,
Fewer, by half, had been thy tears.
Vain then will be thy hopes, to borrow
A constant heart, to sooth thy sorrow.

And, when thy wane is chill and drear,
And, when the verge of life is near ;
No woman's love and constancy
Shall shed one bitter tear for thee ;
No hand shall ask thy last caressing ;
No child shall seek thy tender blessing....

If, 'gainst the heart of Ellen now,
Surmise does, in thy bosom, flow,
Oh, let one gen'rous tear-drop part,
And blot the scandal, from thy heart!

No varying griefs her love could change,
No weight of woes her heart estrange.

And, if thou marvell'st, how it fell,
That Ellen's feet e'er came to dwell,
In haunts of vice; then, stranger, know,
Perfidious man, in pity's guise,
Did basely lure her to the cell!
And, there detain'd, long vainly strove,
Poor Ellen's changeless heart to move,
With paltry gold and empty sighs.

For, when he found her, houseless, poor,
And begging alms, from door to door;
He said, 'twas shame, that one, so fair,

Such cruel part were doom'd to bear;
And, kindly ask'd, that she would tell,
Where chanc'd herself and friends to dwell.

And, when he knew no friends were near,
No father's shield, no brother's spear,
Whose lion-heart might not be long,
To right an injur'd sister's wrong;
His gallant soul, its purpose high,
Her cup of bitter gall to fill,
To make a wretch more wretched still,
Conceal'd, beneath a pitying sigh.
He said, he knew a gentle friend,
An aged dame, whose ample store,
And tender heart, and friendly door
Were always open to the poor.

And thus the practis'd wretch deceiv'd,
And artless Ellen all believ'd.

And thus he lur'd her to the cell,
Where vice and misery did dwell.

Long time he strove, with purpose vain,
O'er Ellen's constant heart to reign.
At length, the wretch, with naught to boast,
But time and labour, basely lost,
Turn'd from the chase, and gave it o'er;
And cast no thought of Ellen more.

Her weary woes, at last, o'ercame
Her tender heart, and feeble frame;
And, in her wildly staring eye,
Now rag'd the burning hectick high.
No gentle hand, no constant care
Turn'd Ellen's fever'd pillow there:
And, had not Heav'n directed then
My steps, to find her secret cell,
My feet had sought the wretch, in vain.
For Ellen ne'er I dream'd to see,

In haunts, like these; where sorrow's pow'r,
And cruel man's perfidious part
Can oft compel the wretched heart,
To short-liv'd vice and misery;
Till, to mine ear, a tale there came,
That, in these hideous haunts, did dwell
A wretch, who turn'd her haggard eye,
From man's, as from a tiger's low'r;
And oft, in her delirious hour,
Call'd wildly, upon Hubert's name,
And rav'd of love and constancy....

Oh! 'twas a piteous thing, to see
The little Ellen's misery.
For fever'd blood and constant care
Had strangely shorn her flowing hair.
That eye, whose glance could once reveal
Whate'er her gentle soul did feel,
That hazel eye did strangely glare,
And, in its socket, sunken low,

Now told of naught, but wild despair.
Care's anxious hand had stamp'd, e'en now,
Its checker'd signet, on her brow.
Her cheek, deep lin'd, by streaming woes,
Display'd, by fits, the fev'rish rose,
And pallid lily, sadly fair.
And, when the hectick strife was o'er,
Then, on her cheek, the rose no more
Strove, 'gainst the pale usurper's pow'r;
The lily sat, in triumph there.
Scarce aught remain'd, by which, to know
'Twas Ellen, but her tale of wo....

That hawthorn, which I oft have seen,
With flow'rs, so fair, and leaves, so green,
Long since has yielded to the storm,
And stands, like Ellen's blighted form.
Its pride, its fragrance, all have past
Away, before the wint'ry blast;
Its flow'r is lost, its leaf is shorn;

And, save its sharp and rugged thorn,
No sign is seen, no vestige there,
Of lovely hawthorn, once so fair....

Yet, still some fading lines were seen,
That told, what Ellen once had been.
For nature's stamp, so fair and strong,
Must stand the tide of sorrow long....

But, wand'rer, well thy wearied ear
May lag, an old man's tale to hear.
And, if the tale has been too long,
Forgive an old man's erring tongue;
Whose mem'ry loves to linger, o'er
The days of youth, the scenes of yore....

Now the mower's toil is ending,
Flocks and herds are homeward bending;
And, mark! beneath the mountain's brow,
The parting sun has sunken low....

The time of summer's day were small,
If thou wouldst hear, to tell thee all;
Of tender meeting, sadly fair;
Of Ellen's tear, of Hubert's pray'r;
And how, at first, poor Ellen sighed,
When Hubert sought her, for his bride.
She said, her heart had lost its pride,
  Her soul must wend to Heaven.
And how, when Ellen came to know,
Of wretched Hubert's dreadful vow,
She wore the ring, in bridal hour,
And said, that all her griefs were o'er:
For, though she felt they soon must part,
Yet, now she knew, that Hubert's heart
  Would surely be forgiven.

And how, of all, when tidings came,
To Hubert's sire; for rage and shame,
He fiercely turn'd him from his door:

For Hubert then had long withstood
His cruel sire's unbending mood ;
And ne'er would give his heartless hand,
For wealthy lady's gear and land.

And how old Edwy ne'er before,
Mid all the joys of better years,
Knew such a dear, and heart-felt hour,
As, when his constant pray'rs and tears
Prevail'd, on Hubert's heart, to take
His ample store, for Ellen's sake.

And how, at length, no more to bide,
Where cruel sire and heartless friend
Did rudely scoff, and fiercely chide ;
Old Edwy cross'd the ocean billow,
With Hubert and his drooping bride.
And how, when Ellen's toils were ending,
When life and death were gently blending,

Poor Hubert's sleepless eye did bend,
For days and nights, o'er Ellen's pillow....

When Ellen's soul had gone to Heaven,
Her mortal frame, by Hubert's care,
Was laid, beneath the willow there.
And oft he sought the spot, at even,
And scatter'd wild flow'rs, o'er the tomb.

Strange seem'd his brow, his grief was dumb.
He rais'd no sigh, no tear he shed,
Nor word of Ellen e'er he said;
But silent thus, for hours, would stay,
Gazing, upon the tablet grey.

It was a month or more,
After the hapless Ellen died,
When first poor Hubert's change I spied,
And knew, that all was o'er.

Hubert was then mine only care;
And, oft I strove to sooth his mind,
Aiding his daily search, to find
The wild wood-rose and lily fair.

One eve, as Hubert thus did stray,
I mark'd his look more earnest grew:
At length, with eager haste, he flew,
And pluck'd a little hare-bell, blue;
And, strangely smiling, toss'd away
The wild wood-rose, and lily gay.
And cried, while reaching out the flow'r,
"Edwy, it is my wedding day;
This pledge of love, good Edwy, bear,
And say, to Ellen, she must wear
This em'rald ring, in bridal hour."

And, while my heart with sorrow bled,
I turn'd to hide my grief, and said,
"Sure, dearest Hubert, thou dost know,

That pass'd is Ellen's bridal hour!
And, sure thou know'st, this little thing,
Which thou dost call an em'rald ring,
Is nothing but an hare-bell flow'r!"

Then first his tears began to flow;
Wild was the piteous look he gave;
And, as he slowly turn'd to go,
He mutter'd, "'tis a cruel thing,
That Edwy will not bear the ring:
Ellen will chide my long delay."

And, when, as reas'ning words were vain,
I said, to sooth his fever'd brain,
"Stay, dearest Hubert, weep not so;
Edwy will bear that ring, for thee!"
He turn'd, and gaz'd me wildly o'er,
As one he ne'er had seen before;
And cried, "who art thou? art thou he,
Who made the little Ellen's grave?

And wilt thou make a grave, for me?"
And then his features sadly smil'd;
And then they chang'd to laughter wild.
And, then, in haste, he turn'd away,
And sought the spot, where Ellen lay.
And, when the willow came in sight,
He turn'd, and whisper'd, in mine ear,
Some, words, so low, I could not hear:
Then, with slow tread, and footing light,
And lifted finger, creeping near,
Short while, his list'ning ear he laid,
Upon the tablet low;
Then, slowly rising, wav'd his head,
And tears began to flow.

Then couch'd, upon the tablet grey,
Till slumber chas'd his woes away,
As now, beneath the lonely willow,
He makes the simple stone his pillow....

Plainer now, thou hear'st the fountain,
  Murm'ring brook, and tinkling bell;
Day has gone, beyond the mountain;
  Eventide is in the dell....

    Go, gentle wand'rer, go!
The task is o'er, the tale is told:
And, sure, thy heart will ne'er withhold
One pray'r, that Hubert's bitter tears
May blot the crime of former years;
    One sigh, for Ellen's wo.

THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.

THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.

Now, blithe, the fairy circles glide,
In frolick dance, at eventide;
They screen their forms, from mortal eye,
In green and silver livery:
Green is the mead, on which they stray,
And silver is the moonbeam's ray.

Within the magick ring,
There stands a cave, whose thousand rays
The silver beam, in pride, displays;
Blending the crytal's gairish sheen,
With lively light of jasper green:

Its dome, with crystal, is array'd,
And jasper gems its colonnade :
There reigns th' Æolian king....

Slow rising, from the cavern'd hall,
First comes an aged seneschal.
His finger, on his lips, he lays,
The sign the fairy band obeys ;
They cease the dance, they form the ring,
And wait, expectant, for the king.

The monarch comes ; again, to all,
The sign the seneschal conveys,
His finger, on his lips, he lays ;
No fairy, from the ring, does stir,
But, on the knee, they lightly fall,
And wave their wands of gossamer.

The high command, on rapid wing,
Bears Zephyr, herald of the king,

To ev'ry breeze and ev'ry gale,
On mountain cliff, in lowland dale.
E'en to the winds, that gently sweep
The tiny stream, and curl the deep,
The herald bears the tidings high.
The East alone and all his train,
Unbidden to the court, remain.
Instant, the winds obedient fly;
Around their monarch's cave they stand,
And, silent, wait their king's command.

All own their lord, from noisy North,
Who leads his blasts, in riot, forth,
E'en to the breeze, that softly blows,
In love, upon the wild wood-rose.

All, but the whirlwind, at the word,
Speed, with liege haste, before their lord;
He bade th' Æolian herald, bring
His bold defiance, to the king....

Uprose the kings of winds; the band
Of fairies rise, and round him stand.
No breeze dare move, whose breath could stir
Their little wands of gossamer.
Swift, at the word, an herald brings
The living lyre, of silver strings;
And, in th' Æolian monarch's name,
He makes aloud the high proclaim.
"Come, all ye winds, who dare aspire,
To sweep the soft Æolian lyre!
In order rise, no humble meed
Is, to the victor wind, decreed;
Be it or zephyr, breeze, or gale,
Whose skill shall, o'er the lyre, prevail!"

The herald ceas'd; when, loud and strong,
The Northwind rush'd amid the throng;
Unmarshall'd forth, he sprang, and siez'd the lyre:
With wild, tremendous hand, he pass'd,
Along the chords, in wint'ry blast.

So rude the touch, so rough the measure,
The fairies fled, and, from their hands,
In fear, they dropp'd their magick wands.
Confusion ran, through all the crowd,
And trembling zephyrs sighed aloud.
Yet was the noisy North so vain,
He fain would have the lyre again;
The lyre had rapt his soul, in pleasure.
The herald rose, and bade the North retire.
Again, obedient to the king,
The fairies form'd the magick ring....

Again the herald made proclaim;
The herald ceas'd....th' inconstant South uprose;
No zephyr, in his train, there came:
With conscious pride, he vaunted forth,
Pleas'd, at the failure of the North;
For North and South were old and deadly foes.

Amid the fairy throng,
With lofty step and strong,
He proudly swept along.

Wild and fantastick were the sounds he made.
Now madly bold, now trembling and afraid,
His fev'rish hand, with haste, display'd
The varying notes, from high to low :
And now, with rapid hand of fire,
He rudely twang'd the chords, and now
He softly crept, along the lyre.

Proud of his skill, he glanc'd around,
Upon the North, in high disdain,
Whose hand had tried the lyre, in vain :
And now his notes again grew strong ;
He sought, for higher fame.
But, when he found, from all the throng,
No murm'ring plaudit came ;

His hand grew light, he lower'd his tone,
And glanc'd, upon the monarch's throne:
The monarch frown'd.
Sudden, he lost his native fire,
And, quiv'ring, fault'ring, dropp'd the lyre;
And died away, for shame.

The herald now could scarce restrain
The North wind, from the lyre again.

Once more the herald made proclaim;
And now a thousand clouds there came,
With hollow blast and tempest strong,
That pioneer'd the East along.
Soon rose the king of winds, in ire,
And bade the pioneers retire;
And tell their lord, who dare resort,
Unbidden to th' Æolian court,
To keep his blast and tempest bound,
Whene'er the harp of winds should sound;

Nor then permit his clouds to stray,
Athwart the moonbeam's silv'ry way.

Swift, at the word, away they pass'd,
Like April clouds, in Southern blast....

Thrice now the herald made proclaim,
Ere forth the modest West wind came :
Twelve zephyrs, in his train, did move,
Who breath'd the balmy breath of love.

At first, with single hand,
He softly swept the silver strings along ;
And, when he found his hand was true,
He paus'd, upon the lyre.
While of the zephyr band
One, lightly, o'er the harp, his fingers threw ;
His tiny fingers trembled, as they flew,
Unwont, alone, to raise a note, so strong.

He ceas'd; another came, and now again
Another; till no zephyr did remain,
Of all the little choir,
Who had not tried his quav'ring skill,
Upon the silver lyre:
Now sleeps the harp of winds, and all is still!....

Hark! it is the lyre again!
Rest thy breath, to catch the strain!
Now, in choir, the zephyr throng
Gently sweep the chords along!

Hark! they wake the trembling measure!
Now they warble notes of pleasure,
Glee and roundelay!
Now they raise their wild notes higher!
And now they swell the sounds, in fullest choir!
And now they die away!
Yet die, so gently, on thine ear,
That still the sounds thou seem'st to hear.

Again the harp is still ; and now
A smile is on the monarch's brow.
Cheer'd, by that smile, advances, to the lyre,
The West, alone, the zephyr train retire.
And now, along the silver strings,
His magick hand he lightly flings,
In measure, gently wild.
And now he lifts his anxious gaze ;
'Tis not to seek the monarch's praise ;
But much the timid West did fear,
He might displease the royal ear :
He saw the monarch smil'd....
His heart is firm, his hand is strong ;
He sweeps the silver strings along.

Entranc'd, the North, with ear profound,
Now holds his breath, to hear the sound.
Amid the skies,
The wild notes rise ;

And now, to earth, they slowly fall;
And now they murmur, 'neath the hollow ground.
As if the deep ton'd measures swell,
From wizard's cave, or druid's cell.
So distant now and small,
Thou scarce canst hear!
And now, so near,
Thou seem'st, thy very self, to raise the sound,
That strikes thine ear!
'Tis rapture all!

He wakes the silver lyre again;
Mild is the measure, soft the strain.
Lull'd to rest, by magick numbers,
Care is sooth'd, and sorrow slumbers.
The liquid sounds, in soft control,
Now gently bind the raptur'd soul;
Now, o'er this nether world, they rise,
And bear it softly, to the skies:

Till, with the measure, clear and even,
It seems to rest awhile, in Heaven!

Still is the lyre!
The West and all his zephyr train retire....
The herald smil'd, the monarch bow'd;
And plaudits ran, through all the crowd.
The noisy North acclaim'd aloud;
He fain again would hear the measure.
And ev'ry fairy, in the band,
Now wav'd aloft his little wand:
And ev'ry zephyr sighed, for pleasure.

The herald made his last proclaim:
No zephyr, breeze, or gale there came....

Now spake that herald high, whose stand
Was on the monarch's better hand;
And thus, aloud, decreed;

"Of all the winds, the Western gale,
Alone, does, o'er the lyre, prevail!
Then, let no other wind aspire,
To touch the soft Æolian lyre:
Such is the victor's meed!"

And now the monarch waves his hand;
The seneschal the sign conveys,
His finger, on his lips, he lays;
And ev'ry fairy, in the band,
Now doffs his plume, and bends his knee,
And, to the West wind, three times three,
Bows down his head, and waves his little wand.

The herald glanc'd, upon the king;
Again he wav'd his hand;
The fairies op'd their magick ring;
And, from the monarch's band,
Three pursuivants escorted forth
The West wind, and the South, and North:

And ev'ry zephyr, breeze, and gale
Sought mountain cliff, and lowland dale.

Now slowly, to the cavern'd hall,
Proceeds that aged seneschal;
The herald bears the silver lyre:
And last the monarch's steps retire.

Now, govern'd by their elfin king,
The fairies dance, in mystick ring;
Till morning lustre faintly gleams,
And mingles, with the silver beams.

They close their elfin monarch round.
He gives the sign, he stamps the ground;
And now they fly, a thousand ways,
In haste, to shun the morning rays;
Till ev'ry fairy finds his cell,
Within the lily's perfum'd bell.

BILLOWY WATER.

BILLOWY WATER.

ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER, AT MOON-LIGHT.

THESE lines appeared first, in Boston, in the Palladium. They were republished in London, shortly after, in the Courier, without any notice of their transatlantick origin. This remark is intended for those, who have known them, only as the lines in the Courier; or who have seen them, in some of our own newspapers, as "the production of an anonymous British Bard."

Bill'wy water, roll along!
While, far, I mark thy various way;
At first, from gentle fountains, sprung;
Through meadows, wont to stray.

Softly there thy smooth tide flows;
Where, lighted, by the moon's pale beam,
The margin wild-flow'r fondly bows,
To kiss thy silv'ry stream.

Wavy soon thy waters grow,
Nor longer softly, gently glide;
And other tiny streamlets flow,
To swell thy bustling pride.

Now thou quitt'st thy native shoals,
Some deeper, bolder course to find.
A river, now thy current rolls,
And leaves the stream behind.

Onward, to the ocean wide,
It pours a torrent, loud and strong;
And bears, resistless, on its tide,
Its grav'ly bed along.

There thy turbid wave is seen
To hold, afar, its muddy way;
As if it scorn'd, with salt sea green,
To mix its waters grey.

So, the troubled *Arve pursues
His cloudy way, through limpid Rhone;
Nor dies it, with its sable hues,
But holds his course alone.

Still, afar, as eye can strain,
Thy waves are seen, in tempest tost;
Impetuous, rushing, midst the main,
Where all, in surge, is lost.

Bill'wy water, roll along!
While far I mark thy various way;
Thy murm'ring stream, thy torrent strong
Life's varying tide display.

First, its infant waters flow,
Through verdant dale, and flow'ry mead;
Where lilies of the valley blow,
And fairies softly tread.

Glassy now its bosom seems ;
But Av'rice, soon, and bubbling Pride
Pour in their tributary streams ;
And swell the little tide.

Swift the manly torrent pours,
In frothy billows, proudly tost,
And, 'midst life's troubled ocean, roars,
Till all, in noise, is lost.

---

* "BEFORE you enter the town of Sallenche, you must cross the Arve, which, at this season, is much larger than in winter, being swoln by the dissolving snows of the Alps.

"This river has its source at the parish of Argentiere, in the valley of Chamouni, is immediately augmented by torrents from the neighbouring Glaciers, and pours its chill turbid stream into the Rhone, soon after that river issues from the lake of Geneva.

"The contrast between these two rivers is very striking, the one being as pure and limpid as the other is foul and muddy.

"The Rhone seems to scorn the alliance, and keeps as long as possible unmingled with his dirty spouse.

"Two miles below the place of their junction, a difference and opposition between this ill-sorted couple is still observable : these, however, gradually abate by long habit, till at last, yielding to necessity, and those unrelenting laws which joined them together, they mix in perfect union, and flow in a common stream to the end of their course."

Moore's View of France, &c. Vol. I.

THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE.

THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE.

Snow hides the green mountain,
Beneath its white billow ;
And chill'd is the fountain,
And leafless the willow :
The tempest, loud swelling,
Now drives along, dreary ;
Before the storm, yelling,
The sea-mew flies, weary,
And, cow'ring, seeks shelter, from ocean's wild roar.
While billows are bounding,
O'er rude rocks, surrounding
The long sandy beach, and the craggy lee-shore.

Where now does the bark ride,
The wild water braving?
Where now, o'er the dark tide,
The gay streamer, waving?
And where now, so fearless,
The mariner, helming,
Mid clouds, dark and cheerless,
And ocean o'erwhelming?
Where now is the heart of that mariner brave?
That bark is dismasted!
That mariner blasted!
That streamer has drunken the wild water-wave?

O'er breakers, loud crashing,
The waves fiercely bound her;
While, rude billows, dashing,
In riot, roll, round her.
Go, helmsman, mid ocean,
Thine arm now must save thee!

Oh! kiss, with devotion,
The pledge, that she gave thee,
Who ne'er may behold thee, her sailor, again!
Think of her, who is dearest,
When danger is nearest,
Then plunge thy bold form, in the rough, rolling main!

Now tall waves dash, o'er him,
Ah! vainly contending;
Hope sinks fast, before him;
His struggles are ending.
Now, waves, gently growing,
Seem rising, to save him;
Now, o'er the beach, flowing,
More softly they lave him:
His motionless corse, on the lone shore, they lay.
Rude waves, loudly roaring,
Along the strand, pouring,
Now bear him again, o'er the wat'ry way!

Again rise the surges;
Again they restore him:
Again the wave urges
Its refluence, o'er him!
Who, reckless of danger,
Now braves, mid the ocean?
How wild looks the stranger!
How frantick his motion!
He rescues the corse, from the rough rolling wave!
The strand, for its pillow,
From out the salt billow,
He rescues the corse....but it is not to save!

There stands, dark and lonely,
The plunderer's dwelling;
He seeks the strand, only
When sea-mews are yelling.
When, mid the storm howling,
No star is seen, beaming,

The wretch then is prowling;
The false fire is gleaming,
To lead the poor mariner, on to his doom!
When waves bear him, senseless,
He robs the defenceless,
And plunges the corse, in the billowy tomb!

The foul hearted demon,
The sailor despoiling,
Now rends, from the seaman,
The fruit of his toiling!
O'er wild ocean, braving,
Hard earn'd was the treasure,
Through tempest, loud raving;
Though toiling was pleasure,
For her, who was dear, to the mariner bold.
The fierce hand, unsparing,
Now rudely is tearing
The poor humble garb, from the corse, that is cold!

The pledge of devotion
Thine arm still is wearing!
That pledge, mid the ocean,
Gave heart, to thy daring.
When eyes, brightly beaming,
Have ever beset thee;
When false fears were dreaming,
Thy girl would forget thee;
It brighten'd thy love, and it solac'd thy fears:
For, the girl, who was dearest,
When danger was nearest,
There bound the fair pledge, and bedew'd it with tears.

The eye of the demon
Glares, horrid, in pleasure;
Poor, heart-sunken seaman!
He grasps, at thy treasure!
And shall he bereave thee?
Thy darling pledge sever?

And cruelly leave thee?
No, mariner, never!
The tall wave indignantly rolls to the shore!
The arm of the Thunderer
Seizes the plunderer!
Floods overwhelm him! he rises no more!

The refluent billow
Now leaves the beach, waveless;
The flood is the pillow
Of mariner, graveless.
But, mark the wave, stranding,
More boldly aspiring;
The mariner landing,
Then slowly retiring!
The plunderer comes not along, with the tide!
The shark is heard, dashing,
Amid the wave, splashing!
The froth of the billow, with crimson is died!

While chill blasts are blowing,
Who, o'er the corse, gazes ?
His garb, round it, throwing,
The sailor he raises.
From winds, cold and storming,
The stranger has born him ;
The blaze, kindly warming,
To life, shall return him :
The stranger shall aid him, the stranger defend.
His pulse now is flowing,
His bosom is glowing ;
He ne'er shall forget the poor mariner's friend....

The white winter-billow
Has left the green mountain ;
Now leaves dress the willow ;
Now ripples the fountain.
Where tempests were swelling,
Soft breezes are sweeping,

The sea-mew, late yelling,
Is, 'neath the rock, sleeping;
The sailor is far, from the rough rolling main.
The girl, that was dearest,
When danger was nearest,
Now holds, to her bosom, her sailor again!

THE TEAR-DROP.

THE TEAR-DROP.

TO HER, WHOM I LOVE.

I love thee, dear girl, for those eyes, that speak pleasure,
Those sweet little ringlets, that artfully curl;
For lips, where I oft have drunk joy, without measure,
And cheeks, blushing roses, I love thee, my girl.

But, ah! when the sad tale of pity does move thee,
I love thee, indeed, for that deep bosom-sigh;
Yet most, for that sure pledge of nature, I love thee,
The tear-drop, that stands, in thy soft melting eye!

And, still, while I gaze, at its tremulous motion,
Or, down thy warm cheek, see it, stealing its way,
'Tis dearer to me, than the pearl of the ocean,
And clearer, than India's gem, is its ray.

Give the tear to my lips then! and love, thus requited,
No longer shall mourn, for the loss of the sigh;
For that was for Heaven, and seraphs, delighted,
Have born the dear tribute, in triumph, on high.

'Twere joy, though the last of my days were tomorrow,
To think you would come, to lament for my doom;
O'er my tablet, to shed such a tear-drop of sorrow;
To heave such a sigh, as you turn'd, from my tomb.

But, shortly, my love, shall our destinies sever,
And ne'er shalt thou weep, o'er my tablet, for me,
For, when I am cold, I shall rest me, forever,
Beyond the wild water, far distant, from thee.

Dearest, remember me, when the salt billow
  Shall bear me away, o'er the rough rolling main ;
Then let such a tear-drop bedew thy soft pillow,
  For him, who shall never behold thee again.

When they tell thee, his lips, that, in pleasure, were blended,
  With thine, are clos'd motionless, under the sod ;
And, that life's ebbing breath, as it pass'd them, ascended,
  In sighs, to his mistress, and pray'rs, to his God ;

Then say, that I lov'd thee, with warmest devotion,
  And sigh, for my fortune, with sorrow sincere ;
And, while my fond spirit shall catch the emotion,
  Oh ! shed such a tear-drop, for memory dear.

THE BILLOW.

THE BILLOW.

Go, little billow, rippling, go,
Adown the streamlet, gently flowing;
And roll thy way, along the bay,
Where, loud, the length'ning blasts are blowing.

And strive, to gain the mighty main,
Where, wild, the wat'ry war is raging;
And rear thy form, amid the storm,
Where, fierce, the waves and winds are waging.

Where fast, before the thunder's roar,
The mountain-wave is madly driven ;
And bursts its ire, mid lightning's fire,
High, in the arch of angry Heaven.

There, tempest tost, the bark is lost,
The sailor toils, o'er ocean swelling ;
And hope has fled, while, round his head,
The grey sea-mew is loudly yelling.

When parting life has ceas'd the strife,
Go, Heaven speed thee, rolling billow,
And bear him o'er, mid ocean's roar ;
Thy bosom be the sailor's pillow.

And safely land, along the strand,
Where angry waves are vainly swelling ;
His sorrows o'er, to seek, once more,
Far distant home, and humble dwelling.

Where now, beside the glassy pride,
Of Avon's smoothly flowing river,
Poor Mary's sighs, that often rise,
Mourn, for the sailor, lost forever.

Her tear-drops glide, with Avon's tide,
Fast falling, near the weeping willow ;
Where Zephyr woo'd the tiny flood,
That bore thee, first, a little billow.

THIRTY-FOURTH

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

BOSTON.

PRESENTED MAY 31, 1848.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF T. R. MARVIN, 24 CONGRESS STREET.
1848.

American Tract Society, Boston.

This Society was instituted in Boston, in the year 1814, and incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1816, by the name of the "New England Religious Tract Society." In June, 1823, the name of the Society was changed to "American Tract Society," by the act of the Legislature.

FORM OF BEQUEST TO THE SOCIETY.

I give unto the Treasurer, for the time being, of the American Tract Society, instituted in Boston, in the year 1814, the sum of Dollars, for the purposes of said Society, and for which the receipt of such Treasurer shall be a sufficient discharge.

CORRESPONDENCE.

All communications relative to the general concerns of the Society, the establishment of Depositories, the formation of Auxiliaries, grants for gratuitous distribution, or means of extending in any way the usefulness of the Society, should be addressed to Rev. Seth Bliss, *Secretary of the American Tract Society, No.* 28 *Cornhill, Boston.*

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Thirty-fourth Annual Meeting of the American Tract Society was held at the Tract House on Monday, May 29, 1848, at four o'clock, P. M. In the absence of the President, Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D., was called to the chair. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Israel W. Putnam, of Middleboro'.

The Annual Report of the Treasurer, Hon. George Denny, was read, duly certified.

Voted, That the Report of the Treasurer, now read, be accepted and adopted.

The Annual Report of the Executive Committee was presented.

Voted, That the Annual Report of the Executive Committee, now read, be accepted and adopted, and published under their direction.

The Society then proceeded to the choice of Officers, by ballot, for the year ensuing, and made choice of the following:

PRESIDENT.

JOHN TAPPAN, Esq.

VICE PRESIDENT.

Hon. SIMON GREENLEAF.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. RICHARD FLETCHER.
Rev. EBENEZER BURGESS, D. D.
Rev. BENJAMIN TAPPAN, D. D.
Rev. Z. S. BARSTOW.
Rev. DANIEL SHARP, D. D.
Rev. CHARLES WALKER.
Hon. SAMUEL WILLISTON.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

JOHN TAPPAN, Esq.
Hon. SIMON GREENLEAF.
HENRY HILL, Esq.
Rev. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D.
Rev. BARON STOW.
FRANCIS O. WATTS, Esq.
GEORGE R. SAMPSON, Esq.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Esq.
Rev. EDWARD N. KIRK.
CHARLES D. GOULD, Esq.
WILLIAM ROPES, Esq.

TREASURER.

GEORGE DENNY, Esq.

CORRES. SECRETARY, GENERAL AGENT, AND ASSISTANT TREASURER.

Rev. SETH BLISS.

AUDITORS.

JULIUS A. PALMER, Esq.
CHARLES D. GOULD, Esq.

After prayer by Rev. SYLVESTER HOLMES, of New Bedford, the Society adjourned to meet at the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, May 31.

Wednesday, May 31. The Society met in the Tremont Temple, agreeably to their adjournment, at half past seven o'clock. JOHN TAPPAN, Esq., the President, in the chair.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. KINGSBURY, of Maine.

After a brief statement of the operations of the Society by the SECRETARY, the very large audience was addressed by Rev. Messrs. COOK, of New York, BRIDEL, of Paris, and KING, of Dublin, Ireland.

Benediction by Rev. Dr. DAVIS, of Westfield.

ADDRESSES of Rev. Messrs. COOK, BRIDEL and KING,

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING.

Rev. R. S. Cook, one of the Secretaries of the American Tract Society at New York, referred to a saying recorded by Cotton Mather, that a worse doom than to be condemned to the mines must await the man who hoards up money, which might be employed in circulating good books. He hoped that thought might be impressed on the minds of some present. Six years ago to-morrow, said he, I met, by appointment, with a couple of plain men, at the Tract House in this city, in reference to their entering upon colportage at the West, for our Society. This was the beginning of the system of colportage by the Society. Last year we had three hundred and ninety-seven colporteurs employed; and if we are to meet the urgent demands upon us, next year we shall have *six* hundred and ninety-seven. If you would take the stand-point which we are compelled to occupy, and look at the destitute whose cases we have to consider,—the dwellers in the deep vales and among the mountain forests and on the ocean prairies of our land,—if you would go where *the people* of the United States are, you would see how much the colporteur is needed. You would find by investigation that, at least, one-half of the *native* population of the United States habitually neglect the public worship of God, and one third of them have no religious literature, and one sixth of them are destitute of the Scriptures; and then look at the three millions of German emigrants, and three quarters of a million of Irish, and the hundreds of thousands of Italians, and French, and Welsh, and other nations, and see what they need and what they are, and then go out and see where our colporteurs are and what they are doing, you would be impressed, as we are, with the importance of this part of our machinery. The ready adaptation of the colporteur system to the wants and circumstances of all classes of people, in all emergencies and under all events, has greatly impressed the committee. We have colporteurs on the wharves, selling our publications to seamen, to travelers, and to laborers and loiterers; we have them on board of steamboats, passing up and down the North River. There you will often see a respectable looking man with his basket of good books, who will first give you a tract, entitled "BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS." One of these men sells nearly two thousand dollars' worth in a year; and these books are driving out the pernicious writings of Bulwer and Eugene Sue.

We station our sentinels to meet the emigrants at Buffalo and Pittsburgh, at Chicago and St. Louis, and wherever they concentrate themselves before scattering over the great West. And then we follow them to their log cabins, and put into their hands the choicest literature of their native language. Two of our colporteurs in Tennessee built a boat on the Cumberland river, freighted it with our publications, and passed down that river, and then down the Mississippi, stopping at every town, village and wood-yard, to sell their books. Their boat was finally wrecked; but they are building another. Recently the attention of the Committee has been directed to the subject of the preparation of Spanish tracts, for distribution in Mexico. A year ago, a gentleman called upon me in New York, and put into my hands a check for five hundred dollars, to support colporteurs and distribute tracts in Mexico. Another gave two hundred and fifty dollars, another one hundred and fifty, and so on. A physician in Pennsylvania offered himself to go out to Mexico with our publications, and has been learning the Spanish language to qualify him for the service. He has been appointed, and has already reached Jalapa, and writes encouraging letters concerning his reception and prospects. Another, a Portuguese, is at Vera Cruz. One, who has spent some time in visiting the poor sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals at New Orleans, has now gone to Tampico, whence he writes for more tracts to distribute.

I had designed, said Mr. C., to give a view of the spiritual influence of this system on the condition and character of the people; but I forbear, to give place to others. The watchword of the people in Europe is, '*The Freedom of the Press.*' For that, they are ready to fight and to die. They have achieved that right. We may now print what we will, to our hearts' content, in France, in Austria, in Italy, in Rome itself. Who of us ever dared to dream of seeing such a revolution in our day? But it is here. And it has brought upon all our benevolent institutions, that wield the powers of the Christian press, the solemn obligation to use it while we may. If we do not use this freedom as we ought, we may lose it. The words which settled the doom of a dynasty, may seal the doom of this enterprise—"IT IS TOO LATE."

Rev. LOUIS BRIDEL, pastor, of Paris, was introduced to the audience, and addressed the meeting in the French language, Rev. Mr. KIRK giving the substance in English. He said that if he did not know he was addressing a Christian assembly, he should feel embarrassed at the thought of addressing an assembly of strangers in a language which they did not understand. But he now knew the heart of American Christians, and therefore felt at his ease. He is a Frenchman, and has a French heart, and he desires first of all to bless God for the news he has heard to-day that the Government of France stands—the Government that will protect liberty, that will preserve *religious* liberty;—and that the bad men who would destroy the family, who would destroy property, who would destroy civilization, and who would destroy liberty itself, the communists, are put down, and the government stands and will secure religious liberty to the people. This fact alone, however, that France is now a republic, does not satisfy his heart. His heart returns to the Canton de Vaud, where he was born, which is a republic, and yet it does not enjoy liberty in religion. He has heard to-day, that the ministers of religion are imprisoned there, for the fault of reading the Bible. This proves that to have a republic is not enough. France must have religion—the true religion—the religion which God gave to your fathers—if she is to enjoy true liberty, the liberty of religion. What makes this a rich, prosperous and happy nation? It is the religion of Christ. I stand, said he, near the rock of Plymouth. There was once a precious treasure landed there; it was the Bible. Your fathers brought there the Word of God. France wants, too, a Plymouth Rock; it is the Bible, to be scattered through all her towns and villages and hamlets, the Bible in every family, as you have it in all your families, that I have come here to ask you, who have the Bible, to give to France the Bible as you have it here, all over the land. Thirty years ago, said Mr. B., two Christian gentlemen in Paris went from bookstore to bookstore, throughout the city, to find a Bible, and they could not find one. Now we have some Bibles. But all the efforts which we could put forth in our feebleness have done but little in comparison to the wants of the people. For the thirty-four millions of people in France, how many tracts do you suppose we publish! You reckon your own publications by so many millions a year, but we with all our endeavors have only issued half-a-million of tracts in a year. And this for a people who had almost no religious literature, because our religious literature was destroyed in the persecution that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. For such a people, who talk of being free, but—I must say it because I feel it—a people who cannot be free without Bibles and religious books—it is for such a people that we ask you to give us the means of creating a religious literature, without which we are undone, for without it we cannot exist.

I will speak, said he, of Paris, that great city, which I love, because it is my home. It contains more souls than all Massachusetts, and Connecticut and Rhode Island together. There are abundance of colporteurs in Paris, employed in circulating books; but what books? The most licentious and pernicious writings of the worst men in the world—lewd songs, atheism, materialism, and every thing that is bad. It is only books that contain the Christian religion in its purity, which have been suppressed. Only a short time since, that is, under the late government, our friends, the two colporteurs who are employed in Paris, were imprisoned for selling Christian books. Do you wonder that we rejoice that Louis Philippe is at Claremont, and not in the Thuilleries? Now, said he, we must attack Paris *en grande*—on a large scale, by all the means in our power, and carry it for religion. It is the general opinion in this country that the French people are opposed to the Protestant religion. It is not so. The French people are weary of the Roman Catholic religion. You ask any man in Paris what he thinks of the Protestant religion, and he will answer that it is the true religion. Then ask him why he does not embrace it, he will shrug his shoulders, and perhaps say—the honest man does not like to change the religion in which he was born. A man who had some tracts to sell, in favor of the Virgin Mary, found that the best way to get public attention to his wares was to hold up a tract and cry out—"Here's Protestant Tracts to sell!" And in that way, he sold his tracts. In a word, said he, the net is full, and we are too weak to drag it to the shore. Come, help us—Come, help us.

The President then introduced the Rev. Mr. KING, from Cork, Dublin, and all Ireland, who said:—

Mr. President, and Christian Friends,—There is something deeply affecting in the spectacle of such a meeting as this, and in a just appreciation of the position we now occupy. We are so much accustomed to attach greatness to mere material organization, that we seldom, even in our most rapt moments of meditation or philosophy, realize the dignity or the worth of a single human soul. If we could do it, indeed, the thought would overwhelm us. But when I see such an aggregate of human beings as are now before me, assembled together under the impulse of a religious idea, recognizing and proclaiming the purpose of having their emotions and impulses kindled up by coming near to the heart of degraded humanity, and of carrying it to the throne of God, and bringing down blessings to deliver the whole world from sin and death, the soul may well quail before so sublime a spectacle.

You will pardon, brethren, the impertinence of a stranger, in suggesting to your minds the inquiry, how far this idea has ever entered each individual mind now assembled, that a suffering world sends through you its petitions to a throne of grace, for liberty, for religion, and for eternal life. O, brethren, if your hearts corresponded with your privilege, there is material enough in this assembly to secure the dawn of the millenium in less than a quarter of a century.

In this excellent machinery of yours, which has filled me with admiration, I see no cumbrous parts, no superfluity, nothing to load or obstruct its freedom of motion. It seems to me like the idea of God embodied in the operations of men. I admire, beyond the power of expression, the plans of this Society. They leave you no excuse for withholding your coöperation. It is overwhelming to think thus of your opportunities, the capabilities of the machinery in your hands, and of the responsibility in which you are thereby involved.

It is, I suppose, an Irish compact between me and the audience, that wherever I speak in public, I am to speak of Ireland. It is true, we have not as yet received any thing in Ireland, from the American churches, towards the diffusion of the gospel among our countrymen. But we are hoping to receive a great deal. At least, we have resolved to ask a great deal. We need a great deal, we know, and at the suggestion of my friend, Dr. Baird, I have resolved to come and throw poor Ireland upon your mercy.

There is no country in the world, having a religious literature, whose history is so intimately connected with Tract circulation, as Ireland. St. Patrick himself, instead of being, as he is generally represented, an emissary of Rome, was not a Papist at all. He was a good, honest, and pious preacher—a sort of Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian minister,—one half bishop, and one half evangelist, and the other half—(as you know we always have three halves of a thing in Ireland)—a *colporteur*. You see, you have to come back to Ireland for the original plans of all your most cherished methods of Christian benevolence.

As I observed, St. Patrick was a great Tract distributer. And one thing we want money for, is, to print copies of his Tracts, some of which are of great value, and which all Irish Roman Catholics will read. One of them is his book of "Confessions," as the priests have called it, which is in fact his autobiography, just such as your Brainerd or our Moffatt might have written. They call it his "confessions," to convey the idea that St. Patrick had been making a clean breast of it, as they say in Ireland, by confessing all his sins just before he died, that he might obtain absolution from the priest. Nothing of the kind is seen in the book. He just tells us what he had done in preaching the gospel in Ireland, what doctrines he held, and the ground of his own hope of salvation. He lays down in full the great Christian doctrines of Justification by Faith, and Salvation by Grace, just as you would look for in the address which a dying missionary left behind him for the people who had, by his labors, been recently converted to the true faith.

There is another precious gem of a Tract among his writings, called the "Three Habitations." This title the priests make great use of, but they do not circulate the book. The title they make use of to convince the poor people that St. Patrick believed in purgatory,—the "three habitations" standing for heaven, and hell, and purgatory between them. But the book itself says no such thing. It tells of one habitation where they are all bad, that is Hell; another where they are all good, which is Heaven; and the third, where they are bad and good mixed together, which is this Earth, placed in the midst, so that both the others are furnished out of it. If the Tract Society will give us from five to ten thousand dollars, we could do something, with these Tracts, to disabuse the minds of the people from the delusions and impositions of the priests, and to prepare the way for the word of God.

It is a great pity we have not a full supply of Tracts, and other religious literature, to meet the increasing disposition of the people to read. All our missionaries complain of the want of Tracts. The political agitations of the last twenty years have greatly increased the desire of the people to read. There were always a great many readers among the Irish. There is many a bareheaded and barefooted lad among the peasantry in Connaught and Kerry, who would make the smartest boys in your classical schools look lively at conning a page in Virgil or Horace, or giving the quantity in a piece of Latin verse. In the days when the Irish were prohibited, by the laws of Protestant England, from having schools at home, or sending their sons abroad to be educated, the Irish priests were the smugglers of learning among the people. They would gather the lads in secluded places, in a barn, or under a hedge, and teach them until many became smart classics. The Temperance cause has, also, greatly increased the want of books for reading. Father Mathew has circulated the Doway Bible, and sold thirty thousand copies in a short time.

Something has been done in the way of Tract circulation. A lady had the Epistles of St. Peter divided into four Tracts, and published. A missionary took a parcel of them and went into a city where the Roman catholic influence was entirely predominant. He preached on the steps of the court house, and soon had a crowd gathered around him, listening to his discourse. By and by, there was a noise and a little confusion in one direction, and, on looking, the missionary observed the bishop and his priests coming in procession. He expected the people would all run away, frightened at being caught by the bishop listening to a protestant preacher; but there was not one that ran away. They just made a lane for the bishop to pass through; he went on a piece, and turned about and came back again, and the people made a lane again, and the bishop and his priests passed through the crowd a second time. The service of open-air preaching, thus begun, was kept up by another preacher for months, and all the efforts of priests and demagogues could not keep the people from coming to hear the gospel preached.

Then he went to another place, on a market day, where the Temperance movement had not yet reached. He took his stand in front of the court house. The Protestants of the place all tried to dissuade him from attempting to preach in such a place, but he was not to be turned from his purpose. There was nobody to stand by him but two females, and he requested them to sing the glorious hymn,

> "When I survey the wondrous cross," &c.

Singing always has a good effect on an Irish audience; the noise ceased; there were many rough fellows there, some armed with stones and brick-bats, and cabbage-stalks from the gutter, with which they intended to greet the missionary; but he looked them pleasantly in the face, and began—

"Well, boys, yesterday I preached in Carlow, in the open air, standing on the steps of the court house, and the bishop and his clergy heard me. There was a great crowd of people, to be sure, and I was obliged to speak a long time before they would let me stop, which wears upon a man's voice; and if you will all come up as near as you can within the railing, I shall not have to exert myself so much to-day." Thus they were disarmed, and gathered close around the preacher, and he went on:—"Now, boys, I will give you a sermon of St. Peter's, which St. Peter preached, on a certain day, to a large company of people, and some of them were very bad fellows, and treated St. Peter very badly for his discourse. That was because they were Jews, and had no Irishmen among them, for no true Irishman would treat a man badly for preaching him a good sermon. They acted from religious bigotry, and religious bigotry is a very bad thing, and I hope all the people of Ireland, both Protestants and Catholics, have done with it. I will give you St. Peter's sermon, and then I will tell you, from that sermon, what was St. Peter's religion." He then read the account in the third chapter of the Acts, and when he had read it through, he took the last verse as his text,—"Unto you first, God having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning every one of you from his iniquities;"—and from that explained to them St. Peter's religion. By degrees, the brick-bats and the cabbage-stalks were dropped from their hands; and presently one and another would be seen wiping his eyes with one corner of his ragged jacket, and they all listened attentively as long as he could speak. When he had done preaching, he said to them, "Here, boys, you have listened so well to St. Peter's sermon, I will give you some of St. Peter's letters, which he wrote to the good Christians in his day, to tell them how they should keep in the right way." As the preacher went away, he saw them every where, gathered in little circles, with one of their number reading St. Peter's letters. He hastened to the coach office, as he was to leave town immediately, and was surprised to find a crowd gathered round the place. He thought they came to look at somebody going in the coach, but they gathered round him, exclaiming, "Ah, your riverence"—(that is the title always given by the peasantry to a minister, no matter of what order)—we know you, we want some of St. Peter's letters." He gave them a fresh supply, and as the coach rolled away, every man took off his hat, and the whole multitude gave three cheers for St. Peter's preacher.

Several months afterwards, the missionary visited a distant part of the country to preach, and distribute St. Peter's letters. As he met a circle of Christian friends, to converse on the manner of carrying on our enterprise, a lady asked him if he did not preach at such a place. "Yes, I did, but how did you hear of it?" She said she had received a letter from a lady in that place, proposing to have a ladies' working society formed, to raise money to print our copies of the Scriptures, for the Roman catholics fifteen miles round the place were eager to read the Bible. These facts were not blazoned abroad, lest the priests should crush the spirit of inquiry among the people; but, in a quiet way, several hundred copies were circulated, and soon it was beyond the power of the priests to hinder the reading of the Scriptures.

Now, my friends, I wish to say a few words to you concerning the claims of Ireland upon the Christians of America. Political hostility—the burning sense of wrong—the writhings of the Irish heart under the injustice of England, has closed the mind of the whole nation against any influence that could come from England. The best men in England, of all denominations, know and feel it, and lament it, because it presents an insurmountable obstacle to all evangelical effort by English Christians. But a directly contrary feeling prevails towards America. Ireland is pervaded with a most enthusiastic admiration of America. An evangelical influence going now from America to Ireland would accomplish wonders. If you now send the gospel to Ireland, you wisely anticipate the movements of Ireland upon yourselves. But if you neglect this golden opportunity, political sympathies will carry the Irish mind to be contaminated with the Fourierism and Socialism of France, and their emigration will overwhelm you with their bad influences. Baptize the Irish heart now with the gospel, and you will secure to yourselves a vast amount of good, besides helping to emancipate that beautiful country from the chains of error.

Now, Christian Friends, I wish to present a thought or two concerning your position in relation to these claims which are coming upon you from Ireland and other foreign lands. God's providence has been for over two hundred years preparing you, in a thousand ways, for the position in which the same Providence has placed you at this moment, holding the opportunity you have for diffusing the gospel in different countries. In the depths of winter, you cannot see the workings of vegetable life, till the verdure of spring and the fruits of autumn develope the secret operations which were going on in the laboratories of nature. So it is in those depths where God elaborates the results of his kingdom, which appear in distant nations or ages. In regard to yourselves, when the exiles of conscience were driven from England, Scotland, Holland and France, and directed their course across the Atlantic, it was the hand of God conducting them to the abode of truth, where Christianity could be cradled in peace, until the down-crashing of dynasties and the upheaving of nations make it evident that God's designs even then had a forecasting reference to these tremendous occurrences.

I do not say this to foster in you a feeling of national vanity, or a mere inflated vaunting patriotism, but to remind you of your Christian responsibilities. Let a humble missionary from a poor and benighted land, tell you, that God is about to solve his great problem, and show that the Christian Church, with its sanctified generosity, in its own liberty, and with its own power, is his instrument of regenerating the world. The pilgrim's footsteps on Plymouth Rock made no impression. Or if there had been a feeble trace, the events of time has long since obliterated them. But now God's hand has touched them, and turned them into a universal language, in which all nations may read the words of a divine charter of Liberty and Salvation to the ends of the Earth.

ANNUAL REPORT.

THERE has been an advance in all the departments of our work the past year, demanding our gratitude to Him, whose cause we are still permitted to serve on earth; while some who were once intimately associated with us in these labors, have been called away. THOMAS ADAMS, Esq., a member of the Executive Committee for several years, Hon. SAMUEL HUBBARD, and Rev. JOHN CODMAN, D. D., formerly members of the Board of Directors, have died during the year. These good men were the early friends and liberal patrons of this and kindred Societies, and continued so to their death. Mr. Adams has left a liberal bequest to our treasury. He died December 31, 1847. The Committee at their next meeting adopted the following minute:

"It having pleased our Heavenly Father, in his inscrutable providence, to remove from his labors on earth, on Friday last, December 31st, after a protracted and distressing illness, THOMAS ADAMS, Esq., for nearly five years a respected and beloved member of this Board —

"*Resolved*, That we submissively recognize the hand of God in this afflictive event, by which is taken from us a fellow laborer, and a Christian brother, greatly endeared to us by his catholic and Christian spirit, and by his enlightened zeal to promote the interests of this institution, and the cause of our common Saviour.

"*Resolved*, That we tender to the afflicted family our Christian sympathy in their bereavement, and rejoice with them in the assurance that his long and painful sickness has terminated in his introduction to the full vision of that Saviour, whom he so delighted to honor while with us, and on whose atoning sacrifice and mediation he so confidently placed all his hopes for immortality."

Receipts.

The *total* receipts for the year ending May 1, amount to $43,213 95, and from the following sources:

From Life Directors,	670 85
" Life Members,	2,583 53
" Auxiliaries,	612 42
" Individuals and Congregations,	22,712 29
" Legacies,	397 66
" Rents, Commissions, and Dividends,	331 50
" Sale of Publications,	15,905 70

The total amount received in donations and legacies, is $26,976 75; exceeding the amount from this source last year by $6,922 14, while the amount in legacies is less than in any year for several years past.

Donations from Maine,	2,118 81
" " New Hampshire,	2,022 46
" " Vermont,	935 82
" " Massachusetts,	21,298 84
" " Other States,	203 16

In addition to the $21,298 84, in *donations*, from Massachusetts, paid directly to our treasury, the sum of $1,563 11, donations, has been paid to the Society at New York, making the amount of donations from Massachusetts to this cause, this year, $22,861 95.

Expenditures.

Paid during the year —

For rent, taxes, stationery, blank and other books, freight, cartage, postage, printing and advertising, insurance, expenses of anniversary, and incidental expenses of Depository,	2,127 49
" Services and traveling expenses of Coresponding Secretary and General Agent,	1,912 89
" Services of three Clerks in Depository,	1,522 99
" Services and traveling expenses of Agents soliciting funds,	3,175 90
" Colportage in New England,	4,806 89
" American Tract Society at New York for Colportage at the West,	12,375 00
" Do. Foreign and Pagan lands,	1,000 00
" Do. Publications,	13,662 41

We have paid the Society at New York, $27,037 41, of which $12,375 was for colportage at the West and South, and $1,000 for foreign and pagan lands.

General Agents.

Rev. *Henry B. Holmes*, Rev. *John Ferguson*, and Rev. *D. C. Haynes*, have continued their labors through the year with zeal, fidelity and increasing success. Mr. *Haynes* has labored chiefly in Maine;

Mr. *Holmes*, in Massachusetts; and Mr. *Ferguson*, in Vermont and New Hampshire. *The Corresponding Secretary*, in addition to the care of the Depository, the correspondence and general operations of the Society, has preached and made addresses one hundred and fifty-six times, and in doing which, has traveled 11,800 miles.

Colporteurs.

Twenty-two Colporteurs have been commissioned during the year. Four have labored twelve months, and sixteen from two to nine months. Nine have labored in Maine, seven in Massachusetts, three in New Hampshire, and two in Eastern Vermont. The aggregate amount of time spent in actual service, is equal to that of twelve men through the year.

In addition to the twenty-two Colporteurs commissioned by this Society for New England, individual donors, congregations, and colporteur associations, have given each, $150, towards the support of more than eighty Colporteurs in the West and South.

Gratuitous Distribution during the Year.

FOR SEAMEN.	PAGES.
Rev. C. G. Porter, Bangor, Me., . .	7,500
Rev. J. Ricker, Belfast, " . .	4,500
Rev. H. White, " " . .	4,500
Rev. S. Macumber, Deer Isle, Me., .	6,000
Rev. J. R. French, Frankfort, " .	7,500
Mr. E. Bond, Hallowell, " .	15,000
Rev. C. M. Brown, Mt. Desert, " .	15,000
Rev. C. P. St. Clair, Meddyhemps, Me.,	18,000
Mr. W. S. Dana, Portland, " .	7,500
Rev. L. Alden, New Castle, N. H. .	30,000
Sailors' Home, Boston, Mass., . .	96,000
Rev. J. P. Robinson, " " } Miss'ries	67,500
Rev. P. Stow, " " } to Seamen,	27,000
Rev. E. T. Taylor, " " . .	3,000
Capt. C. T. Bayley, " " . .	9,000
Capt. A. Hardy, " " . .	4,500
Capt. T. V. Sullivan, Boston, Mass., .	6,000
Daniel J. Deshon, " " .	2,250
Mr. Miles, " " .	3,000
Rev. A. Searle and Rev. Mr. White, Chaplains U. S. Navy, for supply of National Vessels and Navy Yard, .	32,625
Rev. H. B. Hooker, Falmouth, Mass., .	12,930
Rev. C. A. Williams, Gloucester, " .	3,000
Rev. C. Stone, Harwich, " .	13,500
Mrs. Wm. Reed, Marblehead, " .	7,500
Rev. J. White, Orleans, " .	3,000
Mr. Thomas S. Rich, Wellfleet, " .	1,815
SOCIETIES, &c.	
Vermont State Prison, ...	7,500
Boston City Missionary Society, . .	1,111,920
Am. Board of Com. for For. Missions, .	123,780
Am. Baptist Missionary Union, . .	24,870
Mass. General Hospital, Boston, . .	10,125
Prison Discipline Society, " . .	5,175
House of Correction and Jail, Boston, .	17,625
Ladies' Temperance Union, . . .	4,500
Ladies' Colp. Society, Cambridgeport, .	4,500
Ladies' Home Miss. Soc., Dorchester, .	3,000
General Benevolent Society, Hadley, .	25,245
Young Men's Tract Society, Monson, .	4,050
Ladies' Tract Societies, Newburyport, .	29,925
Temperance Society, Worcester, . .	30,000
Fall River, Tract Soc. in Central Ch., .	7,305
Students in Theological Seminaries at Andover and Newton, ...	13,500
INDIVIDUALS.	
Rev. Mr. Durborrow, Bangor, Me., .	3,000
Rev. H. V. Dexter, Calais, " .	3,000
N. Smith, Jr. " Me., (for lumber men,)	9,000
Samuel Adams, Castine, Me., . .	1,500
F. A. Gates, E. Corinth, " . . .	2,055
Rev. J. Blake, Cumberland, Me., . .	2,250
Rev. W. Parker, Foxcroft, " . .	3,000
Moses Springer, Gardiner, " .	750
Rev. A. P. Chute, Harrison, " . .	3,000
Elder M. Fernald, Kittery, " . .	3,000
Dr. C. Kittredge, Mt. Desert, " . .	1,500
Rev. E. Trask, Nobleboro', " .	7,500
Rev. A. Dunbar, Patten, " (for Aroostook Co.,)	22,500
Rev. P. F. Barnard, Richmond, Me., .	1,500
Rev. F. Merriam, " " .	13,500
Rev. M. H. Williams, Saco, " .	3,000
A. W. Cummings, Sidney, " .	3,000
Rev. S. Turner, " " .	1,500
Rev. L. Kingman, Surry, " .	6,000
Miss Jewett, Waterville, " .	1,500
Rev. B. Howe, Wells, " .	1,500
Rev. W. Warren, Windham, " .	4,500
Rev. J. L. Ashby, York, " .	3,000
Rev. D. Clayes, " .	1,500
Rev. J. Davis, Amherst, N. H. . .	3,000
Rev. J. Page, Atkinson, " . .	1,500
Rev. E. N. Hidden, Deerfield, N. H. .	9,000
Rev. E. Burt, Deering, " .	3,600
Rev. P. B. Day, Derry, " .	3,000
Mr. Johnson, Gilmanton, " .	750
Rev. Isaac Willey, Goffstown, " .	3,000
Rev. Samuel Delano, Haverhill, " .	3,000
A. K. Merrill, " " .	1,920
Rev. J. Cummings, Hillsboro', " .	6,315
Mr. Smith, " " .	1,125
J. Merrill, Littleton, " .	1,500

John S. R. Brown, Loudon,	N. H.,	3,000
Rev. J. C. Morrill, Manchester,	“	4,500
Rev. A. Richards, Nashua,	“	1,500
Rev. C. Chamberlin, N. Market,	“	4,500
Rev. A. Burnham, Pembroke,	“	3,375
Rev. J. Lane, “	“	3,000
Rev. H. J. Lamb, Peterboro',	“	2,250
S. C. Gallagher, Salem,	“	1,500
Rev. N. Barker, Wakefield,	“	4,500
Augustus Elliot, Walpole,	“	2,625
Sarah Farnsworth, Washington,	“	840
Rev. P. Bond,		7,500
H. Little,		1,500
O. W. Vails, Gaysville, Vermont,		2,250
Calvin Granger, Plainfield,	“	3,000
H. Orcutt, Thetford,	“	1,500
Rev. C. Duren, Waitsfield,	“	2,625
Abner Curtis, Abington, Mass.,		3,000
Rev. Isaac Sawyer, Amesbury, Mass.,		1,875
Mrs. P. Farrar, Andover,	“	4,680
Rev. J. Crane, Attleboro',	“	1,875
Rev. H. Adams, Berlin,	“	1,500
Rev. J. G. D. Stearns, Billerica,	“	1,500
Rev. Wm. C. Brown, Boston,	“	6,000
Sarah Boynton, “	“	1,500
J. Blanchard, “	“	1,500
Rev. Mr. Cushing, “	“	3,000
Rev. J. Davis, “	“	4,125
Rev. W. F. Draper, “	“	1,500
Mr. Grant, “	“	1,500
Samuel S. Dutton, “	“	6,000
R. Hale, “	“	750
R. W. Holman, “	“	1,875
John C. Proctor, “	“	1,500
Franklin Rand, “	“	2,250
Mrs. Rogers, “	“	1,125
Rev. W. B. Tappan, “	“	1,500
Mr. Thornton, “	“	2,430
Rev. A. H. Vinton, “	“	3,000
Mr. Wesson, “	“	3,000
Mr. S. K. Whipple, “	“	1,875
Rev. F. V. Tenney, Braintree,	“	1,500
Rev. Dr. Storrs, “	“	1,500
Mr. Jones, “	“	3,000
Rev. J. S. Eldridge, Bridgewater,	“	1,500
Samuel Craft, Brookline,	“	2,250
Rev. S. G. Clapp, Cabotville,	“	2,550
Mr. Abbot, Cambridge,	“	375
Rev. M. H. Wilder, Charlemont,	“	3,000
Rev. P. H. Greenleaf, Charlestown,	“	10,680
Rev. T. Edwards, “	“	2,250
Mr. Simpson, “	“	1,500
Mr. Smith, “	“	1,500
Miss Rich, “	“	750
Rev. I. P. Langworthy, Chelsea,	“	4,800
Rev. R. Tolman, Danvers,	“	1,500
J. Wheaton, Dedham,	“	8,625
G. D. Pearson, “	“	1,500
W. S. Damrell, “	“	10,500
Rev. C. White, Dover,	“	1,500
Charles Hardy, Easthampton,	“	2,250
Rev. Wm. Bement, “	“	1,500
Rev. Mr. Denham, Fair Haven,	“	1,125
Rev. George Trask, Fitchburg,	“	7,500
Mr. Marshall, Framingham,	“	1,875
Miss N. Bent, “	“	750
J. Daniels, Franklin,	“	375
Mrs. Braman, Georgetown,	“	1,500
Rev. William Miller, Gill,	“	2,700
Rev. C. M. Nickels, Gloucester,	“	3,375
Rev. H. M. Bridge, “	“	1,500
Rev. D. Tilton, “	“	2,625
Rev. J. Bates, Granby,	“	2,010
Miss Mary Lyon, Hadley,	“	4,500
Mrs. W. Stetson, Hanover,	“	1,125
Mrs. Train, Haverhill,	“	3,495
Rev. E. P. Dyer, Hingham,	“	750
Rev. J. H. Twombly, Holliston,	“	750
Rev. Mr. Davis, Lawrence,	“	750
Mrs. H. Atkinson, Lowell,	“	13,845
William Tuck, “	“	1,500
J. Tuttle, Lynn,	“	1,500
Rev. O. A. Taylor, Manchester,	“	6,450

Rev. H. P. Hall, Mansfield,	Mass.,	1,125
Mrs. Goodwin, “	“	1,500
F. H. Griswold, Medford,	“	2,625
Rev. P. Colby, Middleboro',	“	1,500
Rev. I. W. Putnam, “	“	6,000
Rev. W. Holbrook, Millville,	“	15,000
Rev. C. Kittredge, Monson,	“	3,555
Rev. J. H. Merrill, Montague,	“	1,500
Mrs. E. A. Cummings, Newton,	“	1,500
Rev. Mr. Crane, Northampton,	“	1,500
Rev. William Barrows, Norton,	“	1,500
Rev. S. Clark, Petersham,	“	2,250
Rev. J. Todd, Pittsfield,	“	6,300
Rev. A. Harvey, Plymouth,	“	3,000
Rev. Mr. Arms, “	“	1,500
Mrs. E. M. Braman, Princeton,	“	4,500
Rev. W. M. Harding, Quincy,	“	1,125
Moses French, Randolph,	“	6,750
Rev. R. Carver, Raynham,	“	6,180
Rev. E. W. Allen, Reading,	“	4,500
Mr. I. Briggs, Rochester,	“	3,000
Rev. B. F. Clark, Rowe,	“	4,500
J. Reed, Rutland,	“	3,000
John Ball, Salem,	“	36,000
C. Field, Saxonville,	“	3,750
Rev. Daniel Wight, Scituate,	“	1,500
Rev. Mr. Phillips, Sharon,	“	1,680
Rev. E. Dowse, Sherburne,	“	750
Rev. S. Osgood, Springfield,	“	3,750
Miss H. Stebbins, “	“	1,500
Rev. S. Bryant, Stockbridge,	“	3,000
Rev. J B Clark, Swamscut,	“	3,750
Rev. S. H. Emery, Taunton,	“	2,010
Mr. S. H. Collins, “	“	1,500
Mrs. E. C. Crane, “	“	750
Rev. S. Leach, Three Rivers,	“	13,500
Rev. A. McLoud, Topsfield,	“	17,100
Mr. J. Whiting, Waltham,	“	1,500
Rev. N. Gale, Ware,	“	3,000
Rev. L Jewett, Webster,	“	2,625
Rev. Mr. Taylor, Wenham,	“	3,750
Rev. Wm. Leach, Wendell,	“	1,695
Rev. S. S. Smith, Westminster,	“	6,000
Rev. H. James, Wrentham,	“	1,875
Charles Ballard, Worcester,	“	1,500
H. A. Thompson, “	“	1,500
Rev. D. S. Clark,	“	1,500
Rev. J. M. Davis, Woonsocket, R. I.,		1,500
Rev. E. Savage, Bristol, Ct.,		1,500
Rev. J. C. Nichols, Lebanon, Ct.,		4,500
Rev. J. Allen, Sterling,	“	1,500
Mr. Weeden,	“	1,500
Mr. Dennison, Watertown, N. Y.,		1,125
Mrs. A. P. Coleman, Westfield, N. Y.,		3,000
Rev. T. H. Archibald, for the West,		9,000
Mr. Chase, “	“	6,000
Rev. E. Fisk, “	“	7,500
William Ireland, “	“	1,125
Mr. Lyman, “	“	4,500
Mrs. Tuttle, “	“	8,625
Rev. Mr. Clark, Georgia,		750
Rev. D. Demond, Troy, Miss.,		3,000
Dr. Mussey, Cincinnati, Ohio,		1,500
Rev. S. N. Manning, Fair Port, Ohio,		4,500
Rev. Thomas Adams, Thompson,	“	15,000
Rev. T. M. Green, Salem,	“	6,000
A. J. Copeland, Indiana,		7,500
Rev. J. M. Stearns, Rochester, Indiana,		7,500
Rev. A. Kent, Galena, Illinois,		7,500
Rev. Mr. Farnum, “		2,055
Bela Mayhew, Pensacola, Florida,		6,000
Rev. J. I. Slingerland, Wisconsin,		7,875
P. C. Hale, Milwaukie, “		9,000
Rev. Dr. Burns, Canada,		3,000
Rev. J. Fisk, “		1,500
Rev. H. Wilson, “		7,500
Rev. E. D. Very, St. John, N. B.,		4,500
Rev. Mr. Chipman, Nova Scotia,		1,500
Rev. H. W. Harris, “	“	3,000
P. A. Shiels, Horton, “	“	7,500
Mr. Hutchinson, Yarmouth, N. S.,		6,000
Circulated by the Secretary and Members of the Executive Committee,		4,700,295

The foregoing list contains	7,268,505	pages.
Given to aid in circulating Volumes,	180,395	“
Delivered Life Members and Directors,	279,960	“
Circulated at rail road depots, in public stables, and other places on the Sabbath,	107,025	“
Total,	7,835,885	“

Which at 1,500 pages for $1 00, amounts to	$5,223 93
One hundred and twenty-four volumes delivered to Directors,	29 59
Seven hundred and seventy-seven volumes delivered to Members,	161 62
Seventeen hundred volumes to Donors,	378 46
Twenty-seven hundred and sixty-two volumes circulated among Seamen,	377 77
Eleven thousand and eighty-nine volumes circulated by Colporteurs and Agents,	1,279 84
Total,	$7,451 21

The gratuitous circulation is larger than in any former year, by $2,438, in value, and by nearly three millions pages of Tracts, in grants, for Foreign Missionary stations, for Seamen, Seamen's missionaries and chaplains, Marines and Seamen in Hospitals and Navy Yards and United States ships and merchant vessels, Sabbath schools, Prisons, Humane and Benevolent societies, Donors and individuals in distant and destitute portions of the country. Among the volumes granted, 2,762 were for Seamen; and 11,089 volumes were given by colporteurs and agents. The committee endeavor to exercise a sound discretion in the grants made. The calls for grants are numerous and increasing, as well as opportunities to do much good in this way. Without an increase of funds, we cannot enlarge in this department, for the amount of our grants this year is more than one-fourth of all our donations.

Volumes Circulated.

The number of Volumes circulated, during the year, is, 103,243, including 17,362 Sabbath Manual, 22,924 Temperance Manual, 96 Family Libraries of 15 volumes and 8 Christian Libraries of 45 volumes.

American Messenger.

The number of copies of the Messenger circulated by this Society monthly, at the close of 1847, was 32,000. It is now, May 1, 46,000.

Necessity for curtailing our operations or increasing our donations.

So large a portion of donations are given expressly for colportage at the West, and must be so expended, that after paying for our large grants to the destitute, and our necessary expenses, we are not able to prosecute colportage in New England as extensively as required. For the last three years we have gone so far beyond our means for this in New England, that we have exhausted our stock of publications, and are now in debt some $12,000 for these.

We have been compelled to dismiss ten colporteurs in our field, recently, and cannot increase our present number until our treasury is again replenished.

American Tract Society, New York.

The following brief summary shows the enlarged and wide spread operations of this great Institution with which we are so intimately and happily connected.

RESULTS OF THE YEAR.

Receipts and Expenditures.—The total *receipts* for the year ending April 1, were $235,659 46, of which amount $105,915 15 were donations, and $129,744 31 the proceeds of sales. Of the donations, $1,729 30 were specified for foreign distribution, and $32,912 76 for colportage. Included in the donations were $11,804 88 in legacies. There was a balance in the treasury, at the close of the previous year, of $1,636 58; making the total resources of the year $237,296 04—exceeding the amount of the year ending April 1, 1847, by $77,164 92. The total *expenditures* have been $237,155 95, of which amount $143,699 32 has been paid for paper, printing, binding, engraving, revising, and copyright; $6,741 70 for presses and machinery; $11,000 remitted for foreign and pagan lands; and $50,559 expended for colportage, exclusive of publications to the value of $16,622 49 gratuitously distributed by colporteurs and agents. Balance remaining in the treasury, $140 09.

Publications.—There have been *printed* during the year, of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, 14,000 sets of four volumes; Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 17,000; Baxter's Saints' Rest, 10,000; Doddridge's Rise and Progress, 9,000; Pike's Persuasives to Early Piety, 7,000; Universalism not of God, 11,000; Redeemer's Last Command, by Dr. Scudder, 8,000; Letters to Little Children, 16,000; Alleine's Alarm, 13,000; Baxter's Call, 21,000, and 20,000 in smaller type; Edwards's Sabbath Manual, Parts 1, 2, 3, 52,000, and of Part 3, 55,500; Edwards's Temperance Manual, 51,500; of eight other volumes, 5,000 each; of thirty-seven volumes, 4,000 each; of volumes in *German*, 28,000; in *Welsh*, 4,000; and in *French*, 2,000. Of the 18mo series of Tracts, large type, illustrated, 52,000; of the four series of Children's Tracts, with beautiful engravings, 686,000 copies, 13,010,000 pages; and of the Family Christian Almanac, 64 pages, for 1848, 128,000 copies. Of *Tract* No. 484, Infidel Restored, 104,000; of No. 488, Divine Grace Illustrated, 120,000; of No. 489, Three Words, 176,000; of No. 490, Procrastination, 152,000; of No. 492, Poor William, 136,000; of No. 493, Beware of Bad Books, 148,000; of No. 495, The Horrors of Remorse, 168,000; of No. 496, Why will ye Die? 180,000; of No. 497, Cars Ready, 220,000; of No. 498, The Aurora Borealis, 188,000; of No. 499, The Haymow, 192,000; and of No. 501, The Infidel's Confession, 140,000; and 378,000 four-page Tracts in the German language.

Circulated 693,303 volumes, 6,987,262 publications, 211,730,285 pages; Christian Almanac, 128,000; American Messenger, upwards of 100,000 monthly. In twenty-three years, 4,068,928 volumes, 96,949,992 publications, 2,035,001,325 pages.

Gratuitous distribution, in 2,172 distinct grants, for foreign missionaries, the army and navy, seamen's chaplains, shipping, lakes, rivers, canals, home and domestic missionaries, Sabbath-schools, etc., including Tracts drawn by Life Members, 40,948,459 pages, value twenty-seven thousand dollars.

Colportage.—Now in commission, 206 colporteurs. Employed for the whole or a part of the year, 291, fifty of whom have labored among the German, French, Irish, Welsh, Norwegian, or Spanish population, and in Mexico. Besides the above, 106 students from 17 theological or collegiate institutions have been employed, during their vacations, making together 397, apportioned among the States as follows: Rhode Island, 1; Connecticut, 4; Vermont, 2; New York, 75; New Jersey, 15; Pennsylvania, 36; Delaware, 1; Maryland, 11; Virginia, 35; North Carolina, 3; South Carolina, 1; Georgia, 14; Florida, 2; Alabama, 15; Louisiana, 12; Texas, 5; Mississippi, 3; Arkansas, 3; Missouri, 12; Tennessee, 29; Kentucky, 20; Ohio, 47; Indiana, 23: Illinois, 12; Iowa, 4; Michigan, 8; Wisconsin, 3; and Mexico, 1.

Statistical Results.—Whole number of families visited, 254,308, or about one-sixteenth of the entire population of the United States; families conversed with on personal religion or prayed with, 152,203; number of volumes sold, 303,957; books distributed gratuitously, family by family, among the poor, 81,188, besides 4,761,244 pages of Tracts; public or prayer meetings held, 9,634; families of Roman Catholics, etc., visited, 33,354; families destitute of all religious books except the Bible, 34,354, and destitute of the Bible, 21,401; supplied with Bible or Testament, 20,215. Visited by students, nearly 40,000 families; sales, about 42,000 books; grants, over 10,000 books, and 700,000 pages of Tracts.

Foreign Distribution.—Remitted, in money, to Toulouse, $300; Paris, $300; Baptist mission, France, $200; Belgium, $200; Basle, $100; Hungary, $200; Hamburg, $200, and $500 for American Baptist mission; Russia $500; Italy, $100; Armenians of Turkey, $1,300; Nestorians, $300; Ceylon $700; Madura, $700; Madras, $300; Lutheran Mission, Guntoor, $100; Orissa, $300; Northern India, $1,500; Siam, Baptist mission, $300, Board of Commissioners, $200; China, General Assembly's Board, $300; Canton, Southern Baptist Convention, $300, Board of Commissioners, $300; Hong Kong, $200; Amoy, $300; Fuh-chau, $200; Ningpo, $200; Shanghai, $200; Sandwich Islands, $700—total, $11,000.

Publishing Department.

During the year, the following 63 new publications in six languages, of which 19 are volumes, have been printed, making the whole number on the Society's list 1,313, of which 231 are volumes. Besides these, 134 books and Tracts have been sanctioned at foreign stations; making the whole number now sanctioned for publication abroad 2,303, including 182 volumes.

IN THE GENERAL ENGLISH SERIES.

No.		Pages.
494.	The Spirit of Christ exemplified in Labors for the Conversion of the World. By Rev. Charles Walker, Pittsford, Vt.,	20
495.	The Horrors of Remorse. By Rev. D. C. Lansing, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	4
496.	Why will ye die? By Rev. Chas. Hyde, Pawtucket, R. I.,	4
497.	Cars Ready! By Rev. Edward Hitchcock, D. D., President of Amherst College, Mass.	4
498.	The Aurora Borealis. By Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D., Elizabethtown, N J.	4
499.	The Haymow. By the same author.	4
500.	"The Door was Shut." By Rev. J. U. Parsons, Cuthbert, Geo.,	24
501.	The Infidel's Confession. By Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, Canton, Conn.,	4
502.	Appeal in behalf of the Christian Sabbath. By Rev. S. S. Schmucker, D. D. Prof. Evangelical Lutheran Theol. Seminary, Gettysburgh, Pa.,	16
503.	True Conversion, a Dialogue between Christian and Hopeful. From Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.,	8
	The Faithful Domestic, (occasional)	8

NEW SERIES OF 18MO TRACTS, LARGE TYPE, ILLUSTRATED.

The Colporteur and Cottager. By Rev. A. Alexander, D. D.,	32

Of the previous numbers of this series, the Colporteur and Farmer, Colporteur and Aged Man, Colporteur and Roman Catholic, and Poor Man's Guide and Friend, which has now been enlarged, are by the same author; the Conversations on Training the Young, by Rev. Joel Parker, D. D., of Philadelphia; and Poor Joseph, a reprint of Tract No. 68.

The Illustrated Family Christian Almanac for 1848,	60

HANDBILL.

70. The Christian and his Echo.

IN THE GERMAN SERIES.

136.	The New Creature,	4
137.	The Pharisee and Publican,	4
138.	Why should I read the Bible?	4
139.	On Repentance,	4
140.	What am I Doing?	4
141.	Faithfulness of the Good Shepherd,	12
142.	Lame Frederick, a Temperance Narrative,	16

IN THE FRENCH SERIES.

54.	The Bible and the Sinner,	4
55.	The Four Obstacles,	4
56.	Is this Prayer?	4
57.	Indecision in Religion,	8
58.	Meditations of Chancellor D'Aguesseau on Jesus Christ,	12
59.	The Three Errors,	16
60.	The Cottage of Nan-Bourant. By Rev. Merle D'Aubigné, D. D.,	4

IN FRENCH, 18mo SERIES.

The Virgin and the Saints. By Napoleon Roussell,	28
Jesus and the Jesuit, By Napoleon Roussell,	23
What do Protestants believe? By do.,	24
On Purgatory. By do.	12
Whom are we to Believe? with Answers from the Church. From the Belgian Evangelical Society,	44
History of a Piece of Wood, (an image)	12
Why I am not a Roman Catholic,	24
God is infinitely Good,	20

IN SPANISH, 18mo SERIES.

Why does the Priest forbid you to Read the Bible?	12
Portrait of the Virgin Mary in Heaven,	24
The Religion of Money,	36

IN SPANISH, 64mo.

My Father, (El Desengano de Carlos,)	16
The Image Boys, (El Dichoso Encuentio,)	16
The Wishing Cap, (La Gorra de los Deseos,)	16

VOLUMES.

Paley's Natural Theology,	440
Universalism not of God. By Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, Boston, Mass.,	258
Thoughts on Missions. By Rev. S. Dibble, late missionary to the Sandwich Islands,	225
Guide to an Acquaintance with God. By Rev. James Sherman, London,	173
The proper Mode of Keeping the Sabbath: Sabbath Manual. Part 4. By Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D.,	136
Memoir of Clementine Cuvier. By Rev. John Angell James,	96
The Bible True. By Rev. William S. Plumer, D. D., Baltimore, Md.,	
The Withered Branch Revived. From "Gathered Fragments," by the late Rev. John A. Clark, of Philadelphia.	72
The Peep of Day. By a lady of England,	228
Line upon Line. By do.	254
Precept upon Precept. By do.	256
The Trees, Fruits, and Flowers of the Bible. By the late Mrs. H. N. Cook, of New York,	120
Memoir of Charles L. Winslow. By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hotchings,	107
Great Truths in Simple Words,	94
The Illustrated Tract Primer,	108

POCKET MANUAL, 64mo.

Milk for Babes, or Daily Texts. Selected by Miss Harriet A. Tucker, of New York,	128

VOLUMES IN GERMAN.

Arndt's True Christianity, Book I.,	
Bp. Watson's Reply to Thomas Paine,	232
Dr. Edwards's Temperance Manual,	106

VOLUME IN WELSH.

James's Anxious Inquirer,	201

VOLUME IN DANISH.

Baxter's Call to the Unconverted.	208

APPROVED FOR FOREIGN STATIONS.

134 Publications, including 10 volumes.

Paley's Natural Theology is not only a masterly exhibition of the argument proving the existence of God from the marks of design in his works; but in showing these marks of design by an induction of particulars, introduces the reader to a delightful acquaintance with the wonderful works of God in the visible universe. It is thus a storehouse of knowledge as to the natural world, exhibiting the goodness as identical with the wisdom of God in his handiwork—in the structure of the vegetable and animal kingdom; the human frame, the bones, joints, and muscles; the perfection of the animal structure; peculiar organizations; instincts, insects, the astronomical world, etc., and out of all deducing the personality, attributes, unity, and goodness of God. A clergyman says, "The reading of this work when a youth, not only charmed me with the clearness of the author's style and argument, but opened my eyes to the beauties of nature, and gave me new delight in the happiness of the animal kingdom, and especially of the young, which God has everywhere diffused. I have ever since been a happier man, and delighted more in the happiness of all the creatures of God."

UNIVERSALISM NOT OF GOD; "an examination of the System of Universalism, its Doctrine, Arguments, and Fruits; with the experience of the author during a ministry of twelve years; by Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, pastor of a church in Boston," contains "the substance of his other and larger works upon Universalism, condensed, reärranged, and in part rewritten." This work exposes and uproots the ever-changing tenets of Universalists with a skill like that with which Nelson has traced and confuted the errors of Infidelity. The author knew from bitter experience the evils of the system he exposes; and by mingled narrative, argument, and expostulation, seeks to warn the community of the dangers of a seductive system of error, and to lead its votaries from their delusion, to the truth as it is in Jesus. He gives the narrative of his own experience for twelve years as a preacher of Universalism, and the state of his mind in relinquishing that cherished system for faith in Christ. He presents the difficulties of Universalism, examines its arguments, shows its destructive tendencies and influences, and proves its inconsistency with the truth of the Bible. While Universalism has apparently been waning in some parts of the country, in others it threatens to become the absorbing error; and we know of no better means of counteracting its mischiefs than the circulation of this work.

DIBBLE'S THOUGHTS ON MISSIONS, is one of the most powerful, impassioned, and soul-stirring appeals for missions, that has been written: discussing the subjects of the true spirit of missions; Christian stewardship; the guilt of neglecting the heathen; the Saviour's last command; laymen called to the field of missions; claims of missions on ministers of influence; import of the great commission; trials to be met. It has an additional interest as being a voice from the tomb; the self-sacrificing and devoted author having been called to enter into rest soon after it was prepared for the press. The Rev. Dr. Wayland, of Providence, R. I., expressed his earnest desire that this work should be published, as preëminently adapted to enkindle a missionary spirit; and the Rev. Dr. Tucker says of it, "It is a wonderful book. It has stirred my soul like the sound of a trumpet. Having been on the ground, where the Spirit of God was poured out more copiously than in any place since the great revival at Jerusalem, he wrote under the influence of the same Spirit. No man who had not been baptized from above could have written such a book."

SHERMAN'S GUIDE TO AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD is a serious and attractive work by the successor of the Rev. Rowland Hill, in London, founded on the text, "Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." It shows the nature of acquaintance with God, or true religion; the essential means of this high attainment, namely, the mediation of Christ, and faith in Him; the influences and work of the Holy Spirit; the preached and written word, prayer, meditation, and holy walking with God; the best season for commencing acquaintance with God, in which the present time is urged by many affecting considerations; closing with a view of the advantages attending this high and sacred duty.

THE PROPER MODE OF KEEPING THE SABBATH, or Part IV. of Dr. Edwards's Sabbath Manual, enters into a full and able discussion of the sacred claims of the day, from the teachings of the Bible, and especially of Christ and the apostles, in respect to the various kinds of Sabbath labor for which men seek to find apologies: as harvesting, traveling, the use of the mails, sailing of steamboats and packets, whaling, ferries, livery establishments, markets, secular reading, the practice of medicine, ministerial exchanges, etc.

CLEMENTINE CUVIER was the only daughter of the celebrated Baron Cuvier, and amid the gay scenes of Paris was led to devote herself to Christ, and enabled faithfully to exemplify the piety of the gospel. A brief sketch of her life by the Rev. Mark Wilks, is here beautifully amplified by the Rev. John Angell James, rendering this a most attractive and acceptable memorial for all classes of readers.

THE BIBLE TRUE, comprises a condensed summary of all the principal arguments in support of Christianity, plainly and clearly stated, and will be especially valuable to those who are prevented from examining larger works.

THE WITHERED BRANCH REVIVED, is a beautiful and authentic narrative of a young lady, (Miss Malcolm of New York,) who became pious under the faithful labors of the author, but was enticed into fashionable amusements until she became a "withered branch;" and then, by the grace of God, was "revived," and won back again to honor Christ in her life and death.

THE PEEP OF DAY—LINE UPON LINE—PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT, are three charming volumes from the gifted pen of an evangelical lady of the church of England, consisting simply of Bible history, brought down in the most familiar manner to the capacities of *young children*, many of whom have been charmed by the narrative and through it learned the way of eternal life. "The Peep of Day" is a minute history of our Lord, from his birth to his ascension. "Line upon Line" begins with the creation, and proceeds with the Old Testament history to the death of Joshua; and "Precept upon Precept" takes up the narrative at the birth of Samuel, carrying it to the close of the Old Testament history. An able quarterly well says, "We have difficulty in expressing all the admiration and love we feel towards the Peep of Day series. After using them with children, we are prepared to set them above any thing of their class we have ever seen."

THE TREES, FRUITS, AND FLOWERS OF THE BIBLE is by the gifted author of the "Scripture Animals," published by the Society, and was in progress when she was suddenly called from time; and the Committee are indebted to Miss Frances M. Caulkins, of New London, Conn., for carrying it to its completion. It is in a neat, attractive style, the result of the careful study of the history of each tree or fruit described, and is a valuable help to an acquaintance with this part of the sacred Scriptures.

CHARLES L. WINSLOW was a lovely youth, son of the Rev. Miron and Mrs. Harriet L. Winslow, missionaries in India, who died a few days after his arrival in this country. His life has been rewritten, revised, and enlarged by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hutchings, whose residence in India has eminently qualified her for the service. It is a pleasing illustration of consistent early piety, and the gracious rewards of parental faithfulness. The young have here "an illustration of a confiding, filial, affectionate, and obedient temper, and the blessing of having pious parents. They will learn, too, their own obligation to an overruling Providence, from seeing how this child was watched over, guarded, and preserved amid threatening dangers."

The GREAT TRUTHS IN SIMPLE WORDS, consists of forty-five short chapters, or portions, each illustrating the existence, the works, or the providence of God; or presenting some truth of the Bible, connected with the plan of salvation by Christ, and our duties to God and men. It is rendered attractive by numerous engravings.

THE ILLUSTRATED TRACT PRIMER, has been carefully prepared, with multiplied engravings, containing alphabets, spelling lessons, simple reading in prose and poetry, portions of Scripture history, and every variety of matter appropriate to a primer, with an admirable Catechism, the answers to which are in the language of the Bible. This attractive little work has been prepared not only for the children of our land generally, but with a special reference to the benefit of families reached by colporteurs, in which parents or children are unable to read.

MILK FOR BABES, containing a text and verse of a hymn for each day in the year, is an acceptable pocket companion, not only for children and youth, but those of riper years who love the "sincere milk of the word."

Of ARNDT'S TRUE CHRISTIANITY, *in German*, the Rev. Dr. Krummacher, in the preface to a late edition of this work issued by him, says no religious book in Germany has been more universally circulated and prized, or more extensively blessed from above. For two centuries new editions have been issued almost every year, and it has been translated into almost all the other European languages. It clearly presents man's natural depravity; salvation by the merits of Christ, and the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit; justification by faith alone; forgiveness to the true penitent solely by the blood of the Redeemer; and the word of God, under the teaching of the Spirit, as the only rule of faith and holy living, "I know not what work can be compared with it. The style is forcible, and breathing the consecrated oil of the sanctuary; and the thoughts like fresh healing waters flowing from a deep and divine fountain of life. Nothing is superficial; all is original, bearing the stamp of the inmost vital experience. Thousands have been blessed by this book. Thousands will be blessed. May it bring peace and joy to the families whose doors it shall enter."

Bishop Watson's well-known REPLY TO PAINE has been translated into German, as was Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity, to meet the skepticism of many Germans in this country, which is unhappily cherished by the circulation among them of Paine's Age of Reason in that language.

The Temperance Manual in German, the Anxious Inquirer in Welsh, and the Call to the Unconverted in Danish, it is also hoped will prove acceptable and useful in those languages.

The Memoirs of Leighton and Schwartz, and Gallaudet's Bible Stories, have been recast in the 18mo size; and an edition of the Dairyman's Daughter in English and Spanish has been printed in both languages, in alternate pages, believing that it would be acceptable to many, especially in Mexico, or on its borders. All the Society's Tracts in Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian, have also been recently revised, in order as far as possible to secure accuracy, and render them acceptable to the readers of those languages.

A document of 144 pages, 18mo, has been issued, giving a history of the Society's volume circulation, with a notice of the character of the volumes issued in various languages; and the Proceedings of the Public Deliberative Meeting of the Board and Friends of the Society has been reprinted; both designed especially for the use of the Society's Agents and Colporteurs.

The Committee believe, that the attention which has been given to the issuing of *engravings in the first style of the art*, for their success in which they are much indebted to the talent and care of Mr. ROBERT ROBERTS, will be fully rewarded in the increased attractiveness and acceptance of a large portion of the Society's issues, especially those designed for the young.

THE FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC for 1848, enlarged to 60 pages, was rendered acceptable and attractive, not only by the insertion of valuable statistics, but by its beautiful engravings, the circulation having reached 128,000. The Illustrated Almanac for 1849, which is now in the press, will be, it is believed, still more attractive. It is adapted for use in every part of the country; and being stored with useful facts, interesting anecdote, and instructive reading, it is an object worthy of the attention of Christians to give it a universal diffusion.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER, the Society's newspaper, has attained a circulation exceeding 100,000 copies monthly, and has met with very general acceptance in all portions of the country. It may be regarded as one of the most useful of the Society's enterprises. While it conveys a vast amount of evangelical instruction to families receiving no other religious periodical, it is an important vehicle for diffusing intelligence relating to the Society's work at home and abroad among its numerous patrons, and of increasing the interest of hundreds of thousands in labors for the conversion of the world to God. No less than one million and two hundred thousand copies of the English edition were printed and circulated during the past year. The whole expenditure for paper, printing, and circulating the Messenger, was $11,482, ($8,468 of which was for paper;) and the receipts on account of the same were nearly an equal amount, being $11,365.

Of the AMERICAN MESSENGER IN GERMAN, an aggregate of 64,500 copies have been circulated, and it meets increasing favor and encouragement. The widest possible circulation of these two journals may be deemed one of the most efficient means of promoting the Society's interests, and of doing good to the souls of men.

COLPORTAGE IN NEW ENGLAND.

For more than two hundred years New England has had a devoted ministry in almost every one of its numerous towns, and yet it is found that at least one third of the population do not go to hear that ministry. An aged minister, long and well acquainted in New England, estimates this number to be one half of the population. This class are represented in the parable of the great feast, by those whom Christ describes as living in the "streets and lanes" of our crowded cities, and in the "highways and hedges" of the surrounding country, and to whom he bids his servants *Go*, and "compel them to come in, that his house may be full." *Go to them* personally, and from man to man, and from heart to heart. In obedience to his last great command, to "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to *every creature*," some have gone to distant heathen nations. But in New England even, where are so many churches and Christian hearts, who goes, as the Saviour thus commands, to those living in her highways and hedges, and speaks to them of Christ and their own guilt and danger, and prays with and for parents and children around their own firesides, and this "without ceasing," from day to day, and from week to week, and with that tenderness, urgency and directness, which compel attention and awaken thoughts of God and eternity? Not the pastors of her churches, except here and there one may have done this to a limited extent, though there have been faithful pastors in New England for two centuries. Yet it is evident that Christ contemplated some such agency in giving his gospel to men and in securing its universal triumph. The condition and exigencies of tens of thousands in our country demand it. How can these pastors do this with the increased demand which the pulpit, the parish and society now make upon them for all the time and strength they can command? Our system of local churches and pastors, invaluable and indispensable as it is, has failed, even in New England, to bring under the teaching of the Christian ministry one-third of the population. This system cannot be dispensed with, but on the contrary must be greatly extended all over our country. It is God's special and permanent ordinance for the conversion of men to Christ, and the maintenance in the world of a knowledge of himself and of his word and worship. There is no substitute for this. There can be none. No agency for evangelization, or salvation, would be effectual, nor long exist, without local churches and pastors. Yet the experiment of this system, indispensable as it is, has failed to bring multitudes to its healing waters, even in the most favored parts of our country. This system alone does not meet the exigencies of our population, the command of Christ, and the obligations of his people. If the salvation of souls depends on their hearing the gospel from pastors alone, then there are thousands around the churches of New England, and even within the sound of their bells, who will fail of heaven. The alienation of men from God is so entire, and their aversion to return to him so strong, that if left to themselves and uncared for by those who sympathize with Christ in his compassion for the souls of men, they will perish in their sins unless the gospel be *carried to them, whatever* they are in character or condition—*wherever* they may be, whether on land or sea, in a mansion or in a hovel, in the dark lanes of our cities, or in the highways and hedges of the country, and by an agency adapted to their characters and circumstances. Especially must this be done among a sparse population, where there are few or no means of moral and religious instruction.

The results of labors by Colporteurs in Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Eastern Vermont, so far as reported, are as follows: *Circulated,* 53,354 volumes, and 433,197 pages of Tracts. *Sales,* $5,918. *Grants,* $1,467 66. Visited 30,047 families; offered prayer and held religious conversation with 15,858 families. Found 1,828 families had no religious book except the Bible, and 672 were without a Bible. Addressed 533 public religious meetings, and attended 818 meetings for prayer.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Norfolk, Plymouth, and Barnstable Counties.

Rev. *Josiah Tucker* has labored twelve months in *Norfolk, Plymouth* and *Barnstable Counties.* He was assisted seven weeks by Mr. *Rufus Bixby*, and in several towns by individual members of the churches. By these joint labors, 14,591 volumes were put into circulation. *Sales*, $1,520 06. *Grants*, $502 64 in volumes, and 104,960 pages of Tracts. 7,568 families visited, and prayer and religious conversation had with 6,217 of these families; 74 of them had no Bible. He conducted 175 religious meetings.

Worcester County.

Mr. *H. G. Durham* has labored twelve months in the southeastern part of this county, and in a few adjoining towns in Rhode Island. *Circulated,* 3,202 volumes. *Sales*, $563 85. *Grants*, $72 35 in volumes, and 21,243 pages of Tracts. 700 subscribers for Messenger. Visited 3,409 families, had prayer and religious conversation with 1,646 families; 1,098 families Roman Catholics and other errorists; 491 families destitute of all religious books, except the Bible;

151 families had no Bible, and supplied them. Addressed 84 religious meetings, and attended 90 meetings for prayer.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

Rev. *John Walker* labored five and a half months in the northern part of *Middlesex County*. *Circulated*, 1,730 volumes. *Sales*, $414 38. *Grants*, $29 80. Visited 901 families.

Lowell.—Mr. *E. D. Farr* has devoted ten months to Colportage in this city. Recent severe sickness has prevented his making a report of his labors in season.

Mr. *Charles Smith* labored five weeks in *Dracut* and *Lawrence*. *Circulated* 409 volumes. *Sales*, $59 21. *Grants*, $21 07, and 13,800 pages of Tracts. Visited 434 families. He found in Lawrence, 186 families destitute of a Bible.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY.

Rev. *W. L. James* labored four and a half months in this county, in connection with the Berkshire Missionary Society, preaching in destitute places on the Sabbath. *Circulated*, 450 volumes. *Sales*, $53 15. *Grants*, $20 88. 134 subscribers for Messenger. Visited 200 families, held religious conversation and prayer with 163 families.

DUKES COUNTY.

Mr. *N. Mayhew* labored three months on Martha's Vineyard. *Circulated*, 894 volumes. *Sales*, $168 59. *Grants*, $15 12 in volumes, and 107,000 pages of Tracts. Sale of Bibles, $95 95. Visited 879 families, and prayed with 363 of these.

New Bedford.—Mr. *A. J. Bourne* continued his labors in this city four months, and then resigned, to accept the appointment of a city missionary in Boston. The evangelical churches in New Bedford now sustain a Colporteur among them without the aid of this Society.

Brimfield.—Mr. *Amos Hitchcock*, formerly a Colporteur in the West, performed a few weeks' of voluntary and very acceptable service in this town. *Sales*, $51 95.

MAINE.

OXFORD COUNTY.

Mr. *Levi Hersey* labored three and a half months in this county. *Sales*, 659 volumes. *Grants*, 190 volumes, and 3,084 Tracts. Visited 821 families, with 673 of which he had religious conversation and prayer. Found 44 families destitute of the Bible, and 98 without any religious book except the Bible.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

Mr. *Sumner Bixby* reports for two months in this county, 824 volumes circulated. *Sales*, $99 75. *Grants*, $34 02. 8,000 pages of Tracts; 194 subscribers for Messenger; 974 families visited, prayer with 720; 59 families destitute of the Bible.

PENOBSCOT COUNTY.

Rev. *N. Cobb* continued his labors for three months of the year in this county. He reports the circulation of 636 volumes. *Sales*, $141 19. *Grants*, $22 17, and 88,000 pages of Tracts. 2,726 families visited; conversed and prayed with 345 families; addressed 79 public meetings and 18 prayer meetings; 343 families destitute of all religious books except the Bible.

KENNEBEC AND FRANKLIN COUNTIES.

Mr. *Joseph Perham* labored eight months in these counties. *Circulated*, 1,342 volumes. *Sales*, $269 66. *Grants*, $33 11, and 6,688 pages tracts. 822 families visited, with 700 of which had religious conversation and prayer.

Mr. *C. B. Marston* has spent nine months in the eastern part of *Kennebec County*. *Circulated*, 3,784 volumes. *Sales*, $566 50. *Grants*, $93 08 in volumes, and 41,095 pages of tracts. Sold and granted a large number of children's tracts. Visited 2,557 families; with 1,729 held prayer and Christian conference. 565 families destitute of all religious books except the Bible, and 46 families had no Bible. Received in donations, $69 37.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Mr. *S. M. Chisam* labored eight months in this county. *Circulated*, 2,129 volumes. *Sales*, $478 85. *Grants*, $42 32, and 10,466 pages of tracts. 162 subscribers for Messenger. Visited 1,161 families.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Mr. *Wilson Merrill* has labored nine months in this county. *Circulated*, 1,926 volumes. *Sales*, $386 04. *Grants*, $34 93, and 16,100 pages of tracts. Visited 2,713 families, and offered prayer and held religious conversation with 1,095 of these.

WALDO COUNTY.

Rev. *Nathaniel Copeland* devoted two months in this county. *Circulated*, 620 volumes. *Sales*, $76 01. *Grants*, $17 30, and in tracts, 6,935 pages. Visited 396 families, with all of whom he had prayer and conference. Addressed 18 public meetings, and supplied 27 families with the Bible.

AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

Rev. *Samuel Boothby* labored two months in this county, and in one or two towns in *Penobscot County.* *Circulated,* 640 volumes. *Sales,* $86 16. *Grants,* $15 07. 374 families visited, with 296 of which had prayer and religious conference.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Mr. *D. H. Temple,* theological student, performed a voluntary agency of two months in this county. *Circulated,* 404 volumes. *Sales,* $104 22. *Grants,* $14 50, and 6,194 pages of tracts. Sale of Bibles, $50 23. Visited 548 families, 28 of which had no Bible.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

SULLIVAN AND CHESHIRE COUNTIES.

Rev. *A. H. House* has prosecuted his work twelve months in these counties, three of which he devoted to collecting funds. *Circulated,* 7,340 volumes, and 22,680 pages of tracts. *Sales,* $765 09. *Grants,* $247 93. Addressed 95 public meetings, and visited 600 families, with most of whom he had religious conversation or prayer.

GRAFTON COUNTY.

Rev. *C. W. Richardson* labored three months in this county. *Circulated,* 541 volumes. *Sales,* $74 11. *Grants,* $3 35. Visited 159 families, with 103 of which he had religious conversation and prayer.

STRAFFORD COUNTY.

Mr. *E. Mack* labored four months in this county. *Circulated,* 1,433 volumes. *Sales,* $253 22. *Grants,* $58 30. 15,610 pages of tracts. 514 families visited; conversed and prayed with 415 families. 18 families had no Bible.

VERMONT.

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

Rev. *Ora Pearson* has labored twelve months in this county, and in a few towns in *Washington* and *Orleans Counties.* *Circulated,* 8,448 volumes, 47,912 pages of tracts, and 1,000 Christian Almanacs. *Sales,* $938 34. *Grants,* $115 60. 1,673 families visited by himself, and 800 by Christian brethren, who voluntarily aided him. He offered prayer in 1,122 families, and with all had religious conversation. Addressed 72 public meetings, and gathered 10 prayer meetings. Received in donations to the Society, $52 05.

Essex County.

Mr. *George A. Appleton* labored five months in this county, and in a few places in *Coos County*, New Hampshire. *Circulated*, 1,412 volumes. *Sales*, $210 81. *Grants*, 577 volumes, and 8,630 pages of tracts. Visited 852 families, with 617 of which had prayer and religious conversation. 429 families had no religious book except the Bible, and 59 had no Bible. Circulated 346 Bibles and Testaments.

REPORTS OF COLPORTEURS.

The following extracts from the reports of Colporteurs, illustrates the usefulness and adaptation of this agency in New England, as well as in the less favored sections of our country.

Says Rev. Mr. P——, in *Vermont:*

My work the past year has been both pleasant and encouraging. I should do wrong not to speak of the innumerable favors which the Lord has granted me. In addition to health to prosecute my work, he has inclined the hearts of those whom I have visited, to receive me kindly, and in most cases to favor the object for which I am laboring. True I have visited several places in which are found warm and liberal friends of the cause; and it is cheering to know that their interest and liberality are unabated. Most of the towns in C—— county, where the greater part of my time has been spent, have previously been visited, and the Christian families furnished with the publications of our Society, yet many of these were grateful for the opportunity of supplying themselves more fully with these works. They know their value. Said one man to me last summer, when visiting a town which is probably as well supplied with our publications as any in the county, "The more people have of these publications, the more they want."

But in the most favored counties, towns, and neighborhoods, individuals and families are found ignorant, irreligious, vicious, neglecters of the sanctuary, Sabbath breakers, and despisers of all that is good. Such it has been my object to search out and visit. I have endeavored to secure, by the aid of the several pastors and active Christians, a thorough visitation of the families belonging to their respective congregations. The remaining families, most of which attend statedly no place of worship and belong to no religious society, I consider as *my* parishioners; for the Tract Society's field is *the world*—"the world which lieth in *wickedness*."

According to the division of families just referred to, I often have a larger parish to visit and care for than any other Christian minister who statedly labors in the town. And my parishioners, without exception, look for a due portion of my time and services. Said one woman, "I heard you were visiting all the families. I was afraid you would not come to visit us back here. We need to be visited. You must come again, and stop longer." Said another, "I never knew so low a time in religion; so little said about it, and so little stir."

Of the fatal errorists reported this year, only a small part are Romanists. They are chiefly infidels; not all avowedly so, but many sympathize with various religious errorists and fanatics. They are willing to allow that the

Bible, especially the New Testament, contains much good instruction; but that it is divinely inspired, and all to be received as true and important, they deny.

Paine's Age of Reason.

In the different towns which I have visited, I have met with persons who have *Paine's Age of Reason.* Recently several copies of that work have been introduced into the northern part of Vermont, and I apprehend it is secretly circulated to a considerable extent. It is sold under the imposing title of "Paine's Theological Works." I visited a disciple of Paine. "Have you read all of Mr. Paine's work?" he asked; "I have lately read it. You will find something there to perplex you. He believed in God Almighty," &c. Another man in the same town remarked to me, "Mr. Paine is the most candid writer I ever read." When referred to Paine's scurrility, he replied that, "when speaking of the Bible and the characters there delineated, he became somewhat excited, as well he might." This same man professed to be a candid inquirer after truth. He purchased *Nelson on Infidelity;* and his brother, at the next door, who sympathized with him in belief, purchased the volume on the *Evidences of Christianity.*

Notwithstanding the able works before written on the subject, the recent volume of Dr. Spring, *The Bible not of Man*, published by the Tract Society, is a valuable and needed addition.

Infidelity, under the name of Universalism, is also to be met with. *Universalism not of God*, is a seasonable work. Many copies of the two last named works have been circulated in my field since they were published.

Scotch Emigrants.

Some of the towns which I have visited were originally settled by emigrants from Scotland, and their descendants love good solid religious reading. Flavel's, Doddridge's, Edwards's, Baxter's, and Bunyan's works, have been in great demand.

History of Redemption.

While visiting in D——, I called at the shop of a mechanic. He expressed an interest in religious reading, and a desire to purchase D'Aubigné's History. In the course of conversation, he spoke of a book which several months before he found on the Common, one Sabbath, as he was going or returning from meeting. He had read it, and showed it to ministers who had called on him. Different individuals had offered to purchase the book, but he was unwilling, for any price, to part with it, unless he could get another. I expressed a wish to see the book which he prized so highly, and seemed to be so rare. He went to his house. He brought forward *Edwards's History of Redemption*, published by the American Tract Society!

Flavel.

Met with an individual who, two years since, became a hopeful subject of saving grace, and to whom, at that time, I granted *Flavel on Keeping the Heart.* "That book has been a great help to me," was her remark. It may be proper to add, that the conversion of the above named individual was effected instrumentally by the publications of the Tract Society, and labors accompanying their distribution. But the most interesting and encouraging part of my work, I find to be among the children and youth. The publications of the Society, designed for this class of readers are, both as to matter and manner, highly appropriate. The great doctrine which pervades these as well as all the other publications of the Society, is *Christ crucified.*

Then, how attractive is the manner in which they appear. I love to look upon the smiling faces and sparkling eyes of a group of children, as they gather around the trunk of books which is opened and spread out before them. Their exclamations of surprise and joy show they are deeply interested. Many parents who are themselves careless about religion, will buy books to please their children and encourage them to read and learn. Such parents will purchase religious as well as other books, if they are carried to their houses, but will not seek for them.

The children of many families which I visit do not attend the Sabbath school, and have not access to those religious books which Sabbath school scholars now usually have the privilege of reading. And I enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that I leave many books for the young, where such publications would not be likely to find their way by other means now in use. The older members of a family—parents and others—may read, or hear read, books for the young, though they do not read other religious books; so that many adults may be reached by these youthful publications.

It has pleased the Lord to shed down the convincing and converting influences of his Spirit in some part of the field in which I have been laboring the past year. Of extensive revivals I cannot speak. Neither do I affirm that to my visits, and the publications which I have circulated, can be traced back the first or chief instrumental cause of religious attention in those places where it exists.

In St. Johnsbury, even before my visit, there was seriousness, a spirit of inquiry among the young men, especially in the academy. And these young men were active and important helpers in distributing our publications. They engaged with cheerfulness and promptness in this work. Since that time there has been more decided indications of the Spirit's work among the youth. In Lyndon, the first town visited this year, the ministers and their wives not only gave me a cordial welcome, but engaged personally in the distribution of the books, and visiting. No special religious attention was then apparent. This was in May last. During the winter, several young men have hopefully become the subjects of renewing grace. I understand that so far as means are concerned, the death of a young person, and a sermon preached on the occasion, seemed to be the first discernible cause of special religious attention. Yet I cherish the hope that the recent distribution of the Tract Society's publications has contributed to the promotion of the Holy Spirit's work in both these places.

In the northern part of the State, Christians and ministers feel an increasing interest in the colporteur system. They begin to awake to their own responsibility in the matter, and to realize the privilege and obligation of personal effort. In one town the pastor has supplied every family with the Sabbath Manual. This distribution was effected by himself, in company with his wife, making a short religious visit, and offering prayer in every family, when practicable. Thus the work of a colporteur is performed by him in those families which belong not to his own congregation.

American Messenger.

The extensive circulation of the Messenger has contributed, as I think, to awaking and cherishing an interest in the cause. Within two years past, a considerable number has been introduced into several towns in the county and vicinity.

I ought to say, that while laboring in Caledonia county, the Messrs. Fairbanks brought, without charge, nine boxes of books from Franklin, N. H., into that county; thus making to the Society a saving of some ten dollars or upwards, being as good as a donation of the same value. In addition, they kindly afforded their countenance and aid while I was laboring in St. Johnsbury.

Destitution of the Bible.

A Colporteur in northern *Vermont,* writes :

I find many families without the word of God, and some who have lived without for ten, twelve, fourteen, and even eighteen years, some of whom appeared willing to live on without this or any other good book. In such places I generally find Universalism prevalent, or a more bold infidelity. I was grieved to find professors of religion were not only destitute of good religious books, but apparently willing to remain so. In one family, where the mother professed religion, they were without a Bible, and of all religious books.

A Colporteur in *Massachusetts,* says :

I have visited nearly 3,000 families, of every creed, and of no creed, and in each have left books or tracts, prayed in many, and left none without religious conversation. I visit every house, and offer my books almost universally. I am told, at once, that they do not want to purchase ; but I open my books, spread them out on the table, and tell them how cheap they are, and if they cannot be persuaded to buy, leave them some tracts. In one town, where the people have generally embraced another gospel, I was told at once that I could not sell a book ; but the Lord was with me, and I sold sixty dollars' worth.

A woman, on seeing that I had *Universalism not of God*, threw it spitefully one side, saying, "I advise you to get rid of that book as soon as possible." "That is the very thing I have been trying to do all the morning. Well," said I, "here is *Baxter's Saints' Rest.*" "I have heard of that book," said she. "Then you have heard of one of the best books ever written." She bought the *Saints' Rest* for herself, and *Scripture Biography* for her grandchild.

Perseverance Rewarded.

Having sold a few books, I passed on with a young man belonging to the family, towards the next house, requested him to call with me and introduce me ; but he declined, saying, that I could tell them that he had bought some of the books, and that would be sufficient. I went in. The lady of the house seemed willing to buy some, but her husband was at work in the barn across the road. I went over to see him, and after bidding him good morning, told him I was visiting his town with some excellent books, and requested him just to step over to the house and see them. But he thought he did not want any ; it was of no use to go over. "I will detain you but just three minutes," said I ; and taking him by the arm, persuaded him to go over. I finally succeeded in selling him *D'Aubigné's History*, and *Baxter's Saint's Rest.*

I entered a town where I was a perfect stranger. I understood that an agent of the Bible Society had been ordered to leave the place, and that I should probably meet with some rude treatment. But there is nothing like trying. The first house I entered, I found an old lady reading a little book. After a little introductory conversation, I asked her what book she was reading. She replied, it was a book that told about the Sabba' day. "Please let me look at it a moment." It was the Sabbath Manual! "Who gave you that book ?" said I. "Mrs. ——, who lives just up in the village." "Very well," thought I ; "now I know where to go." I called on the lady who distributed the Manual, and very soon found myself at home in the house of a pious lady, who gave me all the information I needed. It was important that

I should secure the favor of the owner of the manufacturing establishment, which was the support of the village. I soon found him, hard at work over his forge. "I am visiting your place," said I, "with some excellent books, and I want to distribute them among your people." After explaining the system briefly to him, "Who be you?" said he. "I am a Rhode Islander; a man among you." "Well," he replied, "I don't know; I suppose we have got books enough, but may be some more would not hurt us. But it is no time to-day," said he; "there is going to be a funeral here this afternoon, and we are all going to wash up directly, to attend it." I found it was a child, whose parents were very poor, and this man had paid for a coffin, shroud, and some other things. I waited and attended the funeral, and at the request of the officiating clergyman, made the last prayer. My feelings were much interested, and I prayed particularly for the man who had been so kind to the afflicted family. At the close of the services, he came up to me very cordially and gave me his hand, and invited me to visit them again. The result was, that I sold $5 worth of books, and scattered many tracts, in a place where a Bible agent could not be heard. The Lord prepared the way. I have since heard that this man has said that the colporteur did much good there, and hoped he would come again.

In one place I succeeded in establishing two Sabbath schools, where no such schools had ever existed before; giving them a few books, and begging for them others to the amount of 30 volumes. These schools, I have since learned, are doing well; and they now have preaching half the time. One man, who had never given any thing before, gave $15 for the support of preaching, and $5 to the Sabbath school.

I called on one poor woman, in a destitute neighborhood, who had been confined to her bed for 15 years. She was delighted to see me; had often wondered why Christians did not call upon her, and bring her good books. Gave her *Baxter's Saint's Rest*, for which she seemed very thankful.

I have attended 86 prayer meetings, in all of which I have prayed and spoken. Many persons in every town where I have labored have expressed thanks, and hoped I would come again. I have uniformly had the cordial co-operation of the pastors of orthodox churches, and found the followers of Christ ready to bid me God speed.

Since the 1st of January, I have obtained about 700 subscribers to the American Messenger. Many of these have gone into the families of infidels and Universalists. I offered it to one man, a notorious infidel. "Well," said he, "we are commanded to 'prove all things and hold fast that which is good'; I guess I'll take it." I called soon after, and found his little boy intently engaged in reading it to his mother.

Cape Cod.

Rev. Mr. T—— says:

I found the people on the Cape very friendly to my agency. The brethren in the ministry welcomed me to their pulpits, and rejoiced to have our good books circulated among the people. Their often repeated language was, "These books are just what we need here to counteract error and promote the cause of truth." And so it seemed to me, the more I came in contact with Universalism, Come-outerism, and other phases of error.

Our books among the poor people, scattered through the long, dreary and sandy plains, and pine woods, were as gratefully received as they were greatly needed. These families had very few books of any description, and some of them none at all, and too poor to buy. They, however, thought it a strange thing that a man should come along to give them books; so strange, that some of them thought I was a *Come-outer*. On my way to the Cape, I called on an old sea captain, to whom I sold *Nelson's Cause and Cure of*

Infidelity, last summer. He then called himself an infidel, and said *he would not be cured.* But by the reading of that book I should think he is somewhat staggered in his mind. I tried to converse faithfully with him. Spoke to him of the approaching hour of death, and that to be prepared for it we must be converted to Christ. He wished me to tarry with him that night, followed me to the door when I left, and then said, (I shall never forget his manner,) "*Do you believe there is a future state of existence as much as you believe you are standing before my door?*" "I do," said I, "my dear sir; and that there is a heaven and a hell." I gave him the tract entitled, *The Infidel's Confession;* and as I bade him farewell, not expecting to meet him again in this world, I could not but believe he was in an anxious, inquiring state of mind.

In one town, the book, *Universalism not of God*, was bitterly assailed in a sermon, on the Sabbath whilst I was in the place. The consequence was, a much larger number of copies of this book were sold in this place, and many to those who heard the sermon.

How to forestall a licentious Literature.

Mr. T—— exclaims, "O, these miserable, mischievous books and periodicals, like the frogs of Egypt, are creeping into all the houses in the land, and we fear with even worse results. Surely, the people cannot long remain satisfied; they will demand more substantial food." Some indications of this already appear. In F——, after we had well supplied the town with good books, in comes a man with his books of "the baser sort;" but the measure being already filled with wheat, there was no room left for tares; and the man packed up his books and left the place, after an almost entire failure in his book auction, got up the evening before.

Tracts in the Cars.

In the cars one day, (writes Mr. T——,) a bold, blustering man almost crowded his yellow-covered literature upon the passengers. My spirit was stirred within me; and, with a good supply of the tracts, *The Cars are Ready*, and *Beware of Bad Books*, I passed hastily through the car, presenting each passenger with a tract. The man seeing this, and looking at one of the tracts, forthwith desisted and deserted the car, leaving none of his trash—no, not a single book.

Colporteur in the Car.

Seating myself in the car filled with Irish and other laborers, I said, "I see not why we cannot be as cheerful and happy here as in the other cars." "And so we can," was the prompt reply. When the fire horse stopped to drink, "My dear friends," said I, "we are all fellow travellers to eternity, and we are hastening on with more than railroad speed; and there are but two roads through this world to eternity, one leading to heaven the other to hell; one straight and narrow, the other wide and crooked. Which way, fellow travellers, are you bound? To be in the narrow road we must be born again." "Born again!" exclaimed a Roman Catholic; "he must do penance." "And why do you preach to us?" "Let him go on preaching," cried out a number. "Amen!" said a Methodist brother present. And so I went on preaching, and they listening. I know not when I have had a more solemn, melting season.

Need of Colportage in Massachusetts.

A colporteur laboring in one of the eastern counties in Massachusetts, says:

In most of the towns visited the evangelical denominations embrace but a fraction of the population. In one town of 4,000 inhabitants, only about 250 or 300 in both evangelical societies! In another of 4,000, not as many as 200. In another of 4,000, only some 600 attend public worship in pleasant weather, and twice the largest number of these attend where they hear only fatal error. In another large manufacturing town, and where during the first hundred years of its history the people enjoyed an able and faithful ministry, and where, from time almost immemorial, the town meetings, and schools, and almost every thing else, were very much controlled by the influence of the ministry, now, in this same ancient town, and by vote of its inhabitants, the evangelical ministers have been excluded from the superintending school committee, and the town house opened for infidel lectures, even on the Sabbath!

The above facts need no comment.

Universalist cured.

Says Mr. W——: When at G——, Massachusetts, I gave *Universalism not of God*, to a man who professed to be a Universalist, on condition that he would read it. A few days ago I met him in P——, and be said to me, "I am now ready to pay for that book you gave me. I got more light on that subject than I ever had before. That book has cured me of my Universalism."

Hospitality tendered the Colporteur.

Says Mr. M——, in *Maine:*

I find myself still well received every where. I have not yet had to pay for one night's entertainment, although I have put up with every class of people. Universalists, and even infidels, make me welcome to what they have.

An Infidel's View of Universalism.

Says Mr. M——: An infidel to whom I offered my books, replied, No, he would not have such trash in his house,—at length consented to read any book I would furnish him. I put in his hand *Nelson on Infidelity*, a tract on *Infidel Objections*, and *Leslie's Method with Deists*. On inquiring the next day how he liked his books, he said he liked the tract on infidel objections very much, also that part of Nelson where the author presents a strong argument against Universalism. "But why do you, an infidel, rejoice in the downfall of Universalism?" "Because," said he, "I consider every intelligent and reasoning man among them a hypocrite. He knows as well as you or I do, that the Bible teaches no such doctrine. And to be a consistent man and not a hypocrite, he must give up his Universalism or the Bible. I speak," said he, "from experience. I have occupied that ground myself; and I found that I must give up Universalism or the Bible, and I gave up the Bible."

The remainder of New England is embraced in the proceedings of the American Tract Society at New York, as given on page 39 of this Report.

The following pages on Colportage, and on Foreign and Pagan Lands, are from the Report of that Society, containing the results of the labors of those men towards whose support this Society contributes its funds.

COLPORTAGE.

The Committee review the labors of the Society in this department with much satisfaction and with devout gratitude. The hand of God has been traced all along in opening fields for cultivation, raising up competent laborers, providing resources, and crowning all with the blessing of the Holy Spirit. The prophetic promise, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," seems to find a partial fulfilment in this system, combining active, itinerant effort with the evangelical press, and diffusing among the unlettered masses the knowledge of the only true God, and of Jesus Christ "slain from the foundation of the world."

The necessity for the employment of this agency has been more and more apparent as the work has advanced, and the moral condition of the country has been investigated. Too much has been taken for granted respecting the sufficiency of the means of evangelization. When systematic efforts were commenced for conveying the Gospel to every habitation, and inquiring into the spiritual wants of every family, the appalling reality was revealed, that millions of our fellow-citizens were living in the neglect of the sanctuary, and as destitute of the blessings of a sanctified press, and of other means of instruction, as if the printing-press were yet to be invented, or as though this were not nominally a Christian land. Whatever causes may have conspired to induce this neglect, it can be no longer excusable. County after county, in every state and territory, has been daguerreotyped, and its moral portrait sketched. The lineaments of prevailing ignorance, and vice, and error, have been revealed, until the eye of pity has wept, and the heart of benevolence has bled over these sad evidences of sin and woe. Such has been the effect of the revelations made by colportage, that Christians in all parts of the land have demanded its application to their vicinity; and, in numerous instances, have contributed freely of their means on the sole condition that the destitute around them should be sought out by this humble instrumentality.

At the same time, Christians of almost every name unite in the conviction that colportage is *indispensable*, if we would impart the Gospel to the millions of *foreign immigrants* on our shores, and the quarter of a million annually swelling their numbers. Here is an enterprise of no ordinary magnitude. These swarms of fugitives from despotic power, or revolutionary anarchy, or pinching want, as much demand our spiritual charity, for the most part, as do the benighted heathen; and their silent appeal to our sympathies is enforced by considerations connected with the safety and perpetuity of our civil institutions, which, however elastic, cannot be hoped to sustain all the pressure of European degradation, superadded to native destitution. While experiments of self-government are making in the Old World, of fearful interest, by nations hitherto wedded to monarchical institutions, we owe it to ourselves, and to them, to neglect no means of preserving inviolate the principles of freedom transmitted to us, and which can only be handed down to posterity, or commended to other nations, by the universal diffusion of a free Gospel. Unless we furnish the example of a nation fearing God, and honoring his Gospel in all our borders; and unless the nations of the earth, whose eyes are now directed hither for sound principles of civil government, learn the secret of their safe, practical working in the intelligence and piety of a considerable portion of the people, they and we can only look for fearful disaster, bitter disappointment, and a speedy return to the condition of vassalage, from which there has been so recent a deliverance. The watchword of liberty must be *universal evangelization*. And while we are giving free institutions to portions of Europe, let us see to it that we furnish a pure religion for her millions who have made their homes with us. We can thus reflect light abroad, secure order at home, and, more than all, exert an influence to people heaven with ransomed souls from all nations, and kindreds, and tongues.

The experience of the year has impressed the Committee more deeply than ever with the facility with which colportage can be applied to all classes and conditions of men, and employed to meet almost every emergency. Besides its adaptation to the rural districts, which employ most of its efforts, the application of the system to thoroughfares has been found expedient and successful. Thousands of volumes have been sold on steam and ferry boats, encouraging the employment of similar agencies on all important lines of travel. Seamen and sailors have been found ready to provide themselves with printed preaching for the forecastle. The foreign immigrant has found the colporteur on the wharf, or has been met at important centres in the interior, such as Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, with the message of salvation; or has been tracked to his new and distant home by the messenger of American benevolence. He has found, instead of the tax-gatherer and the government guard, the importunate colporteur, intent only on his salvation. He is taught, at the outset of his residence among us, that he is in a land of vital Christianity. Thus it has been with Germans, Welshmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen, and Norwegians—Protestant or Papal. The boatmen on the Mississippi, and the people along its banks, have seen the flag of the colporteur-boat "*Bethel*," and received instruction in the Christian faith on the great highway of Western commerce. The soldiers in our army have been visited in their barracks at the points of embarkation for the field of strife, by a soldier of the cross, and thousands of them have had their knapsacks supplied with books of Baxter, written in the camp two centuries ago; or, when they have returned, sobered, sick, or wounded, to fill the hospitals of their native land, there they have been sought out by the colporteur and directed to the Lamb of God—the Prince of peace. And even Mexico has been invaded by other than hostile armies. At various points, Spanish publications have been introduced, and three colporteurs, two of them speaking the Spanish tongue, have begun a work at Vera Cruz and Tampico, to which we wish no end, till that land of superstition and anarchy is irradiated with the light of life. We know of no class of men who may not be reached and benefited by printed truth and Christian counsel at the fireside.

One feature of the operations in this department during the year has afforded the Committee peculiar satisfaction, namely, the successful employment of students in colleges and theological seminaries as colporteurs during their vacations. No less than 106 students, connected with seventeen institutions, have been thus engaged; and their testimony, as well as that of the professors, is uniform, that this service constitutes one of the most valuable portions of their preparation for the duties of the ministry. It serves to invigorate their health; it furnishes them with some means for prosecuting their studies; it gives them an acquaintance with human nature, and the workings of the depraved heart; it familiarizes them with business habits; it quickens their sympathy with the masses, and helps them to understand the popular mind; it leads them to understand the manner and the power of individual effort for souls; it makes them more spiritual, and imbues them with missionary zeal. At the same time many of them accomplish an amount of good that cannot be easily estimated. In the aggregate, 99 students have visited 38,280 families during the year, with 21,400 of whom they conversed or prayed; among whom they circulated 41,298 volumes by sale, and 9,733 gratuitously. Not far from $3,000 has been paid to students for this service, to be employed in aiding them to complete their studies for the ministry. The Committee would foster this branch of effort, believing that it has important bearings on the permanent interests of the Society not only, but that it will do much to meet a desideratum in the mode of training young men for the ministry, and contribute to the active piety and usefulness of those who are to be the future pastors of our churches, and the heralds of salvation to the world.

There have been commissioned, during the year, for various terms of service—exclusive of those employed by the American Tract Society, Boston, and including those connected with the Baltimore Branch—two hundred and ninety-one colporteurs, of whom *two hundred and six* were in commission April 1. Of the whole number, fifty were devoted chiefly to the German, French, Irish, Welsh, Norwegian, or Spanish population. In addition to the above, *one hundred and six students*, from seventeen different theological seminaries, universities, and colleges, have been employed as colporteurs during their vacations. The whole number, including students, have been apportioned among the several states as follows: in Rhode Island, 1; Connecticut, 4; Vermont, 2; New York, 75; New Jersey, 15; Pennsylvania, 36; Delaware, 1; Maryland, 11; Virginia, 35; North Carolina, 3; South Carolina, 1; Georgia, 14; Florida, 2; Alabama, 15; Louisiana, 12; Texas, 5; Mississippi, 3; Arkansas, 3; Missouri, 12; Tennessee, 29; Kentucky, 20; Ohio, 47; Indiana, 23; Illinois, 12; Iowa, 4; Michigan, 8; Wisconsin, 3; and Mexico, 1—total, 397.

It will be seen, by the accompanying tabular statement, that the colporteurs in the regular service of the Society labored fifteen hundred and eighteen months; visited more than two hundred and fourteen thousand families, with one hundred and thirty thousand of whom they had personal religious conversation or prayer. They sold more than two hundred and fifty-eight thousand books, and granted to the destitute more than seventy-one thousand books, and nearly four millions and fifty thousand pages of Tracts. They also addressed public meetings, or held prayer-meetings, to the number of more than eight thousand seven hundred. Of the whole number of families visited, more than thirty thousand were destitute of all religious books except the Bible; nearly thirty thousand two hundred were Roman Catholics, or other fatal errorists; about nineteen thousand five hundred were destitute of the Scriptures, and about eighteen thousand four hundred were supplied with the Bible or Testament, through the liberality of the American Bible Society and its auxiliaries.

The aggregate results of labors by theological students for their vacations is as follows: Time employed, two hundred and one months; families visited, thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and forty-seven; families conversed or prayed with, twenty-one thousand four hundred; number of volumes sold, forty-two thousand six hundred; ten thousand and twenty-one books, and seven hundred and twelve thousand pages of Tracts distributed gratuitously; public meetings addressed, or prayer-meetings held, nine hundred and thirty-one; families destitute of all religious books except the Bible, four thousand two hundred and seventy; families of Roman Catholics or other errorists, three thousand one hundred and fifty-seven; families destitute of the Scriptures, one thousand nine hundred and fifty; and families supplied with the Scriptures, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six.

The following statement embraces the aggregate results of the labors of both classes of colporteurs during the year, viz.

Whole number of colporteurs in commission, (including 106 students,)	397
Amount of time employed in colportage—years,	143
Number of families visited,	254,308
“ “ conversed or prayed with,	152,203
Volumes sold,	303,957
Volumes granted to destitute families,	81,188
Pages of Tracts granted,	4,761,244
Public or prayer meetings,	9,634
Families destitute of all religious books except the Bible,	34,354
Families of Roman Catholics or other errorists,	33,354
Families destitute of the Scriptures,	21,401
Families supplied with Bible or Testament,	20,215

The Committee would record with humble gratitude the evidences of the divine approval and blessing with which their labors have been cheered during the year, and especially towards its close. From widely distant districts, and from most of the fields occupied by the Society's laborers, the intelligence has been received of seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. In some cases the colporteurs gratefully recognize the blessing of the Most High on other agencies than their own. The ministry of the word has been eminently blessed, in many parts of the land. In other instances, the Holy Spirit has owned the personal labors of the colporteur, in reviving the work of God where there were few or no other instrumentalities. And the Society's publications, as they have been more widely circulated than ever before, so have the influences of the Spirit more frequently accompanied their perusal than in any year of the Society's history. It is believed that no meeting of the Committee having this department in charge during the year has occurred, without some such intelligence to cheer and gladden their hearts while engaged in the arduous and responsible work before them. And while they are thus impelled to renewed exertions in the Master's service, they would cry, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!"

SUMMARY VIEW OF COLPORTAGE IN THE SEVERAL STATES.

STATES.	Colporteurs.	Time of serv.		Whole number families visited.	Families conversed or prayed with.	Volumes sold.	Vols. granted.	Pages Tracts granted.	Public or prayer meetings.	Families destitute of all religious books.	Families Rom. Catholics or fatal errorists.	Families destitute of the Bible.	Families supplied with Bibles or Testaments.
		M.	D.										
Vermont,	1	9		322	152	561	115	10,632	7	30	23	25	25
Rhode Island,	1	12		965	965	834	288	22,750	124	6	60	.	. .
Connecticut,	2	15		2,899	1,055	4,265	777	28,263	79	442	177	19	16
New York,	29	179	19	38,932	26,781	29,294	7,733	484,188	1,293	4,765	7,470	4,453	2,668
New Jersey,	3	27		5,362	4,696	3,942	1,238	110,910	110	465	174	284	594
Pennsylvania,	22	141	7	19,429	14,931	37,676	7,287	417,050	622	3,294	2,734	1,914	2,725
Maryland,	11	60		10,000	6,000	9,384	1,182	. . . .	300	800	500	500	. .
Virginia,	24	132	15	8,784	5,517	18,941	5,130	210,996	659	1,844	465	1,167	935
North Carolina,	2	7	27	811	811	676	257	12,226	64	352	. . .	235	350
Georgia,	13	61		6,520	2,995	18,566	4,461	86,947	432	207	45	269	92
Florida,	2	8		523	205	488	468	11,328	84	224	256	179	113
Alabama,	13	81	18	6,674	3,973	15,610	3,430	212,175	309	1,636	889	653	618
Mississippi,	3	11	15	598	254	2,404	277	21,032	8	105	18	39	33
Louisiana,	12	66	27	19,908	11,213	9,976	8,088	764,364	337	1,558	6,929	1,442	1,784
Texas,	4	11	6	590	338	1,159	681	8,892	28	7	72	66	2
Arkansas,	3	22		2,082	616	4,891	2,137	131,640	264	565	129	234	1,099
Tennessee,	17	79	5	9,237	5,779	18,857	2,958	250,686	837	1,607	346	1,066	966
Kentucky,	10	51	19	6,216	4,036	9,937	2,438	116,912	195	721	646	437	461
Ohio,	28	200	12	29,924	16,804	28,162	7,280	410,601	961	4,287	4,464	2,500	1,143
Michigan,	7	63	25	9,101	7,252	6,120	3,706	88,507	383	1,918	780	770	613
Indiana,	15	112	29	14,183	7,599	15,401	4,605	180,989	738	1,884	2,180	1,276	817
Illinois,	9	47	20	6,078	3,396	7,639	1,276	64,828	198	793	440	414	376
Wisconsin,	2	15	15	2,643	2,094	1,864	1,102	30,159	143	637	364	276	245
Iowa,	3	18	5	3,086	1,543	2,232	1,082	42,488	136	968	587	492	1,391
Missouri,	9	82	15	9,494	4,660	9,511	3,171	330,679	392	968	449	739	1,373
Total,	245	1,518		214,361	130,742	258,390	71,167	4,049,242	8,703	30,083	30,197	19,449	18,439

SUMMARY OF COLPORTAGE BY STUDENTS FOR VACATIONS, 1848.

Vermont,	1		2	246	50	209	32	1,128	. . .	. .	12	. .	. .
New York,	40	69	10	15,761	10,383	12,573	3,589	226,961	320	1,457	935	374	395
New Jersey,	11	18	6	5,803	2,079	4,886	639	45,032	35	399	115	156	159
Pennsylvania,	14	27	22	6,764	3,746	7,105	1,422	110,794	288	982	1,418	679	232
Virginia,	6	20		2,498	1,518	5,329	1,146	79,093	78	224	260	232	366
Kentucky,	9	15	2	1,758	615	3,045	882	63,499	57	285	76	117	367
Tennessee,	6	12	23	1,222	560	2,292	771	21,708	59	233	55	49	. .
Ohio,	14	24	21	4,117	1,469	5,419	947	136,052	48	290	228	214	246
Indiana,	5	11	2	1,778	1,041	1,786	593	27,735	46	401	58	131	11
Total,	106	200	26	39,947	21,461	42,644	10,021	712,002	931	4,271	3,157	1,952	1,776

NEW YORK.

Nearly one-sixth of the white population of the Union reside in this great state. And perhaps few of the states present greater extremes of society than this. Uncounted wealth and squallid poverty, abundant means of grace and utter destitution, may often be found in close proximity. Some counties are peopled by an intelligent, Christian community; others present little else than ignorance and destitution. As a whole, with its heterogeneous and busy population, it presents a vast and inviting field for colporteur efforts. The Committee have given it at least proportionate attention, and desire to occupy each of its counties with permanent laborers, as qualified men are raised up.

The number of colporteurs in this state, during the past year, including forty students from various institutions, has been seventy-five, who have visited 55,693 families, conversing and praying with 37,164 of them. They sold 41,867 volumes, and granted 11,322 volumes and more than 700,000 pages of Tracts to the destitute. Of the whole number, 6,222 were destitute of all religious books except the Bible, and 4,827 had not the word of God.

The port of New York being the most common place of landing for foreign immigrants, and the railroads and canals of this state furnishing the principal thoroughfares by which they make their way to the interior, the Committee have given special attention to their spiritual wants. German colporteurs have visited many of the vessels landing their countrymen on our wharves, or have followed the people to their temporary boarding-houses, or to the almshouse and hospital. At Rochester and Buffalo, other German laborers are stationed, to care for the resident German, or to meet the tide of emigration as it flows past them in its westward course. As they enter or leave the state, they are greeted with the presence and influence of men of God speaking their own tongues, and placing printed truth in their hands, to be borne to their distant homes. God has added his blessing to these labors of love, especially at Buffalo, where there are the beginnings of better things for this large and influential class of our fellow-citizens.

A kind Providence has opened the way for carrying out a long-cherished purpose, by raising up a few suitable *Colporteurs for thoroughfares.* Two individuals who had been engaged in the circulation of Bibles in New York city, commenced the work on the Jersey City and Williamsburgh ferries. Another, a physician, who had had experience in colporteur labors in New England, entered on the same service on the steamboats. This led to voluntary efforts, of a like nature, on the part of others. At the same time, the directors of the above-named ferries, and the owners of several steamboats, appreciating the usefulness of such an enterprise, generously granted a free passage to the Society's colporteurs, and the men in their service have contributed to make a difficult and self-denying work pleasant. The sales to the travelling community have equalled the expectation of the Committee, amounting to several thousand volumes. It is believed that the circulation of bad books on thoroughfares has decreased since this enterprise commenced, and it would be well if it were to result in its entire suppression. There is encouragement to extend this branch of the Society's work to all the great lines of travel through the country.

The New York City Tract Society pursues its work with increasing energy and success. Few institutions are better directed or more largely blessed. It is not easy to see how, but for its labors, the tens of thousands in this great city who habitually neglect the means of grace, could be reached. The results for 1847 were as follows: Eighteen missionaries and an average of 1,171 visitors distributed 1,001,853 Tracts, (68,426 in German,) containing 4,121,767 pages; circulated 1,887 Bibles and 790 Testaments, on behalf of the New York Bible Society; loaned 4,921 volumes; gathered 2,361 children into Sabbath-schools, 300 into public schools, and 141 persons into Bible-classes; induced 2,096 persons to attend church; obtained 549 Temperance pledges; and held 1,580 prayer-meetings. Among the cheering results, 178 persons are reported as hopefully converted, 117 of whom have united with evangelical churches.

NEW JERSEY.

Including the students from Princeton and Rutgers Seminaries, there have been fifteen colporteurs employed, who have visited 11,165 families in the "Pines," and more destitute parts of the state, and have circulated 8,828 volumes by sale, and 1,877 volumes and 155,942 pages of Tracts gratuitously.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Early in the year Mr. Ermentrout, who served the Society as Superintendent of Colportage, was constrained by ill health to retire. There being no general agent on that field, the operations have been less efficient than during the previous year. The Committee regard it important that early arrangements should be made to cultivate this interesting field, especially in the German districts, where the public mind is in a measure prepared to welcome the enterprise.

The agency at Pittsburgh has the supervision of the colporteurs in Western Pennsylvania, and the adjacent counties of Ohio and North-western Virginia, the region of which Pittsburgh is the commercial centre. The number of laborers in Pennsylvania, including theological students, has been thirty-six, who have visited 26,193 families, with 18,677 of whom they have conversed or prayed; and have sold 44,781 volumes, and granted 8,709 volumes and 527,844 pages of Tracts. The Superintendent, Mr. J. Dale Clarke, and several of the colporteurs, have been much interrupted by sickness of themselves or families. One, Mr. WILLARD THOMAS, was called to his rest in the autumn, from the midst of his highly acceptable and useful labors. "The work on his field," writes Rev. Mr. Wells, "was rapidly developing its saving influences before his death. He was not only cordially received into every neighborhood he visited, but had constantly more pressing invitations to visit different parts of his field than he could possibly comply with."

The aggregate statistical results of colportage in Pennsylvania for the past four years, will furnish a good illustration of the efficiency of this system of benevolent effort, and may present a motive to the churches of that and other states to give a more cordial support to the Society engaged in scattering such blessings among the people. No less than 116,446 families have been visited by colporteurs, who held religious conversation or prayer with 70,645 of them; sold 163,781 volumes; granted 27,595 volumes and 1,517,115 pages of Tracts; and distributed 8,470 Bibles and Testaments. Of the families visited, 9,033 were destitute of the Bible, and about 12,276 families were Roman Catholics or other errorists. They also held 4,210 prayer-meetings, or public meetings. Not far from one-third of the population were Germans. The spiritual benefits of this wide-spread effort, though manifest in some degree, can only be known when the secrets of all hearts are revealed, and the proportionate influence of all evangelical agencies shall be made known.

FOUR YEARS OF TOIL BY AN AGED COLPORTEUR.

Rev. Henry Ford, one of the most faithful and competent of the Society's colporteurs, reviews his labors in a report from which we extract the following:

"I arrived at my home last Saturday evening, after an absence of five months, lacking one week. After a steady effort of more than four years and three months, I find my task completed. Tioga and Bradford counties in Pennsylvania, and Chemung in New York, have been surveyed. Thus far hath the Lord helped me. But for *his* help, where should I, at the age of 60 to 65, have derived the muscular, mental, or moral ability to accomplish such a task? Surely, few have greater reason for gratitude, or less for self-complacency. As for the first, I desired and prayed my strength and resolution might hold out till I had accomplished the undertaking—and they have. Thanks be to God, I had friends to cheer me on, among the followers of Christ of every name. Perceiving the nature of my business, they have not only bought my books, but have lent me their influence and prayers.

"The operation of my agency and of the Society has been to rub off the asperities of party feeling, and to promote that which is confidential and fraternal, in carrying out Christ's designs, injunctions, and prayers, in glorifying God, and saving men. In regard to the manner in which this work has been done, I may say it was sufficiently laborious, but I trust it has been in some degree a work of faith and a labor of love. I am cheered by the hope that God will accept it, with all its defects, to advance His cause and kingdom.

"I have thrown together the aggregate amount of my labors, commencing in December, 1843, and ending in April, 1848. My field has embraced a section of country 80 miles by 45; and I have visited 12,631 families, with 4,058 of whom I have had religious conversation or prayer. I found 1,658 of them destitute of the Bible, and 2,149 without any religious books. Among these families I have sold 8,999 volumes, valued at $2,358, and circulated gratuitously 2,740 volumes and 79,350 pages of Tracts, worth $534. In addition to the above, I have circulated 1,665 Bibles and 1,297 Testaments, by sale or gift. Not less than one-eighth of the population were found destitute of the Bible, although the three counties had previously been visited, and the Gospel distributed freely by the agents of the Bible Society.

"I am now girding up my loins for another campaign of four and a half years, when, if God spares my life, I shall be on the verge of 70 years. Then I will say, with reference to the future, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do next?' I thank his holy name that he has put me into this service, and although my eye is becoming dim and my hand tremulous, yet my natural force is not so abated as to prevent me from enduring fatigue, and prosecuting my mission as vigorously as ever. I am so inured to the whole process, and so impressed with the belief that I am doing great good, that I am cheerful and happy, and at times filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I have no wish to *retire from business*, that I may take my ease, until, by God's goodness and grace, I shall sleep in the grave, and rest with Jesus. God grant I may not fail in my aspirations after the saints' everlasting rest, and I will toil on over these hills, and vales, and forests, and visit every log-hut and their poor, ignorant, and wicked inmates in the sixty-one townships of my field."

We would commend this example of self-denial and perseverance on the part of an aged servant of Christ, to the reading of young men. Is it right to seek worldly avocations, and leave such districts, in all parts of the land, to remain the moral wastes they are, when patient and persevering effort may, with the blessing of God, make them as the garden of the Lord?

MARYLAND.

The Maryland Branch, at Baltimore, has prosecuted the work of colportage with more than usual efficiency. From the interesting report of that useful auxiliary we learn that eleven colporteurs, including five students for their vacations, have been employed, who have visited about

10,000 families, of whom not far from 500 were destitute of the Scriptures, and 800 of other religious books. The amount received for sales was $2,327, and in donations $2,346, being a large increase on previous years. From the many encouraging facts cited in the report, we quote the following:

> "A colporteur, while journeying through a populous village west of us, is hailed by an individual, at whose house in a remote and mountainous part of the country he remembers he has called: 'Sir, the book you sold us has awakened more desire for religious reading in our neighborhood than any thing that was ever done before. We have loaned it to almost every family in our vicinity.' 'I have learned to read,' says a man who, three months before, did not know his alphabet, to a fellow-laborer in another field; 'I have learned to read, and read my book through four times!' These are samples of an increasing class of facts. The value of such results, such impulse given to the improvement of mind, will be highly estimated by reflecting men. With another colporteur we go from our city northward, towards the Pennsylvania line. He enters a house, where he is received with marks of almost unbounded joy. 'Sir, you visited us when we lived on the Bay shore; you are the very man!' The group gather around him. 'Here are the Tracts you left us;' 'and here,' says the mother, 'is Baxter's Call you gave me, and which I trust has been the means of converting my soul!' With propriety the colporteur encourages his heart with the reflection, 'If such is the result in this case, could I call again on the 185 families visited the *same month* in that destitute portion of my field, I might perhaps find much to make me glad.'"

VIRGINIA.

One of the most remarkable providential developments in the history of the colporteur enterprise, may be traced in connection with its rise and progress in Western Virginia. Three years and a half since, a layman was visited at his house in South-western Pennsylvania, by an agent of the Society, and invited to take part in its labors as a colporteur. Previous labors, trials, and disappointments, had prepared his mind to welcome such a proposal. Step by step, as Providence has opened up the way, he has been led along, until a large field for evangelical effort is before him, and great responsibilities are thrown upon him. He seems to be equal to the emergency. By degrees, fellow-laborers have been raised up around him, and he has become the superintendent of a system of effort by which thousands of neglected and scattered households are blessed. The present condition of his work will be best understood by a perusal of his report, which is inserted substantially in a subsequent part of this document.

The Virginia Tract Society invited the Parent Society to extend colportage in that state early in the year, and the work has since expanded from month to month. Including students for their vacations, there have been thirty colporteurs in commission, for various periods, who have circulated 24,270 volumes by sale, and 6,276 volumes and 290,089 pages of Tracts gratuitously, chiefly in the western part of the state.

NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

Four colporteurs have been in commission for these states. It is highly desirable that additional laborers should be employed. The example of Western Virginia should stimulate the churches and the Committee to more efficient exertions in the Southern Atlantic states.

GEORGIA.

In connection with the Rev. HENRY SAFFORD, Superintendent, there have been thirteen colporteurs employed in this state during a part or the whole of the year, who have visited nearly seven thousand families, sold nearly 19,000 volumes, amounting to about $4,800, and granted 2,995 volumes and 86,947 pages of Tracts. The enterprise has been prosecuted with more than usual vigor and success, and has been received with general favor.

Mr. Safford writes, "The prospects of the Tract cause were never more promising in this state than at present. As the people become acquainted with its character and aim, and witness its fruits, it rises in their estimation. Where I have traversed the fields occupied by my associates, I have heard but one sentiment expressed towards them and their work—that of cordial approbation.

"The enterprise for placing a copy of the *Sabbath Manual* in every family in the state, so far as practicable, meets with much favor. It is indeed regarded as one of the most promising means of promoting our civil, moral, and religious welfare. The happy effects of this effort already begin to appear in some places. It is cheering to know that recently a stop has been put to the running of cars on the state railroad on the Sabbath. Since last April, 10,900 copies of the Sabbath Manual have been forwarded to my order, and the following counties have been furnished with as many copies as were deemed sufficient to supply each family, namely, Houston, Butts, Bibb, Jasper, Morgan, Burke, Richmond, Wilkes, Oglethorpe, Clarke, and Gwinnett. As many more counties have received a partial supply, and all under my personal supervision. Other counties have been supplied under the direction of my associates.

"One of the colporteurs writes, 'In most of the counties through which I have travelled, the Sabbath Manual is working wonders; and so it is with the Temperance Manual. I want no better passport through the greater part of Georgia than these books furnish.' Another says, 'On my second visit at ——, I found the leaven working: Baxter called so loudly on one person, that he found no rest till he yielded. Nelson had so alarmed an infidel, that he fled for refuge to the Ark of safety.' Another, speaking of the eagerness of the people for books, remarks, 'I sold books at every house where I found money. One young man promised to read Bunyan's Pilgrim two hours every night, until he had read it through three times, if I would give it to him.' Another, illustrating the destitution of his field, writes, 'In a single district, within sight of the court-house, where there is a local Bible Auxiliary, I have found thirteen families who could read, destitute of the Bible. What must be the condition of other portions of the field? The destitution of other religious books is also very great, partly because the people have never had the opportunity before of supplying themselves. I have been received with a hearty welcome, and have not yet been charged for meals and lodging. From different parts of my field I receive pressing invitations to come with my books.'"

Mr. Safford alludes to the fact that the grand-jury of Clarke Co. have appropriated a sufficient sum to circulate 100 copies of the Sabbath Manual in that county, as a favorable indication of the cordiality pervading the community respecting the Society's enterprise. He speaks of the Cherokee country as the most important field for colportage in the state.

FLORIDA.

Two colporteurs have been employed a small portion of the year in this new state. A third devoted some weeks of voluntary service, taking a small schooner, and proceeding along the coast and up the Indian river, visiting the scattered population, and circulating the Society's publications.

ALABAMA.

Rev. Alexander McGlashan continues to devote a portion of his time to the supervision of colportage, and to colporteur labors among seamen. He writes, "Our cause continues to increase in influence, and in favor with God and man. It is not uncommon to hear gentlemen of intelligence, who travel on our rivers, remark the great change they have witnessed on our steamboats, which they attribute, in a great degree, to the influence of the Society's publications and labors. My own sales have been chiefly in the Bay, 26 miles below the city, amounting, during the year, to nearly 2,000 volumes, exclusive of publications to the amount of nearly $370, sold at the Mobile Depository. These two thousand volumes, besides Bibles and Tracts, will reach many a sailor's heart on the mighty deep, and will be carried to the families and boarding-houses of seamen in all the principal ports of Europe and America, where they may preach Christ to the poor for a century to come.

"There have been thirteen colporteurs laboring in Southern Alabama, a part or the whole of the year, in as many different counties, who have visited nearly 7,000 families, and circulated 15,610 volumes." See full statistics in table.

Rev. Mr. McG. continues, "One of our most faithful laborers, for more than two years, Rev. J. H. BATE, has been removed by death. He was beloved by all who knew him. His solicitude for the destitute continued to strengthen. At his request, he spent the last few months of his life in one of the most destitute counties in the state. May the Lord of the harvest send more such laborers into the harvest!"

LOUISIANA.

The inadequate supply of ministerial instruction, the heterogeneous character of the population, and the position of New Orleans with reference to Texas and Mexico, make this one of the most important fields for colportage in the world. The Committee have sought to meet their responsibility in respect to this locality, cheerfully incurring any reasonable expenditure for the dissemination of religious truth at one of the most influential points on the continent. It was a kind providence that raised up seasonably at New Orleans a valued fellow-laborer, on whom has devolved much of the care of the Society's interests in the South-west; and brought around him so many men, speaking various tongues, to coöperate in the blessed work. Colporteurs from six nations, speaking the English, French, German, Swedish, Portuguese, and Spanish languages, have been engaged in the Society's work, and have received the divine blessing in it. Besides the regular labors among the varied population of New Orleans and its suburbs, and the increasing sales from the Depository, the levee has been constantly visited, and travellers and emigrants have been supplied with publications. The French and English population in Western Louisiana has been sought out; the U. S. troops have been furnished with books and Tracts on their route to Mexico; and the sick or disabled soldiers, on their return from the field of strife, have been reached in the crowded hospitals, and freely supplied with the means of religious instruction. A single colporteur, who has been specially devoted to the army and the hospitals, has distributed gratuitously among the soldiers more than three thousand books, and 110,000 pages of Tracts, value $616, while his sales amounted to but about 1,100 volumes.

Thirteen colporteurs have been in commission during a part or the whole of the year, who have visited 19,908 families, including 6,929 Roman Catholic households; with 8,300 of which they had religious conversion or prayer. About 1,500 families were destitute of the Bible and all religious books. They sold 11,213 volumes, amounting to $2,600; and granted 9,976 copies and 764,364 pages of Tracts, value $1,350. They also held 327 meetings for prayer or public addresses, and procured 1,719 subscribers for the American Messenger.

The labors in New Orleans were entirely suspended for some time, owing to the prevalence of the yellow-fever, which prostrated in turn all the colporteurs, and removed to her eternal home the wife of the excellent superintendent, Mr. Heman Packard.

The superintendent writes, "The history of colportage in this city has been distinguished the year past by more frequent cases of conversion than in previous years, directly connected with the labors of colporteurs. From February till the commencement of the epidemic, I think no meeting of colporteurs took place without new evidence that God was with them in their work. These cases of conversion were scattered over the whole length of the city and suburbs, and, so far as I could learn, *not one of the individuals had been attending upon the usual means of grace.*

"The sickness came like the 'outbreaking of water;' it swept over us all. Our labors ceased. But the Holy Spirit continued his work in the hearts of men. These trials were made as the 'fuller's soap and the refiner's fire' to many Christians; and some hearts that had long resisted all Christian influence were subdued amidst that dreadful scene. Since the fever, several have professed faith in Christ, to whom the reading of our books was blessed. In three instances, Baxter's Call was made the means of conversion. The 'Gift for Mourners' has comforted many.

"The circulation of our publications on the *levee* is becoming increasingly important. The colporteur there meets less opposition than formerly, and is treated with more respect. Many who frequent the city have became regular purchasers. One man returned for more books, and said the Saints' Rest had led him to the Saviour. Many of the infidel readers of Nelson have acknowledged the truth of Christianity. Gamblers have exchanged their cards for Testaments or good books, and pledged themselves never to use them again.

"The Temperance reform is spreading rapidly. The orders from different parts of the country have completely drained the Depository of publications on that subject. Temperance publications in the French language are earnestly called for.

"Since the labors of brother F. (one of the French colporteurs) on Bayou Lafourche and Thibadeau, I learn that a state of inquiry in regard to religious truth pervades the minds of the people. Mr. ——

informed me that Creole women came to his house daily, asking for something to read on this subject. Two of his neighbors sent for French Bibles—one of them for an old man, who, at the eleventh hour, is beginning to care for his soul.

"Cases of conversion are reported by the several laborers. An instance of the conversion of a French Romanist may not have been mentioned. When he joined the church, he stated that he went to his priest for advice, when anxious about his soul. The priest told him he was deranged, and he must go to the hospital and be bled. 'I went home,' said he, 'and took down the Bible left by a colporteur, and there I found a hospital; and instead of shedding my own blood, I found *the blood of Christ already shed for me.*'

"Mr. H——, to whom I had granted Tracts, distributed some on a steamboat. For some time all in the cabin were engaged in reading. At length two men went to the bar for drink. One inquired whether they could not have a game of cards. 'No,' said the other, '*the Tracts are in the way!*' The captain said it saved him something, for the passengers retired at seasonable hours, instead of requiring lights to gamble by, as usual, till morning."

TEXAS.

Five colporteurs have been in commission, and three others are about entering on their work. There is a present prospect of giving more efficiency to the Society's operations in this new and interesting state. Rev. Wm. McCombs of Western Pennsylvania performed a brief but successful agency, and has recommended several laborers for destitute fields. At La Grange, on the Colorado river, he sold $80 worth of publications in two days, and $30 worth at Bastrop. He urges the immediate introduction of the Society's books into Texas, and says, "Until recently, scarcely any books of any kind had been brought into the country. Now, the pernicious literature that has flooded the other states, has found its way far into the interior of Texas." He adds, "This country affords a noble field of effort, and such an enterprise as colportage is kindly received and appreciated by many. There has been a great revolution in the state of morals in this country, since the war of the civil revolution, and such as makes it a desirable field, especially for the laborers of the Tract Society."

ARKANSAS.

Three colporteurs in this state have visited more than 2,000 families, and circulated nearly 7,000 books, by sale or gift. One fourth of the families were destitute of all religious books. One of the colporteurs circulated Bibles and Testaments, in districts where no Bible auxiliaries exist, to the amount of $417, of which about $275 worth were sold. The efforts have been cordially welcomed, and the utmost hospitality and kindness shown to the laborers. Additional men should be sent into this vast and needy state.

MISSISSIPPI.

Three colporteurs have been in commission during a part of the year, who have circulated about 2,700 books. It is highly desirable that a considerable number of permanent laborers should be employed in this state.

TENNESSEE.

Including students for their vacations, twenty-nine colporteurs have been in commission for a part of the year, who have visited 10,459 families; conversed or prayed with 6,339; sold 21,149 books, and granted 3,729 volumes and 271,394 pages of Tracts to the destitute. They also held 896 public or prayer meetings, and circulated 966 Bibles and Testaments. Of the whole number of families visited, 1,840 (nearly one-fifth) were destitute of all religious books except the Bible, and 1,115 had not the Scriptures. The more destitute counties of Eastern Tennessee remain to be visited, and arrangements are in progress for giving more attention to that part of the state.

KENTUCKY.

Twenty colporteurs, including nine students, have been in commission for various terms of service, in different counties, who have circulated more than 16,000 volumes, and 180,000 pages of Tracts—nearly one-fourth gratuitously. The mountainous portions of the state present a vast field for these labors, and demand more thorough cultivation than has hitherto been practicable. At least twenty additional laborers could be profitably employed permanently in this state. A growing interest and increased liberality among the more intelligent population has been observed, which should be encouraged by the prompt execution of benevolent plans in behalf of the mountaineers and other destitute classes.

OHIO.

Forty-two colporteurs, including fourteen students for their vacations, and exclusive of four recently commissioned, have labored the whole or a part of the year with the following results: number of families visited, 34,041; families conversed or prayed with, 18,273; number of books sold, 33,581; books granted, 8,227; Tracts distributed gratuitously, 546,653 pages; number of public or prayer meetings, 1,009; families destitute of all religious books, 4,577; families of Roman Catholics and other errorists, 4,692; families destitute of the Bible, 2,714; and families supplied with the Scriptures, 1,389. A considerable part of this labor has been performed among the numerous German population.

INDIANA.

Twenty-three colporteurs, including five students, and several Germans, have been employed a part of the year, in various portions of this state; and have visited nearly 16,000 families, one-seventh of whom were Roman Catholics, and circulated more than 22,000 books, and 218,000 pages of Tracts, of which nearly one-fourth (5,198 volumes) were distributed to poor families gratuitously. More than 2,200 of these families were destitute of all religious books. The rapid increase of population, the vastness of the territory, and the inadequacy of present means of instruction, render this one of the most important of all the states for the wide-spread application of colportage. If every county were furnished with a discreet, intelligent colporteur, it would contribute to the introduction of other means of grace, and the efficiency of all plans for doing good.

ILLINOIS.

Twelve colporteurs have been commissioned for this state, a part of them too recently to report fully, and others have devoted but a portion of their time to the Society's service. The number of families visited exceeds 6,000, and the volumes circulated by sale or gift amount to about 9,000. The Committee desire to increase the number of laborers in Illinois, especially in the southern part, where there is much destitution. The beginnings of effort among the Norwegians in the northern part of the state, numbering not far from 30,000, including those in South Wisconsin, encourage the hope that, with a more adequate supply of publications in the Danish tongue, they may be brought under evangelical influences.

MISSOURI.

Twelve colporteurs have been in commission, one of whom, an excellent German, (Charles Sees,) shortly after entering on his labors, was called to his rest. Nearly 9,500 families have been visited, and 12,700 books, 1,373 Bibles and Testaments, and 330,679 pages of Tracts circulated, by sale or gift. Tract visitation has been carried forward with increased vigor at St. Louis. About 900 copies of the American Messenger have been introduced into that city, chiefly through the voluntary agency of a single benevolent individual. It is hoped that recent measures of the Committee may promote the efficiency of plans for the cultivation of this and the adjacent states.

IOWA.

Three colporteurs have been employed a part of the year, (and another has been recently commissioned,) who have visited more than 3,000 scattered families, and circulated more than 3,400 books, and 42,400 pages of Tracts, besides 1,391 Bibles and Testaments. The valley of the Des Moines furnishes an inviting field for colportage; and it would be well if a colporteur were located at Keokuk, to meet and supply the emigrants swarming that new state in increasing numbers. Several others might be employed in the newly populated counties in the interior.

WISCONSIN.

Two colporteurs have labored in this state—one in the mining region, and another in the northern part of the state. Another has been recently commissioned for the German population. More than 2,600 families have been visited, and nearly 3,000 books distributed. It is important that the corps of colporteurs should be increased in this state with the rapidly increasing population. Villages spring up almost in a day. Counties often quadruple their population in three years. The tide of emigration from Germany and Norway is setting strongly there. The Committee would gladly extend the circulation of their publications to every new settlement and every hamlet, with the least delay practicable.

MICHIGAN.

Eight colporteurs have devoted nearly five years and a half of labor to the more destitute counties of Michigan, and have visited more than 9,000 families, with 7,252 of which they had religious conversation. About 10,000 volumes and 88,500 pages of Tracts were circulated. More than one-fourth of the families were destitute of all religious books. Several of the colporteurs report revivals of religion in more or less immediate connection with their labors.

REVIEW OF COLPORTAGE AT THE WEST, FOR SEVEN YEARS.

Mr. Seely Wood, the Society's efficient Superintendent of colportage at the West, furnishes the following condensed view of the work in the Western states. It will repay a careful perusal.

"In May, 1841, colportage in the United States was commenced by the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society authorizing the expenditure, in the Western and South-western states, that year, if necessary, of the sum of five thousand dollars in supporting a class of agents to labor in the most destitute portions of those states, and in grants of books to families destitute of religious reading, who could not be supplied by sale. From that period until the present the work has been constantly advancing, and increasing in interest and importance as Providence has raised up and brought into the field men adapted to labor as colporteurs.

"Seven years having now elapsed since the commencement of colportage in this country, and the inquiry often arising, 'What has been accomplished? What efforts made to reach all the accessible population?' I shall endeavor to reply, so far as relates to the field assigned to my supervision, by a brief statement of facts.

"Including the labors of students occasionally, who have devoted their vacations to the work, the first year *five* colporteurs were employed; the second, *twelve;* the third, *twenty-eight;* the fourth, *thirty-seven;* the fifth, *forty-three;* the sixth, *seventy-seven;* and the last year, *one hundred and ten.* The total amount of labor performed is equal to the service of one man one hundred and seventy-one years.

"The thirty-five colporteurs commissioned for Ohio have visited fifty-five different counties, exclusive of the Western Reserve, which has hitherto been a separate field. Twenty-seven, commissioned for Indiana, have visited sixty counties, including those in the northern, eastern, western, and southern portions of the state. Thirty-four, commissioned for Kentucky, have visited sixty-two counties, embracing the counties lying on the Ohio river, also those on the head-waters of the Kentucky and Licking rivers. Twenty-six, commissioned for Tennessee, have visited fifty counties in the eastern, western, and central portions of the state. Three, employed in North Alabama, have visited the counties in that state lying on the Tennessee river. Twelve, in Mississippi, have visited twenty-seven counties. Three, commissioned for Arkansas, have visited seventeen counties—one of the colporteurs having labored more than five years in that state. Seventeen, commissioned for Missouri, have visited thirty-six counties in both the central and extreme portions of the state. Five, employed in Iowa, have visited ten counties; and fifteen, in Illinois, have visited forty-three counties. The counties visited embrace the most destitute that can be found in the several states in which they are located, as well as the more populous and wealthy.

"The statistical report for the past year shows that fifty-one years' labor has been performed; 72,683 families visited, of whom 7,581 were Romanists or fatal errorists; 10,931 were found destitute of all religious books except the Bible, and 6,490 families were found destitute of a copy of the sacred Scriptures; 1,105 prayer-meetings were held; 34,469 families were conversed with on personal religion, or prayed with; 117,536 volumes, of the value of $31,979 75, have been circulated, of which $5,004 53 worth have been granted to the destitute. The total circulation has amounted to $119,559 03 since May, 1841, of which amount, publications of the pecuniary value of $23,021 85 have been granted to the destitute. Of the whole number of colporteurs commissioned on this field, *twenty-seven are Germans*, and have devoted their labors principally to the German population in the towns, cities, and districts where this population is located.

"A correct apprehension of the catholic spirit with which the enterprise has been prosecuted, may be formed from the fact that the colporteurs commissioned for this field, since the commencement of the enterprise, have been in connection with *thirteen* different evangelical denominations: 24 were connected with Congregational churches; 42 Presbyterian, (O. S.); 28 Presbyterian, (N. S.); 17 Methodist Episcopal; 2 Protestant Methodist; 31 Cumberland Presbyterian; 14 Baptist; 3 Protestant Episcopal; 6 Lutheran; 5 Evangelical Lutheran; 3 German Reformed; 1 Associate Reformed, and 1 Seceder. One hundred and fifty-three of these colporteurs have been obtained on the field, and the remaining twenty-five in the Eastern states.

"The first colporteur-boat on our western waters was launched in November last, on the Cumberland river, by Messrs. Lowe and Vaughan, colporteurs in Tennessee, and named the 'Bethel.' Their report of a three months' expedition on the Mississippi river, from December 1 to March 1, shows that they visited, during that period, 94 flatboats, 73 steamboats, and 20 towns, besides numerous landings and wood-yards; addressed 82 public meetings; held 12 prayer-meetings; visited 565 families; sold 2,984 volumes; granted 441 to those who could not be supplied by sale, and distributed 14,000 pages of Tracts.

"The moral results of colportage are detailed in the respective reports of the colporteurs. They fully warrant all that has been attempted in the wide extension of this department, and will justify as much advance the present year on the preceding as the means furnished the Society will admit. What are eight hundred thousand of the Society's volumes, circulated the last ten years, among the millions of this population? What are seventy-five colporteurs, now laboring in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas, for nearly 500 counties embraced in those states? Not to speak of the necessity of more laborers in the states of Missouri, Illinois, and Iowa, which will hereafter be a separate field, twenty additional colporteurs are needed immediately for Kentucky, and as many more for Tennessee and Mississippi; also additional laborers in Ohio, Indiana, and Arkansas.

"The official labors devolving on a superintendent on this field necessarily occupy all his time and attention With the aid of one assistant, (Mr. J. H. White,) formerly a colporteur, and of a lad during a portion of the time, forty thousand dollars' worth of publications have been sent out the last year from the Society's Depository opened in Cincinnati; more than fifteen hundred letters and reports have been received, filed, and answered; the accounts of more than one hundred colporteurs adjusted; forty new colporteurs obtained, recommended for appointment, and made acquainted with the duties of their agency; and five months of the year have been occupied in visiting colporteurs in their respective fields of labor, and other official duties requiring the absence of the superintendent from his office."

When it is borne in mind that the attention of the Committee is directed to the Middle, Southern, and South-western portions of the country, as well as the West, it is highly gratifying to record the above summary review of colportage in the Western states. It shows the rapid progress of one department of benevolent effort in its infancy; and is but an earnest, we may hope, of the future expansion of the system with all its untold blessings, to such a scale as shall fully meet the growing wants of the West.

It is hoped that the recent arrangement of the Committee, by which Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and the Western territories are placed under a separate agency for supervision, rendered necessary by the growth of the enterprise, will result in the more thorough cultivation of the far Western field.

AMERICAN COLPORTAGE.

RURAL DISTRICTS.

The correspondence of the year, extending to portions of every state and territory, has strengthened the conviction that a lamentably large proportion, even of our native-born population, are living in the neglect of the Gospel. Whether it be owing to their distance from the church, the school-house, and the bookstore, or because of indifference or hatred to the truth, the fact still exists that they are left in ignorance of the way of life, without preaching, without schools, without good books, "without God in the world." The eagerness with which destitute neighborhoods often seize the means of religious instruction, and the almost uniform welcome which the colporteur receives among this class, would lead to the belief, that very commonly it is owing to remoteness of position, and seclusion from privileges, rather than to settled prejudice and opposition, that thousands of families are unsupplied with the means of grace. However this may be, the fact remains, that millions of our fellow-countrymen are perishing unwarned; not merely in the newly settled districts of the West, or the sparsely inhabited regions of the South, but in greater or less numbers, in every town, county, and state, in every part of the land. Each of several large states is believed to contain a greater number of souls than the whole population of the Sandwich Islands, in a spiritual condition as imperatively calling for evangelical labors as ever did the Pacific isles.

Referring to the successive numbers of the American Messenger for a more full illustration of native destitution, we present a few extracts from the reports of colporteurs and agents bearing on this subject. The following intelligent and discriminating view of the West; is extracted from the annual report of Rev. Messrs. Peabody and Stevenson, two of the Society's General Agents, whose opportunities of observing are almost unequalled. The same remarks would apply to the South-west and South with almost equal force. They are deserving of profound attention.

"The chief feature of our field, which makes it peculiarly fitted for colporteur labor, is a very striking one. It is filled with an *agricultural people.* Of the 4,000,000 now inhabiting these five North-western states, not more than 500,000 live in towns and villages. The balance, seven-eighths, live in the country, engaged in the pursuits of agriculture, and make the development of the resources of the soil the great business of life. Of course the position of this immense class of western people is chosen in reference to this one object. Educational and religious privileges are considerations for after-years. They plant themselves down where they find the soil cheapest and most productive. Here and there among the dark gloomy forests, or over the broad prairies, on the spot where there is good soil and abundant water, are found their habitations. There being no pecuniary inducement to live in settlements, but rather a disadvantage, they seem not unfrequently to separate their farms and habitations as far from each other as possible. The education and religious instruction of this immense class, at first, in consequence of the pressure of other things, is entirely neglected; while in consequence of the remoteness of families from each other, it is made exceedingly difficult of attainment. We are convinced at every footstep of our travels over this vast agricultural basin, that *were this people disposed* to have schools and churches, necessity would for a time deprive them of both these means of religious and intellectual culture. In the more western states, and even in some parts of Ohio, whole counties can be found with scarcely a church or school-house, except at the county-seat. This is to be attributed not more to the remissness of the people, than to their unfortunately scattered position. In this state of things, our hearts rejoice in the adaptation of Colportage to this whole population. We think we see in it a means of partial compensation for the lack of religious privileges, to which the agricultural portions of the West are subjected. May it speedily be extended to every nook and corner of the land!

"The immediate pressing forward of this work, so as to reach the present generation, is of untold importance. And yet when we look at the future condition of the agricultural part of this great valley, we can see at once, that the importance of Colportage will scarcely be diminished in the next generation. Notwithstanding the almost inconceivable strides the West is now making in the increase of its population, the agricultural districts are filling up *very slowly compared with the cities.* The only rapid increase is in the large towns. The increase of the population in these five states, according to the best statistics we can find, during the last eight years, is about 1,100,000. When the increase during this period of some ten or twelve large towns is deducted, the remaining increase of the agricultural districts falls some short of 1,000,000. This increase, spread over a surface of 304,000 square miles, does not allow an increase of one individual per annum to every two square miles of territory for our whole field! Taking this view of the subject, the agricultural portion of the North-western states will be composed of *a sparsely settled population for many years.* And as such a state of things must be exceedingly adverse to the establishment of schools and churches, we look upon the prospective developments of Colportage as of immense importance, in reference to the future spiritual condition of the West.

"We would also call attention to the fact, that a large majority of *foreigners* who settle in the West are *agriculturists* from the rural districts of Europe. It is true, that they do not at first scatter themselves so widely from each other, as the native American part of the population; but by degrees they lose the European habit of living in villages, and in a short time adopt the plan of having an immense farm, and their habitation in the centre. They begin already to be as much scattered as others who have settled before them.

"It is in reference to the agricultural portion of the population of the West, both native and foreign, that the work of Colportage ought to be shaped and conducted. Other classes may not be neglected, but here lies, in our view, the great field to which the providence of God points your Society with unerring distinctness. By extending your noble enterprise with caution and moderation, and shaping it so as to meet the state of public feeling and the public wants, it must be an engine of moral power, such as the West and the world have never seen."

Condition of the South-west.—A general agent in the South-west says, "On my whole field, 800 miles long and 600 broad, including a population of more than 1,500,000, there are now some 14 colporteurs cultivating a few counties, while the great mass of the people have yet to be reached. In the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas, the most destitute counties have not yet been visited. The mountains, the cedar glades, the black jacks and swamps of the whole South-western country present an open and almost unexplored region for the labors of faithful colporteurs. On these portions of my field there is great destitution. More than one half of the population are without stated preaching, and nearly the same proportion have no Bibles, while religious books and Tracts would be a curiosity. I say this from actual observation for the last 18 months, and from the reports of brethren coöperating with me in these destitute portions of the country.

"I believe 500 men could not in five years faithfully visit every family of the 5,000,000 of inhabitants scattered over this South-western country. The work yet to be accomplished is gigantic, and will take years of self-denying toil to carry the blessings of Colportage to the masses of this people. The intelligent and pious here are so impressed with the importance of the work, that their contributions show an advance on their former spirit of benevolence. The day will come when the benevolence of this great valley will be in keeping with its vast rivers and rich soil."

A County in New York.—"We have now completed our labors in this county," writes a colporteur in the state of New York, "and are prepared to give an account of its destitution. The inhabitants are few and scattering. There is but one public road in the county, along which are scattered the settlements, six, eight, and ten miles apart. In going from one settlement to another, we went fourteen miles through the woods where there was not a house to be seen.

"The inhabitants were very destitute of religious reading. About one-third had no religious books except the Bible or Testament. We supplied them all by sale or grant. We also found many destitute of the word of God, whom we supplied. We found some professors of religion without a Bible or Testament or any other religious book, and from their conversation no one would imagine that they had ever seen a Bible.

"There are but two churches in the county, and there is regular preaching in only one of these. Many of the people do not hear a sermon once a year. The Sabbath, to many, is only known as a day for fishing and hunting. Many have great desire to hear of the way of life. Some came eight, ten, and twelve miles to attend our meetings."

Lights and Shadows.—"I have been laboring in the most destitute, unenlightened portion of my field," writes a colporteur in Western Virginia. "My heart has often been pained, after having ascended steep mountains, on reaching the cottage I wished to visit, to meet the salutation, 'I want no books; I cannot read, and have no child that can read; I have no money; there is no school in the neighborhood, and no preaching.' Tears have gushed from my eyes as I left such houses. But, thank God, even in this I was not discouraged; for He for whom I labor has told me that 'he that goeth forth and *weepeth*, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' A meeting which I commenced in this section, after the distribution of books, was attended with cheering results. Some nine or ten have, as we trust, obtained the pearl of great price.

"I am cheered in my arduous work. I believe and feel that the cause is God's. His Spirit comforts and sustains me. As I look back over the field I have traversed, and see dilapidated churches built up, and new ones organized in the most abandoned neighborhoods, young men preparing for the sacred office, who will preach salvation to thousands when we shall have sunk into the grave—when I see all this, together with prevalent habits of reading, and the church rising from her lethargy, and moving onward to higher Christian attainments, my soul rejoices within me. I thank God, and take courage."

APPEAL FOR COLPORTEURS IN MAINE.—"I deem it my duty as a missionary, to direct the efforts of your Society, especially in its Colportage enterprise, to this part of the state of Maine, as a field where, under God, much good would result from it. You have been, perhaps, accustomed to view New England, even the distant parts of it, as a highly favored portion of our land. So, indeed, I thought, until, in God's providence, my lot was cast here; but I may truly say, that it would be difficult to find a field where your efforts are more needed. Universalism, that religious *poison*, has planted its roots deeper, and spread its branches wider here, than in any other state in our Union, so far at least as I have had an opportunity of knowing. This species of modern infidelity is rapidly paving the way to the destruction of all true religion; it undermines the Bible by denying some of its first principles, and checks the power of religion over the heart by restraining many of the motives which serve to this end.

"Satan has his emissaries continually at work: they are here in the form of public lecturers, who are assaulting with deep venom the fundamental doctrines of religion; in fact, denying all religion, except that which consists in an undefined and undefinable feeling within, which they are pleased to term conscience. They are here also in various publications, in a cheap form. Small newspapers are issued and circulated by agents, selling where they can, and furnishing gratis where subscribers cannot be had. We need something, and must have something to counteract this influence. May we not solicit your earnest and prayerful consideration of this subject?"

DEPLORABLE DESTITUTION OF THE BIBLE.—A superintendent of Colportage gives the following appalling view of the destitution of the word of God on his field: "I have found men seventy-five years of age who had lived to see their children and grand-children, and never had a Bible. One colporteur found four families, numbering thirty-four souls, whose farms adjoined, who had not a page of the word of God. Another found twelve out of fifteen families, in one neighborhood, without Bibles or Testaments.

"I have been through the whole or parts of twenty-four counties, in which we have already found eleven hundred and seventy-five families destitute of the Bible in whole or in part, nearly all of whom were desirous of obtaining it. With the exception of three counties, I know of but two Auxiliary Bible Societies on all this field, and they are without Bibles. I have been told by men that were destitute, that they did not know of a Bible to be bought within forty miles of the place where they lived.

"I have been asked with tears for a Bible. Unable to withstand such appeals, when all other resources failed, I have given my own Bible from my pocket. I applied, in one case, to a Sabbath-school in P., and obtained one hundred Bibles and a number of Testaments. The remainder I was obliged to buy, paying cost and carriage to the full. By these means, I have supplied near five hundred families with the Bible, and great numbers with the Testament, but it has been at a considerable sacrifice, and as I have a very limited salary, I feel myself unable to do any thing more.

"I think it will require one thousand Bibles, and two thousand Testaments, to supply fully the demands of the present year. We left four hundred and fifteen families destitute of the Bible during the past year. Unless we get Bibles, many more will be left next year."

We append a few paragraphs, as illustrations of the tenor of reports from nearly all the colporteurs in the Society's service. They show how vast a field is before the American churches, to be cultivated in a similar way, if the masses are ever to have the Gospel. Every motive that can prompt a Christian heart to action, impels to the immediate cultivation of such moral wastes.

"In my field," a colporteur writes from I——, "nearly two-thirds of the families visited were destitute of all religious books. About one-fourth were without the Bible. The mass of the people have no books of any kind. They have never been in the habit of reading. Not one man in twenty takes even a newspaper of any sort. Many cannot read, and those who are able exhibit no desire to do so. The people are in the grossest darkness and spiritual ignorance.

A colporteur in P—— speaks of the deplorable ignorance he found in some quarters. "One family," he says, "consisting of the parents and nine children, could not read. They had no book in the house, not even a Bible. Never but once had a prayer been heard there, and then, upon the death of a child, a neighbor officiated. My offer to pray," says the colporteur, "they gladly accepted. We knelt together, but the children thought strange of it, and had to be placed by their mother in a kneeling position. They did not even know *what it all meant!*"

One of the colporteurs in M—— writes, that he recently found a man 25 years of age, who never heard a sermon! A woman, who was a neighbor of this man, recently died; she was the mother of two children, and had never heard the Gospel preached! In the same dark region, a third person, the father of a family, refused to listen to any serious conversation or purchase books; but before the colporteur left his house, he purchased a Bible, and allowed him to pray in his family. They all appeared interested. "He told me," says the colporteur, "he never before owned a Bible or any other religious book, and a prayer in his house was entirely new, although he had lived there seventeen years!"

"In another neighborhood," he writes, "I visited a number of professors of religion, but sold no books. I called upon the minister, and found him in a shop, making bells. He said *he had no Bible*, or money with which to buy books; but if I would take bells, he would bargain with me for some of my publications. I did so, and sold them in the neighborhood advantageously." The colporteur, in the course of his investigations in that region, found two men who had become Christians through the instrumentality of Tracts, given and sold them by other colporteurs.

"All along the western base of the Alleghanies," says a colporteur, "there is a painful moral and religious destitution. In many parts of that wild and thinly settled country, they have never enjoyed schools, churches, or a stated ministry. Many of the people have not heard the Gospel for years. The Sabbath is generally disregarded, and they have but few books of any kind, not even the Bible."

A colporteur in F—— writes that he has recently visited a region called Indian river, which has neither preacher nor post-office within *fifty miles!* The people are nearly destitute of Bibles, and are without other kinds of books.

A colporteur, writing from the interior of a Southern state, says there are seven churches in the county where he is laboring, and twelve school-houses, or places for religious meetings on week-days. "In all these," he adds, "there is no stated ministeria labor, except in one house preaching once in four weeks. When I first came here, there were no Sabbath-schools. Now there are eleven. The people are poor, but grateful for even a Tract given them."

In a region on the Ohio river, occupied by an energetic and thrifty farming population, a colporteur writes that nearly half the population is infidel. Yet they are a generous people, and only want the Gospel to make them rank high as a community. Out of thirty families visited, twenty-three had no Bibles! Many cannot read, and others never heard of the Bible, or a Saviour!

INCIDENTS OF AMERICAN COLPORTAGE.

There is endless variety in the incidents of this kind of itinerant labor. The colporteur meets every grade of intellect, every diversity in condition, every cast of opinion, and every form of error. He is expected to adapt himself to all classes in the mode of communicating his message. A few illustrations of the manner in which this duty is discharged must suffice.

WARNING AN OLD OFFENDER.—A colporteur in the mountains writes, "I met a very aged man on the highway with a bottle of whiskey in his bosom. When offered a Tract, he did not know what it was, and said he could not read, though 98 years old. I asked him if he went to church. 'No, never,' he replied. I inquired if he had a Bible. 'No,' he said, 'there had never been one in his house.' I asked him if he knew what would become of his soul when he died, or if he knew of any way to be saved. He answered, '*No.*' He supposed he knew who made him. I found he was the father of a notorious band of robbers and murderers. Two of his sons had been hung for murder. I pictured to him the horrors of the hell to which he was hastening, and told him he was almost there, with his garments dyed in the blood of his fellow-men. He attempted to start; but I told him that, as he never went to church, I would preach him a short sermon without any cost. He turned pale, and trembled. I gave him some Tracts. I could not help thinking that, if the same warning had been given many years ago, it might have saved the life of many."

CHRISTIAN FIDELITY.—Another colporteur writes, "I called upon a family where the husband was a professor of religion, but the wife was extremely ignorant. She would not remain in the house while I read the Scriptures and conversed on the subject of religion, but with a married daughter went out. After some time I met her, and on inquiring whether she knew that there was a God, and that she had an immortal soul, she replied, 'People say so.' I had much difficulty in obtaining her attention, but finally succeeded. Her work dropped from her hand, her countenance assumed a different appearance, her eyes appeared to be riveted, and soon the tears began to flow, as I pressed upon her her need of salvation through a crucified Saviour. The next day I met her again, when she was rejoicing in Christ."

SCENE IN A MINER'S CABIN.—"One morning, after prayerful and earnest supplication," writes a colporteur from the lead region of Wisconsin, "I shouldered my books and walked over among the cabins of the miners. In passing along a ridge towards the ravine, before I was aware of it, I came near stepping upon the roof of one of the huts, built directly against the side of the abrupt bank. Passing round in front of the cabin, the door was opened in answer to my knock, and I was invited to enter by a female, whose tone of voice, if not her countenance, gave indications that she had seen better days.

"After briefly stating the purpose of my visit, I inquired how long she had been living in the neighborhood of the mines. 'About eight years,' was the reply. 'Have you been favored with gospel privileges during this time?' 'Oh no, sir, I have heard but two sermons since I came into this region.' 'Is your husband a Christian?' With a deep-sigh, she replied he was not. 'Have you always been so deprived of the privileges of the Gospel?' I inquired. 'No, sir; when I lived at the East, I enjoyed them all.' 'Did you improve those privileges?' 'Oh, no; and that is what grieves me now so deeply!' and she burst into tears.

"Again I inquired if she wished to become a Christian. 'I would give any thing within my power,' she replied. Her daughter, about twelve years of age, who had listened to the conversation with great tenderness of heart, and sympathy for her mother, was overcome by her feelings, and wept freely. I pointed out the way of salvation through Christ, and then we all knelt in earnest prayer. That miner's cabin, I have every reason to believe, was the house of God, the gate of heaven, during that season of earnest and affectionate supplication."

The colporteur continued in conversation some time with the mother and daughter, and before leaving, presented them books in the name of the Tract Society, which were received with the most grateful emotions. "'How soon will you favor us with another visit?' inquired the mother, as I was preparing to leave. 'It may be a year,' I replied; 'my field is large, and I cannot visit this region again very soon.' The look of sadness and disappointment which followed that announcement," says the colporteur, "was almost agonizing. There was no Christian family or earthly friend to whom I could commend this famishing mother and daughter—no minister to sympathize, no gospel privileges to enjoy; but there these lambs must be left among wolves, surrounded by almost every species of ungodliness. My heart bled for the salvation of their souls, and I would gladly have remained, but I had other duties to perform, and upon retiring from that disconsolate cabin, I could only commend them to God."

THE WAY COLPORTEURS TRAVEL CHEAPLY.—A colporteur in Virginia mentions the following interesting fact, illustrating the hospitality of the people on his field: "At a public house where I called, I requested the privilege of having public worship in the evening. The Bible was presented; I read a chapter, talked and prayed with them, and also distributed Tracts. I did the same in the morning. When I asked for my bill they told me that there was no charge, and that they wished me to call every time I came that way, and it should cost me nothing. I told them that I should return in a week, but with four colporteurs. They told me that all would be welcome. We visited them, stayed over night, had worship night and morning, and conversed with all present about the salvation of their souls. They would not make any charge, but told us that their house was free to us at all times. None of them were professors of religion."

KENTUCKY HOSPITALITY.—"As an evidence that I was received everywhere with uniform kindness," writes a colporteur travelling in Kentucky, "my whole expense while about in the country was only 62½ cents; yet the people did not pretend to be religious. As soon as I made known to them my business, they gave me a ready welcome to their hospitalities." The same writer adds, "I visited a camp-meeting, and sold $40 worth of publications. All seemed eager to get something, and at times hundreds might be seen in groups, reading or listening to these blessed truths of the Gospel."

HOSPITALITY IN ARKANSAS.—"During eight months' labor in Arkansas, passing through eight different counties, calling upon all classes of people, I have not been charged *one dime* for meals, lodgings, or horse-feed, and about one half of my ferriage and horse-shoeing has been gratuitous! From my long residence here, I am justified in saying that the people are as hospitable, in proportion to their means, as any other people. It is true there is poverty here, yet the poorest log cabin I ever visited contained kind-hearted inmates. I had rather spend my nights where the food is coarse, and have the family interested in Christ, than to be entertained sumptuously in a palace, where the Gospel is unwelcome. Often may the colporteur say, 'I have meat to eat which ye know not of,' in humble imitation of the blessed Saviour."

EXPERIENCE OF AN ARKANSAS COLPORTEUR.—"During the past six months, I have sold books and Tracts to the value of $650, distributed gratuitously $80 worth of publications, and obtained 180 subscribers to the Messenger. I have attended eight camp-meetings, and about 600 cases of hopeful conversion have occurred on my field. It is nearly five years since I began colportage. During that time, I have seen many refreshing revivals. I have suffered much from sickness, have paid many heavy doctors' bills, have been robbed, have lost three good buggy horses, and have expended $200 beyond my salary. I must sell my little farm to keep at work. But what is all this," he adds, "compared to the value of souls led to the cross of Christ?"

RESULTS OF AMERICAN COLPORTAGE.

We have as yet only the first fruits of the seed sown; but they are abundant and glorious enough to repay a hundred-fold more of toil than has yet been expended. Space will only admit of recording a few incidents, as an illustration of a class of facts showing the varied usefulness of colportage in promoting education, temperance, Sabbath observance, personal piety, the conversion of souls, and the revival of the work of God.

BOOKS IN IGNORANT FAMILIES A MOTIVE TO LEARN TO READ.

Facts are multiplying which show the important bearing of the diffusion of good books among the ignorant on the cause of education. The possession of a book excites curiosity to learn its contents. The following instances will illustrate this thought.

A man came to the room of a colporteur in Western Virginia, and, as he could not read, the colporteur read to him a part of the Dairyman's Daughter, and told him that the volume, comprising this and other narratives of Legh Richmond, cost but 12½ cents. He said he would go and work for money enough to buy it. The next evening he had earned 50 cents, and bought three copies. The colporteur read the book through in his hearing. "Now," said the man, "I will learn to read for myself. It is the prettiest book I ever heard." Three months after this, he met the colporteur, clasped him in his arms, and said, "I have learned to read; have read my book through, and I would not take $300 for it. Had it not been for you and this book I should never have learned to read; and by the blessing of God upon it, *I have found peace to my soul.*"

"I left a book in a family where no one could read. The man would not send his children to school before. Now, he says *he has got a book, and he must have some one taught to read it.* His children are in school."

A man in Alabama, to whom a colporteur sent a Tract, immediately sent to the nearest house to borrow a spelling-book, saying that he was determined to read. One of the best ways of multiplying readers, is the general diffusion of well-printed books among the ignorant. Colporteurs do not neglect families because they cannot read.

INFLUENCE ON SABBATH AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

"Two years and a half ago, I commenced labor in the county of M.," writes a colporteur at the South. "I could sell but few books or Tracts, except in the county-seat; but I held meetings two or three times each week, in the most destitute portions of that region, and went from house to house, teaching and circulating publications. Although I found great destitution and indifference, I was encouraged to believe my labor would not be in vain. Shortly after this, I ventured to predict, that if our efforts continued five years, every neighborhood in the county would have a common and Sabbath school. At that period, there were none except at the county-seat. Recently, when I was in that county, several intelligent men who heard my prediction, told me that it was now fully verified. *Every neighborhood has its common and Sabbath school,* and hundreds of children are taught the oracles of God now, who probably would still remain in deplorable ignorance, had it not been for our efforts."

The superintendent of colportage at New Orleans writes, "The number induced by our colporteurs to attend public worship, to sign the temperance pledge, and to join Sabbath schools, is large. A few weeks since, the superintendent of one school was surprised to find 20 new pupils. On inquiry, it was ascertained that a colporteur had been over that portion of the city the previous week."

The superintendent of colportage in Western Virginia says, "Within the year, nearly *fifty Sunday-schools* have been organized, or aided with grants of books. One young man formed eleven Sunday-schools in four months, and collected 400 children into them. Many young men and women are taking their first lessons in the schools formed by our colporteurs, and I trust the number will be doubled the next year. Is it too much to expect that some of those hundreds of children who have been brought during the last year into these schools, will be heralds of salvation to a dying world?"

TEMPERANCE CAUSE AIDED.

"Some twenty years since," said a wealthy farmer in Tennessee to a colporteur laboring there, "a man passed through this neighborhood with Tracts. He scattered a few in this vicinity, and one on Temperance fell into my hands. At that time I was owner of a *distillery*; so was every man in the county who was rich enough to own one. In fact, there were two professed ministers of the Gospel, my nearest neighbors, engaged in the business, one of whom afterwards died of drunkenness in his own distillery!

"After diligently reading the Tract, and feeling self-condemned, I passed it to my neighbors. Business called me to Alabama. While there," he continued, "two intemperate men, engaged in the establishment to which my whiskey had been sold, got engaged in a fight, in which one was stabbed. He died almost instantly. This terrible deed, in connection with the reading of the Tract, led me to reflect seriously upon the business, and upon my return I closed the doors and extinguished the fires of my distillery. From that day to this, I have been a temperance, as well as a Tract man. Through the influence of that transient messenger of truth, I commenced a new life, and so far as I have been able, my influence has been thrown on the side of good morals and virtue.

"We have now become a temperance community," continued the farmer; "not a distillery exists in this neighborhood. We have three churches, a Sabbath-school, an association called the 'Sons of Temperance,' and now we are doing well. And these," he added, "are the fruits of the influence of that little temperance publication." The colporteur concludes the narrative by saying, that "the farmer above alluded to is now an exemplary citizen, a consistent Christian, and an elder in the Presbyterian church."

A colporteur in Louisiana writes, "A man to whom I gave a package of Temperance Tracts, reports the formation of a Temperance Society of 100 members almost immediately after the distribution of the Tracts. Brother H. offered each of a company of gamblers a good book for their cards, on condition that they would pledge themselves never to gamble again. One of them accepted the offer. "Remember," said brother H., as he gave him a New Testament, "God is witness of your pledge. Keep it." The young man took the Testament, and with a serious countenance walked directly away from his companions. Brother H. has obtained several similar pledges from gamblers.

A colporteur in one of the Western states writes, "The Temperance reform, I trust, is onward. The blessing of God has in many instances attended the diffusion of Temperance Tracts. I was invited to attend a Temperance meeting at a place where an unfortunate inebriate was burned to death in a bar-room, in which were four or five others, among them his own son, all in a state of unconscious intoxication. Several have perished this winter from the same cause: three within a few miles of this place were frozen to death. I called on a distiller, an old acquaintance of mine, who had been petitioned by his neighbors to abandon the manufacture of ardent spirits. Their petition contained 700 signatures, but they appealed to him in vain; yet he gave me a promise that he would abandon the business entirely and immediately. Some scores have been induced to sign the total abstinence pledge."

GAMBLING AND PROFANITY SUPPRESSED.

The following extracts from a colporteur's letter may give a valuable hint to travellers who are annoyed by profanity and gambling. "While travelling on a steamboat, I found the crew and most of the passengers very profane. I commenced distributing Tracts, telling those to whom I gave them to change them when they had read them. I think each Tract was read by five or six persons. I remained on the boat twelve hours, and did not hear another oath. I talked with them in groups and privately, and was kindly treated. One man going to the far West, requested all who did not wish to keep their Tracts, to give them to him.

"At P. I took another boat. As soon as I went aboard, a young man entered into conversation with me, using an oath in every sentence. In all my intercourse with men, I never heard one so profane. I handed him a Tract on profane swearing, when he turned pale and trembled before me. He sat down and read it, and I heard no more oaths from him. I soon found a number playing at cards. I went to the table and laid some Tracts on it. The cards soon disappeared, and they all commenced reading. I laid a number in the window of the bar-room, and told those standing by that I wanted them all to read them. It stopped the drinking, gambling, and swearing, while I was on the boat. I heard them say, 'We must look out, for there is a preacher aboard.' Would it not be well for every Christian to arm himself with such cheap and useful weapons when travelling. It would save him from being annoyed with profane language, prevent much actual sin, and be the means, in the hands of God, of saving souls from death. It would literally be casting bread on the waters."

SABBATH OBSERVANCE PROMOTED.

A western colporteur writes, "I gave the Sabbath Manual to a family that had been members of a church at the East. They had been in this country about five years, and for the last three years had sadly disregarded the Sabbath. They read the Manual, confessed their sin to their neighbors, and promised repentance and entire reform. The book appeared to be a great blessing to the family in bringing them back to their Father's house."

Mr. H——, an infidel in L——, New Hampshire, being called to watch with a sick neighbor, found on the table a Sabbath Manual. To pass away dull time in a sick room, he was induced to read it. He had read forty pages, when God was pleased to array before his mind his many years of profanation and abuse of the Sabbath. His conscience was so fully aroused to a sense of his guilt, he could not shake it off, nor find any peace. In great distress, he sent for the pastor of the church to pray with him. He had long and violently opposed religion in his family, and indulged in intoxicating drinks. He now abandoned his cups, suffered his children to attend Sabbath-school, and with his family attended public worship himself. He soon commenced the worship of God in his own house, and associated with pious people in religious meetings. After a few months he united with the church, a wonderfully changed and improved man, from a condition apparently the most hopeless.

The circulation of tens of thousands of Dr. Edwards' Sabbath Manual, in one instance effecting a supply of nearly every family in an entire state, and, in other parts of the country, furnishing whole counties with a copy for each family, cannot be without its effect in securing a more sacred observance of holy time. The influence of this and other movements is beginning to be apparent, in the action of some railroad corporations ceasing to run cars on the Sabbath, and in increased attendance on the means of grace.

INDIVIDUAL CONVERSIONS—BLESSING ON BOOKS.

Instances of the divine blessing on publications scattered abroad by means of colportage are so multiplied, that it is impossible to particularize them in illustration of this topic. But as all other results are of little account compared with this crowning end of the whole system of effort, and as those who are born from above are never weary of reading of the work of the Spirit on other hearts, we select a few from the mass of facts reported by colporteurs on this subject.

Doddridge's Rise and Progress.—"Not many years ago," said a clergyman, "a wild, thoughtless boy in Mississippi had placed in his hands a copy of Doddridge's Rise and Progress. Careless as he was of aught that is important, either for time or eternity, its solemn considerations led him to reflection. He thought on his ways, and turned unto the Lord, became a minister of the precious Gospel, and *he it is*," added the beloved pastor, "*who now addresses you*. And do you not think," continued he, "that I have reason to love the Tract cause? Yes, it was through the agency of this Society that this excellent book was brought to my notice, and it has often been my delight to help forward this good work."

Doddridge and the Novel-reader.—"A mother told me that her son, when at school in Ohio, was one Sabbath reading a novel, when a pious young man gave him Doddridge's Rise and Progress, and requested him to read it. He read a few pages in it. God was pleased to awaken him to a sense of his condition. Soon he sought a private place where he might bow for the first time in prayer, and in earnest ask the mercy of God on his soul. That man is now a prominent minister in Western Virginia."

Remarkable Succession of Blessings.—C. J——, Esq., of North Carolina, communicated the following interesting facts to the Rev. J. J. Abbott, general agent of the Tract Society for the Carolinas and Georgia. "A few years ago, Mr. Winn," a colporteur now deceased, "visited him, and invited him to purchase the Evangelical Family Library, which he did with some reluctance. His children read the volumes with eagerness. Within a fortnight, one of them, a young lady, was awakened by Baxter's Call, and shortly after another, both of whom are now members of the church." Said Mr. J., with tears starting into his eyes, "I would gladly give $10,000 rather than not have had that book." But this is not the end of the story. He recommended to his wife's sister to obtain the same library. She did so. A work of grace soon commenced in her family. *Now she reckons twenty-four in her connections who have been awakened and become hopefully pious, through the reading of the same book, Baxter's Call.*

CONVERSION OF A SENATOR.—Baxter, though dead, is still a living preacher. The conversions which annually take place through the influence of his ministrations, cannot easily be enumerated. A clergyman from the West, while on a visit to Washington not many months since, was invited by a United States senator to visit his rooms. "I have long wished to see you," the senator remarked, "to tell you of an item of good you have done, but which you know nothing about." "A copy of Baxter's Call was placed by me in the hands of this senator's wife in 1843. For weeks and months she read that book, which resulted in bringing her into the fold of Christ. Her husband was not pious; but with no instructions except Baxter, he had also cast in his lot with the people of God. To see the eyes of Mr. B. filled with tears," continues our correspondent, "as he narrated all the facts connected with the conversion of his wife, and his own conversion, and hear his warm expressions of gratitude, was enough to cheer the heart, and strengthen the hands for years of service in the cause of the Redeemer."

THE AGED PILGRIMS LED.—"I visited a miserable hut," writes a colporteur in Tennessee, "with an earth floor, a door that would not shut, no chimney, the fire being in the centre of the hut, and with not two dollars' worth of any thing about the premises. The inmates were a man eighty-one years of age, and his wife one year younger. I immediately recognized the old man as one to whom I had given Baxter's Call, having obtained a promise from him that his wife should read it to him, as he could not read. He did not recollect me until I mentioned the book, when the old lady, who seemed to pay but little attention to me, sprung to her feet and cried out, 'Are you the man who gave us that precious book? God bless you, and bless that dear book, and bless every one that had any hand in it, for it has been the means of saving my soul, and the soul of my husband.' I ascertained satisfactorily that the book had been instrumental in snatching these two souls from death. My heart was melted in gratitude to God, and I proposed prayer. The wife remarked that their house was not fit for me to pray in. How little, thought I, does this poor woman know of my heart—for if ever I felt humble and grateful, it was while engaged in that prayer. I remained some hours in sweet conversation with these two disciples of my Master, gave them a large Testament with Psalms and some Tracts, and left them, rejoicing and thanking God that I had engaged in the blessed colporteur work.

"The prospects are truly cheering. I meet with many who say they are greatly encouraged and benefited by reading the volumes. One man, to whom I sold a Library, told me, a few days since, that there is one chapter in Baxter's Saints' Rest worth more to him than all he paid for the Library. I have recently witnessed many conversions."

THREE LEAVES OF BAXTER'S CALL.—"A lady related to me that her parents were infidels. She received no instruction in religion, and seldom heard any thing on the subject. She was gay, and never had any convictions until one day, when sweeping a chamber, she saw Baxter's Call on the floor. Her anger was excited, and she determined to burn it. She opened the book, and the sentence, 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?' met her eye. Her mind was filled with terror; she did not dare to burn the book; but at last took out three leaves, and burned the remainder. She had no peace until she found it in Christ. Her parents are now hopefully pious, and she regards those three leaves with delight, rejoicing that the book was left with them by some pious friend."

"THE BIBLE NOT OF MAN," AND NELSON.—A colporteur in Ohio says, "I have had evidence that the excellent books of the Society have been blessed to the salvation of souls. A young man, who had been the subject of many prayers and much friendly solicitude, purchased a copy of 'The Bible not of Man,' by Rev. Dr. Spring. He became deeply interested in the truth it presented, and has since connected himself with the church of Christ. An infidel, to whom I gave 'Nelson's Cause and Cure,' has practically abandoned his infidelity. He now attends church and prayer-meetings, and expresses an earnest desire to engage in the worship of the living God."

INFIDELS AND UNIVERSALISTS ACCESSIBLE.

Facts like the following encourage labors among the most hopeless classes.

INFIDEL CELEBRATION IN IOWA.—A colporteur was invited by an aged infidel to visit a public meeting of his friends in Iowa, and at the suggestion of a worthy clergyman, he attended. He found about two hundred men, women, and children, assembled under the shade of an oak grove. An old Englishman first addressed the meeting, but being infirm, was soon succeeded by a young man from St. Louis. The speaker expressed himself gratified at seeing so many pleasant faces present, eulogized all classes of infidels, and closed with caricaturing religion. After dinner, a series of toasts were drank: among the most infamous, was one contrasting the Saviour with Abner Kneeland. "The latter," they said, "was a great and good man." "The former," the infidel sentiment blasphemously alleged, "was a juggler!"

"Some days after this celebration, which was held in commemoration of Abner Kneeland's delivery from prison in Boston," says the colporteur, "I called on some of the infidel families, and was kindly received. Two of them accepted Nelson on Infidelity, as a loan; another selected the Tract, 'Infidel Reclaimed;' other infidels treated me in accordance with their various notions of my books, and the work I was performing; yet, strange as it may seem, I sold more in the vicinity of this settlement, than in any other place of equal population. One large family, headed by an aged Campbellite, purchased $5 worth of books, expressly, as he said, to keep his children from becoming infidels. Others expressed similar anxiety. I have never visited a spot where it appeared to me I had been instrumental in doing so much good."

A colporteur in Wisconsin mentions the hopeful conversion of three individuals through his labors. One of them was a noted infidel, to whom he sold Nelson's Cause and Cure. He promised to read it; kept his promise, and it was blessed to the salvation of his soul. He has since publicly confessed Christ before men.

THE UNIVERSALIST AND THE TRACT.—A clergyman writes, "God bless the Tract Society. It was by a perusal of one of your books that my fears were so far deepened as to induce me to review that awful system. A friend in Hartford placed in my hands Dr. Hawes' Tract on Universalism. I read it with the resolution that I would mark with my pen any paragraph upon the morals of the system that I had seen exemplified in my experience. I marked up more than half of the Tract. That little book I still keep."

A colporteur in Alabama reports the following interesting facts: "I left some books with a family inclined to be Universalists, urging them to read them. As the result, four have since made a profession of religion. I visited the family of a reformed drunkard, and after conversing freely with the parents, conversed seriously with the daughter, who was 15 or 16 years of age, and prayed with them. She has since made a profession of religion, and dates her convictions from that visit. I attended a public meeting, where brother G. labored and sold many volumes. The result was, twenty young persons connected themselves with the church.

" A Universalist, who had bought a number of volumes, told me, some time after, that he was much pleased with them, notwithstanding he was a Universalist, and that he wished to get more. He bought several volumes. I overheard a man saying to his neighbor, that the Tract, 'Do you Pray in your Family?' made him think more than any thing he ever read, and that he had determined to commence family worship. The other replied that, after reading the Tract entitled 'Prayer-meeting for Forty Years,' he would never refuse again when called on to pray."

TIMELY ANTIDOTE.—A colporteur in Fayette county, Ohio, says, " A short time since, I attended a discussion of the doctrine of Universalism. During the intermissions, I sold sixty volumes, four Bibles, twenty Testaments, and a thousand pages of Tracts. These little volumes went everywhere, preaching the living word, exhorting to repentance and faith in Jesus Christ."

USEFULNESS OF TRACTS.

We select two or three anecdotes, illustrative of the blessing which attends the diffusion of brief treatises, which point the sinner to the Lamb of God. The time has passed when it is needful to furnish proofs of the effectiveness of this mode of spreading the Gospel.

A woman in New York city, who had neglected all the means of grace, and rejected all Christian counsel, was using a Tract in kindling a fire, when she saw upon the last page the words, " This is for you." Her curiosity was thus excited, and instead of burning the Tract, she read it, and her conscience was awakened. Soon after this, one of her friends came in to renew the oft-rejected invitation to go with her to the house of God. It was the first time in seven years that she had been to a house of worship, and now her sins were set in order before her, and the anguish of her soul was great. When she returned home, she read the Tract to her husband and asked him to go with her to church. He refused: yet, when the service had been some time continued, he was seen near the door, attentively listening to the sermon; and presently he was by the side of his wife, evincing serious concern for the salvation of his soul. After this, the husband and wife read the Tract to a young woman, and the Lord made it effectual to her awakening. Then they opened their house for a prayer-meeting, and entreated a young man who boarded with them to attend; but he would not, and went out. Before the next prayer-meeting was held there, the Tract was read to him, and while hearing it his mind was so much affected that he readily embraced the invitation to be present. That evening he felt much, for the Spirit of God deeply and powerfully convinced him of sin, and he was constrained to seek for mercy as a sinner ready to perish. *These four persons have all found peace in believing*, and they have all cast in their lot with the people of God.

" Some six months since," writes an Alabama colporteur, " I had some conversation with a man concerning his spiritual condition, and on parting, gave him a Tract, 'The Prodigal Son.' He has recently assured me that it had been instrumental, under God, of his own conversion, and that of two sisters, and also a brother and his wife! 'Before you came here,' said this man, 'we had no religious meetings. Afterwards we had a few sermons, and the result is, twelve in the settlement have become hopefully pious.

Now we have a church organized, and although without a minister, every Sabbath we have prayer-meetings in the old school-house. Our new place of worship is nearly ready for use, and we hope the Lord will send us a preacher. May God bless colporteurs and the good books and Tracts they circulate.' "

REVIVALS PROMOTED BY COLPORTAGE.

A very large number of the colporteurs have communicated the cheering intelligence that the work of God has been revived on the field of their labors. In some instances, their personal visitation, or the publications they have put into circulation, have been largely instrumental in the blessed result. In other cases, their influence has been quite subordinate. In all, they and we would give God the glory. Many of the facts having been reported in the columns of the Messenger, and other religious papers, we record only a single statement at length, with a few brief additional notices.

Remarkable Work of Grace in Northern Alabama.—Rev. S. Wells, general agent, writes, " The wonderful work of grace now going on in Madison county, Alabama, and which has been in progress for three months, almost exceeds belief in these days of apathy. I will give the statements as they came out before Synod, by members who have been eye-witnesses.

" It appears that the colporteur, Rev. Mr. T——, has been indefatigable in his labors in M—— county, distributing books, Tracts, and Bibles, praying in almost every family, warning sinners, and encouraging Christians to pray for and expect a revival of religion. In one ' cove' in the mountains, his visits were followed by a series of meetings, which resulted in nearly 200 hopeful conversions. In passing through the county, at a distance of several miles from this cove, as he called at isolated dwellings, he found more or less persons in every family, and others by the roadside, in childlike simplicity seeking direction into the way of life ; and this even in Antinomian families and neighborhoods. The people would gather to the house where he spent the night, and earnestly entreat him to hold a prayer-meeting ; and even when exhausted by his labors, the people were so urgent for instruction that he had to sit up night after night till a late hour, engaged in exhortation, singing, and prayer. On one occasion, he ascended the Cumberland mountain, hoping to gain a few days of quiet ; but among the log-cabins and scattered inhabitants of this secluded spot, he found the Spirit of God operating upon the hearts of the people, and abundant work ready to his hand. Meetings held at private houses frequently resulted in one or more conversions.

" The Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Cumberland Presbyterian churches, with their pastors, have shared largely in the labors, and in the blessed fruits of the glorious work. It is estimated that *not far from one thousand persons* have been converted. Many, very many of those who have professed religion, have attributed their first serious impressions, under God, to the books and Tracts of the Society, and the fidelity of the colporteur at their firesides. Colportage has never had a more abundant blessing, or been crowned with richer results. Such are some of the facts as they came out before Synod, or were related to me by eye-witnesses.

" The work is not at an end. The Spirit of the Lord is still there ; and the colporteur returns to fill the hands of the new converts with spiritual books, to strengthen their trembling hopes, and to form a high standard of Christian character. To those who have no pastoral instruction, and where the means of grace are exceedingly limited, such a source of instruction is invaluable. This is one of the most important features of Colportage in the West. There are many genuine revivals and real conversions; but for want of regular instruction, the standard of piety is low. How can it be otherwise, when the people in these mountain districts are destitute of religious reading, and depend on an occasional sermon during the year? Who cannot see, in such a state of things, the vast importance of colporteur visits and a thorough supply of evangelical books? So far as circulated, the books are read and valued. The governor elect, who has just canvassed the state, has remarked that he could not conceive of a more important work than Colportage for the masses of the people.

"There is a boundless field here, all white for the harvest. And so manifest is the blessing on colporteur labors, that the conviction has become general among the more intelligent ministers and laymen, that no benevolent system now in operation at the South-west is accomplishing more real good to the masses. Yet the laborers are few, and the great burden of the work is yet to be performed. O for men and means, and the Spirit of the Lord to bless them all!"

"During the last eight months," writes a colporteur from Arkansas, "I have preached about 160 sermons, and had evidence of the conversion of 150 persons, two of them my own children. How far my personal exertions, and the books and Tracts I have distributed, have been blessed of God in producing this happy result, eternity will reveal. Thus much I may say, that where I have circulated books and Tracts, and bestowed personal labors most freely, the greatest good has been manifest."

Revivals at the South and West.—A colporteur in the Cherokee country, Georgia, writes, "A great revival of religion has taken place in this region. More than five hundred have been hopefully converted."

"Of Sumner Co., Tennessee, and the adjoining region in Kentucky, a colporteur says, "The books and Tracts I have distributed in these destitute regions, are doing great good. You may form some idea of the results of Colportage, in connection with other means, when I assure you, that during the last three months, I have seen two hundred and sixty hopeful converts, and more than that number of inquirers."

"In West Tennessee," writes a colporteur, "during the autumn, I have attended six camp-meetings, at which more than *two hundred* persons professed religion. They were seasons truly refreshing to my soul. The power of God was manifested in the awakening of sinners, the comforting of Christians, and in greatly reviving the churches engaged."

In M—— county, Georgia, the work of grace has been in progress in a flourishing Sabbath-school, established some months previous by a colporteur of the Tract Society. "There was a remarkable seriousness first visible among the pupils of the day-school. Shortly after, a similar spirit began to exhibit itself among the Sabbath-school scholars, and this was followed, during six weeks, by the hopeful conversion of thirty-five of the pupils. The distinguishing feature of the work is, its being almost exclusively confined to children and youth, and all of them members of the day and Sabbath-schools."

"In Western Missouri," writes a colporteur, "there has been a more extensive interest manifested on the subject of religion this season, than for many years past. Revivals have been in progress, at different places, almost continually since the latter part of July. I suppose the converts on my field since that time, would number at least five hundred."

A Pastor's Testimony.—The Rev. Mr. R——, an active minister of the Gospel in Canada, pleading for the extension of the colporteur enterprise to that province, says, "I know the value of the Tract Society's publications. I have circulated many here, and could mention cases of conversion to Christ as the result. And not only here, but in New York and other states. In C——, N. Y., in 1837, I received about *seventy* precious converted souls into my church, as the result, under God, of the circulation of 400 or 500 of your books among my people."

ADMIRABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE SPIRIT AND RELATIONS OF AMERICAN COLPORTAGE.

We insert the following extended document, just as it was received, from Mr. Jonathan Cross, Superintendent of Colportage in Virginia, to the exclusion of many from other fellow-laborers, as it embodies facts from several colporteurs, and presents, at a single view, the necessity and the power of such labors for the souls of men.

By the care of a kind Providence, my life has been preserved to the close of another year of labor in the service of the American Tract Society. I have traversed mountains, valleys, and water-courses 6,000 miles, explored a number of counties which I never visited before, addressed 88 meetings, held 44 prayer-meetings, sold 1,772 volumes, granted 149 volumes and 38,814 pages of Tracts.

The result of this year's observation in relation to the moral condition of my field, is similar to the last. In the principal towns and villages, and among the more wealthy farmers, we find as intelligent people as are to be found in our country, and many of them pious; but these are in the minority. The people throughout are certainly the most hospitable that I have ever seen. During the year I have met with nothing but kindness from all classes. Christians and philanthropists have shown a deep interest in the Colporteur enterprise, and have given liberally of their means to carry on the work.

I shall endeavor to give a brief description of the wants of the masses of the people, their moral condition, and some evidences of the success that has attended our labors within the year.

Destitution.—We have found this year 1,435 families without the Bible, and 1,919 destitute of all other religious books, with a few exceptions. We have found some who have kept house from ten to sixty-five years without a religious book of any kind in their houses.

One colporteur found twelve families in one valley with only a piece of a Bible among them all. Some of their children never saw a Bible, and did not know when the Sabbath came. Another writes, that he visited different neighborhoods where there were no religious books except the Bible, and half of the people were destitute of the sacred volume.

A large majority of those destitute are unable to buy one of our cheapest volumes. We find a large number of adults who cannot read. It is no uncommon thing to find one family in a neighborhood well educated, and their next neighbor not know a letter.

A few days since, I called at the house of a wealthy, intelligent family. The lady of the house said to me, "In the last house you passed there is a woman who has lived to see one hundred of her own descendants, and not one of them knows a letter!" But they have intermarried with some who can read. A colporteur placed a book, by sale or gift, a year ago, in each of the families. Two of the number, I am informed, were led to the Saviour by them.

A colporteur writes that he found a family in which there were twelve children, the youngest eleven years old, and not one of the family knew a letter, and they showed no desire to learn. Another, in visiting twenty days, found fifty-five adult persons who could not read one word.

The colporteurs have found many places through the year where a few families live along the valley, and their children never were in a school. Some of the parents can read; they are mostly destitute of books, and unable to buy, but receive them thankfully. Most of them are very ignorant in relation to the doctrines of the Bible.

One case I will state, which is well authenticated. At the close of an address I made to a congregation, the minister arose and said, "It is known to many of you that a few weeks since we organized a Sunday-school in sight of this town on the mountain, and we found young men and women who said they had never heard of Jesus Christ, and inquired where and when he lived, where he was gone, and what he was doing!"

There are but few places where there is preaching every Sabbath, except in the larger towns. Many places in the country have preaching but once in four weeks, and that on week-days. But few attend except women.

Prevailing Sins and Errors.—The prevailing sin is *Sabbath-breaking*. But few observe the day as they ought. Many who profess to be followers of Christ do not hesitate to start on journeys, or return from them on the Sabbath, visit their friends, converse about horses, cattle, and farms, or merchandise, even going to and from the house of God; and by their example encourage non-professors to go farther. In some places, offices are open, goods are received and sold, while others spend the holy day at the grogshop. We often see more there than at the prayer-meeting. Others spend the day in hunting in the winter, and fishing in the summer. Others labor on their farms.

The Sabbath Manual has done much in some places to put down Sabbath desecration. It has been frequently taken into neighborhoods proverbial for neglect of the Sabbath, and read with interest. I have heard not only of families, but large manufacturing companies, that have read it with interest, and within the last year, from that or some other cause unknown, have stopped their works on the Sabbath; and consequently the attendance on the means of grace in those places is much better.

In some places *intemperance* prevails to an alarming extent; in others, the temperance cause is on the advance. Our books and Tracts which treat on its evils have rescued some from destruction. I attended a Temperance Convention where nine Societies were represented. The delegates, in their reports, stated that the circulation of Tracts had been especially blessed in promoting the cause; and, as an evidence of their faith in them, purchased $40 worth for distribution. The Sons of Temperance are doing much to check this evil at present.

There are but few Roman Catholics in my field; but what there are, are very zealous—sufficiently so to shame Protestants.

A kind of *Universalism* is the prevailing error. While but few openly profess it, I believe it to be one of the most alarming signs of the times. Many are trying to persuade themselves that God is too merciful to punish them if they live moral lives; and if there is a hell it is only designed for murderers, or those whose crimes are of a very malignant character; and thus the holiness of God, and the spirituality of his law, are lost sight of by their carnal reasonings. I have found the minds of the masses tending that way in all my travels for the last four years. It is high time for those who blow the gospel trumpet, to sound the alarm against this growing error, which is carrying men, almost asleep, into eternity.

Statistical Results.—After giving this general view of the whole field, we will show in figures what has been done within the last year to remove error, in doctrine and practice, and to revive and establish a spiritual faith.

Through the labors of colporteurs, including my own, we have sold 22,124 volumes, given gratuitously 5,444 volumes, and distributed 292,739 pages of Tracts; supplied 748 destitute families with the Bible, and 382 with the Testament, (these have been received from Bible societies;) held 513 meetings, mostly sermons preached, and 175 prayer-meetings; conversed and prayed with 6,807 families, and visited in all 10,534 families, furnishing each books or Tracts, by sale or gift. Nearly 2,000 copies of Baxter's Call, that invaluable work, have been scattered this year to sound the alarm to the careless.

If all these pages had been the writings of Voltaire, Paine, or other fatal errorists, where is the Christian or believer in divine revelation who would not tremble in view of their effects on the present and coming generations? And where is the Christian or philanthropist who will not rejoice to think of the thousands of pages of truth written by the sainted dead, in connection with God's word, which have been scattered within the year? Will any Christian doubt their effect, or neglect to pray for God's blessing on the seed sown?

But, alas, some of the colporteurs have had much opposition to contend with, arising from sectarian prejudice—some warning the people publicly, and others privately, to have nothing to do with the books. Party spirit has done more to quench vital piety, and promote scepticism, than all other things put together. If half the zeal were manifested to save souls that there is to build up a party on some parts of my field, the temple gates would soon be crowded with anxious inquirers, and Infidelity and Catholicism would be put to silence; but the moment a sinner is known to be concerned, he is assailed on all sides by a party spirit, and often driven into infidelity, or opposition to all religion.

Incidents of Usefulness.—Within the last year many facts have come to light to encourage us in our work. An impressive exhortation by the fireside, a Tract or book, has in many places been blessed to the salvation of souls. I will enumerate a few that have come under my own observation and that of my fellow-laborers.

I stopped one day at a house to dine, twelve months ago. The lady of the house was sick. Several young persons were present; none of them pious. After dinner I conversed and prayed with them. A few days since I called at the house of a young minister to spend the night. He had since married one of the ladies present on that occasion. During the conversation of the evening she said, "Mr. C., it was your conversation at my uncle's, that day you was there, that led me to the Saviour; and one of my brothers became awakened the same day, and has since professed his faith in Christ."

I called on a wealthy family one day—conversed with one of the gentleman's daughters and another young lady in the most serious manner I could about their souls—both became deeply concerned, and have since made profession of religion, dating their convictions of sin at that time.

I called one day at a shop, talked some time with a young man who was intemperate, sold him a book—he became awakened—has joined the church. Many efforts have been made by his companions to get him to drink, but he remains steadfast.

I alluded in one of my former reports to a place I visited more than a year ago. There was no church—we met at a private house, eighteen persons present. I raised $72 in donations, sold $18 worth of books, and organized a Sunday-school. An interest appeared to be awakened that day, and it has continued to the present time. A church has been built, a number added to it, and much interest awakened in that region. Our books have been much blessed in bringing about these results.

Facts from Colporteurs.—One writes, that "he found a pious family of five persons, who all attributed their conversion to reading the Dairyman's Daughter."

Another writes that a young man, whom he supplied with Pike's Persuasives and the Anxious Inquirer, has been led by them to the Saviour, is ready for every good work, and has devoted himself to the ministry.

The same one writes of an old man proverbial for his profanity and intemperance, whose wife often fled from him to save her life, and remained away for weeks at a time.

He spent a Sabbath with him, and prevailed on him to read Pike's Religion and Eternal Life, and subsequently to read Doddridge's Rise and Progress. By them he has been led to repentance. He now lives the life of a Christian. Truly, he says, the lion has been turned into the lamb.

The same colporteur left the Tract, "A Prayer-meeting of Forty Years," in a neighborhood—it led eight or ten Christians to meet together to pray. Many of the irreligious have since been led to attend. An Antinomian, who had read Baxter's Call, came, among others, and requested the meeting to be held at his house. He has since been led to embrace a spiritual faith; and his wife, who was dissipated and profane, is anxiously asking what she must do to be saved.

The same colporteur visited an old man and his wife, in a very destitute region, both irreligious. He conversed and prayed with them, and gave them some books, by which they were led to Jesus at the eleventh hour.

A young man, engaged to be married to a pious lady, was led, by reading the "Advice to a Married Couple," to reflect on his unfitness to discharge the duties of a husband. He has since read the Tract, "Marks of True Repentance," and has been brought to the foot of the cross, an humble penitent.

Another colporteur writes that he spent a few hours with a wealthy family, who were far from God. He sold them $10 worth of books, and said much to them about their souls' salvation. He returned in a few weeks—found them deeply concerned—preached in their house—the man, his wife, and a hired girl professed their faith in the Saviour. The man, when under conviction, said, "Sir, I never read such a book as Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest."

Another writes, "We are blessed with a revival of religion, and twenty have been led to Christ, and connected themselves with the church."

Another writes, "In one settlement I found only a piece of a Bible, and no other religious books. These poor people, in their lone cabins, expressed their gratitude for the books given to them with tears. Could the friends of the Society go with me, and learn the worth of their dollar, they would give two next time."

"A poor widow, living in a wretched cabin, told me she had seen better days, and her appearance and conversation indicated that what she said was true. I found her inquiring the way of life. She had no religious books, nor a cent of money. When I gave her a Bible and Baxter's Call, she was deeply grateful for the gift, and declared them to be what she desired above any earthly blessing. No Christian could have witnessed this scene and not be melted into love for the poor. When the apostle sums up pure and undefiled religion, he makes no small part of it to consist in visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction."

A man who had some time since bought Hopkins on the Ten Commandments, said it had been the means of leading him to God.

A colporteur writes, "While riding one day meditating on God's word, and endeavoring to school my heart more into his love and fear, I heard light footsteps behind me. On turning round, I saw a small boy running after me. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have followed you two miles; I hear you have good books to sell; I wish to get one.' 'Can you read?' I asked. 'Yes, sir.' 'Have you no books?' 'No, sir, I never owned one; and here is all the money I have,' showing me five cents. I gave him Baxter's Call and a Sabbath Manual for his money, and the little fellow jumped for joy. I left him reading his books."

He continues: "An old couple, to whom I gave some books, wished me to stay all day and talk to them about their souls. 'We have reason to thank God,' said the man, 'for this gift; we are poor, and have no books to comfort us.' They were deeply moved, even to tears, when he thus addressed me."

He further writes, "A man, to whom I sold Flavel's Method of Grace a year ago, told me he had read it himself, and that the book had travelled from house to house eighty miles since he bought it.

"Since the circulation of our publications in a neighborhood where there were no Bibles, and but few religious books, the people have commenced building a house of worship, to be used also for a school. I have furnished three Sunday-schools with books, and have arranged to supply six more in the spring; and I am preparing to organize ten additional schools, and supply them with books in the summer."

He writes, "More day-schools have been established the last fall than ever before. I visit all I can of these, and furnish teachers and scholars with books."

The desire for religious reading is greatly on the increase in my field. I am cheered in my work by the reviving influence of God's Spirit on several portions of my field, and by the encouragement I receive from men of high standing and influence, who have watched the progress of the work, and say it is doing much good.

I find almost daily in my travels, some one pointing to some volume, and saying, "It was that book which led me to think about my soul." I met, a short time since, a young man who appeared to be remarkably pious. I asked him what led him to Christ. He replied, that he was very wicked till he met Mr. Lewis, an agent of the Virginia Tract Society, who talked to him about the danger of losing his soul, and gave him a Tract. He had no rest for some weeks, but wept and prayed. At last the Lord heard and gave him peace.

MINISTERIAL TESTIMONIALS.—I will give some statements from letters lying on my table, from ministers of high standing in the church, who are in no way connected with the Tract Society, but lovers of every good cause.

Rev. Mr. C. writes as follows: "I called to see a gentleman who was deeply impressed with his sins. I spent the night with him, and conversed on every point that seemed to meet his case, but left him much as I found him. In looking over the books of the family I found James' Anxious Inquirer, which had been purchased by his wife some time before, but which he had not read. I selected a suitable chapter, and requested him to read it. This he did as soon as I was gone, and then read the whole book through. He entertained a hope soon after, and is now a member of the church. He told me that that book had been the means of saving him from despair—and indeed he was very near it when I handed him the book. An old man who had been a backslider bought Pike's Guide from the colporteur. It brought him back from his wandering. He told me he found every thing he needed in it, and would not take a great deal for it. The same book, I have reason to believe, has been greatly blessed to a family in whom you detected moral delinquency when you stopped to have your horse fed. I gave 'Sermons to the Aged,' which I bought of you, to an old and excellent woman who had a very bad husband, intemperate and profane. He read it, and has reformed. The Tract entitled 'Sixteen Short Sermons' has been read in this community with great profit."

Rev. Mr. H. writes, "The influence of the Tract effort has certainly been felt for good in this community. The attention of many has been called to the interests of eternity. A desire for obtaining good books has greatly increased, and some have been brought to attend the public ministrations of God's house, who were not in the habit of attending before." These men urge the continuation of the work.

Much similar testimony might be adduced; and the enemies of the cause themselves being judges, say, we are doing much good.

One strong indication of good, and one of vast importance in the most ignorant and destitute portions of my field, is, that the people are waking up to the importance of education. They say, we must have our children sent to school—we have books, and no one can read them. A ministerial colporteur writes that poor widows importune him with tears to come and organize a Sunday-school for them, and give them books, as their only hope to have their children taught.

On one such occasion he rode some miles through a heavy rain—he thought no one would come; but at the hour the house was filled. Women walked four or five miles, and came in dripping with rain. He preached on the subject of Sunday-schools. Many tears were shed. When he exhibited the books, many little hearts beat with joy, and those of riper years shed tears of gratitude.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.—Within the year nearly fifty Sabbath-schools have been aided with grants of books by the colporteurs. One young man, in four months, formed eleven schools, and collected 400 children into them. Many young men and women are taking their first lessons in these schools; and I trust we shall be able to double the number this year.

In conclusion, the longer I labor in this cause, the more I love it. I feel a desire to labor in this primitive mode of doing good, if the Lord keeps the way open, till I shall be called from earth to my last reward. With all the imperfection which has mingled with my efforts, I feel confident that God has blessed them; and I desire to thank God, and take courage, and earnestly ask an interest in the prayers of all God's children of every name, for his Spirit to guide me in the awfully responsible station which I have to fill, and to be with all who labor with me in bearing the tidings of salvation to the poor and destitute. And my daily prayer is, and shall be, for God to bless his ministers and people, and awaken dying sinners to the interests of eternity.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY OF AN EMINENT PHILANTHROPIST.

The Rev. Dr. EDWARDS, whose name is so gratefully associated with the Temperance and Sabbath enterprises, while on an extensive tour at the South and West, had many opportunities of learning the value of Colportage, and the estimation in which it is held by the Christian community. He writes from Alabama as follows:

"In passing over the southern and south-western parts of our country, I have been more and more deeply impressed with the vast importance of the Colporteur enterprise. Without being scattered abroad by persecution, as were the first disciples, yet, like them, the colporteurs go 'everywhere, preaching the word,' and like apostles, preach it 'from house to house.'

"If they were *obliged* to be scattered 'everywhere,' by persecution, we should rejoice in their doing this; that is, talking of Jesus Christ and the way of salvation through him, and even entreating men 'with tears,' to be reconciled to God, and thus preaching the Gospel to 'every creature,' in every kitchen and parlor to which they should be invited. Much more may we rejoice when well-qualified men are found to do this only from love to Christ and to souls.

"While there are thousands and thousands who are, and till they die must be destitute of the stated preaching of the Gospel from educated, regular, and ordained ministers, who would not say, let them have statedly, till they can get better, such preachers as Baxter and Bunyan, Doddridge and Flavel, and Paul? No colporteur should pass a house that is not supplied, without leaving the works of *inspired men*, who spake and wrote as they were directed by the Holy Ghost. And not a family on the mountain or in the valley should be suffered to continue without being visited by some man of God, who, like his Master, is 'going about doing good.'

"The *Sabbath Manual* I find in many families; and in view of what I see, I have often wished that the *Temperance Manual* had gone with it; for rum, whiskey, and brandy drinkers will break the Sabbath, and Sabbath-breakers will neglect the Bible, and neglecters of the Bible will disobey God.

"My ears have often been greeted with the encomiums which have been bestowed in different places on the colporteur who passed that way, and my heart delighted to hear it so often repeated, in widely distant sections of country, 'I presume the one who came along here, was *one of the best of them*.' Thousands will bless God for ever for the colporteur who left his home and wandered far over mountain and vale, through forest and flood, to visit the parent and the child, to sell them good books, if they could buy, and if not, to give them, especially that book of books, the BIBLE.

"Let men cease to poison themselves with the drunkard's drink, confine their secular business and cares to six days in a week, and keep the seventh holy; let each one that has a soul be taught the art of reading, that speaking-trumpet of the Almighty, and let him hear daily his Father in heaven speaking to *him* 'words by which he may be saved;' let him look up for the Holy Spirit to Him who hath said, 'Ask, and it shall be given you,' and each one may become wise to salvation, and learn the heavenly art of living, not unto himself, but unto Him who died for him, and of doing to others as he ought to wish that others should do to him. Then will all live together *as brethren;* tasting and seeing that the Lord is good, and feeling that he doth indeed 'magnify his word above all his name.'"

COLPORTAGE AMONG GERMAN IMMIGRANTS.

The tide of emigration from Europe has thrown a quarter of a million of immortal souls on our shores within the past year. A large majority have come from the Germanic states; and it is believed that a much larger proportion of Germans than heretofore have been of the more respectable classes. Some are known to have emigrated for conscience' sake, and are characterized by simple-hearted piety. As a general fact, the emigrants are farmers or mechanics, and make their way to the fertile lands of the Western or South-western states; while the poorer and more vicious classes tarry in the crowded Atlantic cities.

The aggregate German population, including those of immediate German descent, may be estimated at not far from 3,000,000. They have settled chiefly in the grain-growing districts of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, and during the last year or two, large numbers have settled in Texas and Wisconsin. All the great cities have a considerable proportion of Germans, and more or less are found in all the states of the Union.

They constitute by far the most interesting and hopeful class of immigrants. As an almost universal fact, they can read; and multitudes of them are highly intelligent and moral. There are instances, too, of devoted piety that might form models for American Christians. They are a stable, reliable people—less superstitious than the Irish, less volatile than the French, and more impressible than the Norwegian. They have an ardent love for liberty—without always discriminating between freedom and licentiousness. The Roman yoke does not set easy on German necks. And thousands, for want of gospel light, are making the fearful experiment of rationalism and infidelity. A large proportion, Protestant in name, are ignorant of a spiritual faith, and are destitute of evangelical pastors, Sabbath-schools, religious books, and other means of saving instruction.

The attention of the Committee has been drawn more and more to this class of our fellow-citizens, and they have proceeded with German Colportage as rapidly as other claims on their efforts would allow. No less than forty colporteurs, speaking the German language, and devoting their labors chiefly to this class, have been employed during the whole or a part of the past year, who have visited more than 50,000 families, and circulated many thousand volumes by sale or gift.

The Committee regard this band of German laborers as among the most faithful, constant, and self-denying of those engaged in their service, and could wish them increased many fold. Proportioned to their numbers, there is as abundant evidence, perhaps, of wide-spread usefulness, as in any other range of benevolent effort. From the fruits of their labors, and in other ways, there is reason to hope that a sufficiency of colporteurs may be raised up to cultivate the whole field open to this enterprise, if adequate means are provided for their support. We know of no motive that impels to the diffusion of gospel truth in any portion of the globe, by any instrumentality, that does not apply with emphasis to the extension of Colportage among German immigrants.

LIPPE EMIGRANTS IN INDIANA.—Rev. Mr. Peabody, General Agent at the West, who has given much attention to the Germans, writes from Terre Haute, Ind., giving the incidents of a tour through Southern Indiana, and adds,

"One little community consists of twenty-five families of Christians from Lippe, a small principality in the north-western part of Germany, near the river Weser. The inhabitants there being evangelical, have emigrated to this country in large numbers during the past year. I spent a night at a log-cabin without a window or a chair about the premises, and without a sheet or coverlid to protect me against the cold blasts that came whistling between the chinks of the logs. The women hobbled about on their wooden shoes, and the men puffed their long pipes on boxes and three-legged stools, with as much dignity as a Turk would do, on his cushioned sofa, with his menials about him. These Lippe Christians, wherever I find them, are peculiar. They have a very pure faith and simple worship. While I was there, I witnessed the reception of a company of four families into their settlement. I found a most excellent and active Christian in one settlement, Louis Lippe, who will make an excellent colporteur in the course of a year. As yet, he cannot speak a word of English.

"Some parts of Indiana already begin to swarm with German emigrants. They generally select land where eight or ten families can live in the vicinity of each other, but they are often found scattered over the broad country, among the gloomy forests, like sheep without a shepherd. I know of but one or two evangelical German ministers for the whole of the German population, which is estimated at over ten thousand souls in South-western Indiana.

"Leaving these Lippe German friends, who knew no words to express their gratitude that I had come to visit them, I passed fifty miles north to Terre Haute. The intervening country, though generally settled by our people, is nearly a perfect moral wilderness. I found but two or three ministers at work among this population, all of whom were supporting themselves by some secular employment. It is impossible for me to give you any adequate idea of the moral and spiritual condition of this portion of this vast state. I have taken particular pains to inquire into the true condition of the people, as I intend to do all winter; and the more I examine, the more am I pained at the developments."

A brief illustration of the manner and results of labor in this department, especially among Roman Catholic Germans, will now be given, the first article illustrating the possibility of reaching even the Catholic priesthood by this agency.

INTERVIEW WITH A GERMAN PRIEST.—The colporteur, a converted Romanist, having called upon a priest and expressed a desire to talk on the subject of religion, was kindly received, and an animated conference of three hours followed, of which this is a specimen.

Colp. I hope, my friend, I have received the Spirit of Christ.

Priest. How did you receive that Spirit?

C. The Lord afflicted me long and severely, and led me to think and pray. I went to the priest to have my sins forgiven, but he could not forgive me. My heart was heavy after he said I was forgiven; and all he told me to do, gave me no peace till I went to Christ.

P. Are you perfectly satisfied now?

C. Yes, perfectly.

P. Do you belong to the Catholic church and keep her commandments?

C. I try to keep all the commandments of Christ and his apostles contained in the Bible, but no others.

P. So far, good; but the holy fathers say many things not in the Bible. [Here the priest sprang to his library, and commenced reading from a Latin volume.]

C. Stop, stop; I don't understand Latin. I stand by the Bible, and nothing else.

P. Well, let us take the Bible. It is good. But why did you leave the Catholic church after you received the Spirit? Why not remain in her?

C. How could I? The priests command one thing—the Bible another. I must obey the Bible.

P. You should not leave. You do a great sin. You take hundreds with you, and give the true church a bad name. You fall from the true church.

C. But I stand by the Bible. I tell you of Christ, who died to make an atonement for our sins. I do not fall from the *true* church. Oh, my brother, the old Catholic church loved Christ, and prayed to him, and he forgave their sins; and he will forgive your sins, if you ask him sincerely and in faith.

Here the priest ceased the argument and mused sadly awhile, moved to tears by his own reflections, and no doubt the Spirit of God was there to whisper to his heart the truth of the simple-hearted colporteur's statements.

The colporteur continued: I do not come to argue with you; I am not a learned man, like a priest; but I come to tell you what the Lord has done for my soul. I called to-day to bear witness for Christ, that he has brought me out of darkness.

P. Well—*I don't understand it—I never experienced what you say—I am a sinner.*

C. The Lord will give you a new heart, if you want it. Oh, my brother, seek the Lord.

P. We should pray for each other, replied the priest; and come again, my dear brother, and let us talk more of this matter. So ended the first interview of the priest and colporteur.

The following extracts will illustrate the almost uniform experience of colporteurs as to *the accessibleness of German papists.*

"I met a German catholic to-day," writes a colporteur, "to whom I gave Baxter's Call some time since. He now says a man must have a heart of stone, to read that work and not feel its power. He bought Baxter's Saints' Rest, and then took me to two other Catholic families, where I sold two Bibles. In still another circle of Romanists, I sold Doddridge and Baxter, and the Sabbath Manual. Some time since, I met a Catholic and showed him my books. He said he had seen them before—that those who made them were villains. He grew angry, used profane language, and ordered me out of his house. I soothed his feelings, and he accepted Baxter's Call. Since then I have seen him again. He speaks kindly to me, praises the book, and says he shall buy some the next opportunity. On a Sabbath recently, I visited eight families of Romanists; prayed with them all, and in some instances they were all in tears. Three of these families, who were destitute, requested me to furnish them with Bibles. One of them remarked, 'Any body may say what they please, but I want the word of God.'"

PREJUDICES GIVING WAY.—"In one Roman Catholic family, I presented and urged the claims of evangelical religion, the necessity of faith in the Saviour and a change of heart, and remarked that the members of the true church were those who yielded to the claims of a spiritual religion. This was a new thought to them, and met their assent. They consented that I should read and pray with them. I read the story of the crucifixion. 'Why, it is just like our Bible,' the man remarked. I led in prayer that they might receive the truth as it is in Jesus, and trust wholly in his merits. After prayer they shook my hand with full hearts, and thanked me for calling and praying with them. As I came out, the man remarked to his wife that he never heard an American talk so fair as that. I saw that his prejudices were shaken at the root, and felt convinced that spiritual truth, when candidly and earnestly presented, finds a response in every heart."

A GERMAN COLPORTEUR'S ADVICE TO A GERMAN COLPORTEUR.—The following is the substance of a letter written by a German Catholic colporteur, who has labored four years in this service, to one of his spiritual children, now also a colporteur, though recently a bigoted Romanist. The young colporteur had written to the other despondingly, asking advice and encouragement, and wondering at the fact, that, just in proportion as he succeeded in doing good and bringing some of his brethren to the light, others were more fiercely and wrathfully opposed.

"Of course, the enemy will persecute you if you are doing good. When the true Christian stands up a witness for Christ, and in the strength of God fights, and the blind begin to see, and the lame to walk, and the lepers to be cleansed, then the evil spirit becomes alarmed and gathers his children about him, and wakes them up into a rage, and then they show the fruit of their spirit, and call out against the colporteur, 'Crucify him, crucify him; he has fallen from his faith!'

"But go on, brother. Go up into the high mountains, and see where the darkest places are, and work there, and never be offended at their abuse, nor become discouraged. Don't look at yourself, but look up to Jesus, who was crucified. When I look at myself, I feel like running away from my work. But when a soldier deserts, he suffers death; therefore I will work, and woe unto me if I do not work, and do the will of God. To encourage me, I often sing that blessed hymn, 'God my Comforter,' etc. [A German hymn.] After a while you will not be so much discouraged at these things.

"About five days ago, I met a very fiery opposer. As soon as he saw me, he cried out, 'False prophet, false prophet, you have deserted our faith.' And this was all the poor man could say. The priest had prejudiced him against me, and told him that I taught falsely out of the Catholic New Testament. But I reasoned with him, and asked him how he expected to be saved.

"He said, 'I believe in the holy Catholic church, and I shall be saved.'

"I then showed him the difference between the true and the false Catholic church, from the word of God, and that he was not a true Catholic. I showed him from the Bible, who the false prophet was, and where he sat, and that I did not take it hard to be called a false prophet, and to be persecuted by him, for the priest had taught him so, and in his blindness he believed it, without reading the word of God.

"I have no doubt, my brother, if Paul should come back and preach in the Catholic church, they would call him a false prophet, and an apostate. But Paul would say, 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me,' if I may win some of my brethren.

"After talking about five hours with this poor blinded brother, he broke down, and asked for Baxter's Call. Since that time he reads much in the Bible, and is very kind to me. I hope the Lord will soon bring him out of darkness.

"Brother, do not give way to melancholy. When hungry, eat of the bread of life; when thirsty, drink of the water of life; and your soul will be healthy. Suppose we do have to fight with wild bears and lions, the Lord is our helper. Therefore it is my pleasure and rejoicing to work as a colporteur while 'tis called to-day.

"Your brother, once dead, but now alive in Christ Jesus."

DR. BEECHER ON GERMAN COLPORTAGE.—At the anniversary of the Ladies' Colporteur Association, at Cincinnati, interesting statements were made by Mr. Ritty, a German colporteur, and by Rev. Mr. Rauschenbusch, an eloquent German preacher, who has devoted some time to colportage in Missouri. The "Watchman of the Valley" says,

"Rev. Dr. Beecher closed by a most eloquent and powerful address. He remarked, that Napoleon once said to one of his generals, on the eve of a most important battle, that the *battle was fought, and the victory won.* He meant, that he had the key to the battle, and he knew how to turn it. 'So,' said Dr. B., 'I feel to-night that I have got the key. This great battle is fought, and, blessed be God, the victory is ours. Here is the key in what we have heard to-night, and I feel that it is all God's plan. God made Ritty, and he made him for this very work. He took care of him in his infancy, and preserved him, and then, in a most wonderful manner, converted him. *This colporteur work is the key to this great battle.* Oh, I have looked on upon the masses of Germans rushing like an avalanche upon this land, till I trembled and my heart grew faint. I have been praying these many years, and Prof. Stowe and I have often considered the matter, and we have prayed over it, and have been on the point of sending circulars to the evangelical ministers of Germany, that they *must* do something for the Germans among us. And now our prayers are answered. God is converting these Germans in their own land, and here too, and driving them away by persecution, that they may come over here and work among their countrymen.'"

COLPORTAGE AMONG THE FRENCH.

The number of Frenchmen in this country is estimated at 250,000, chiefly located in New York, Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, and Louisiana. Lamentably few of this whole number give evidence of interest in spiritual things. They are chiefly the victims of papal superstition. They have been almost entirely neglected in the plans of American benevolence, and evangelical labors among them for years must be difficult and discouraging.

The Committee have given special attention to this population in Louisiana, where they are found in greatest numbers, and with some success. They are increasingly accessible, and begin to manifest a desire for religious instruction. Four French colporteurs have been employed in Louisiana during a part of the year, one in Michigan, and one speaking that language in Indiana. Referring to the report of the superintendent of colportage in Louisiana for interesting statements, we quote one or two paragraphs bearing on this topic.

New Orleans.—Mr. Packard writes, "We have more to encourage us in our work in this city than at any former time. The Lord does not make our labor like that of the moulder, who with a single cast produces a perfect bust, but rather like the artist, who slowly chisels out the marble statue. Nearly two years ago, a French Catholic and his wife began to read the Bible and evangelical books. They carefully examined the truths they contained, and yielding to their influence, they now hope they are renewed in the spirit and temper of their minds, and seek admission to the Lord's table in a Protestant church. Those who have hitherto neglected the means of grace, are daily begging to read the Bible and religious books. Some of this class in every part of the city are asking what they shall do to be saved. Here one, and there another, at intervals, rejoices in the hope of pardoned iniquity. May the Lord in mercy make these cases like the drops before the plentiful shower."

Family Devotion in a French Emigrant's Log Cabin.—In some portions of Indiana, there are settlements composed of French, German, and Swiss emigrants. They are generally a sober, industrious class of men, and many of them are eminently pious. One of the colporteurs recently visited these settlements, and entered a French log cabin at evening. They were delighted when they found he spoke their language, and a hospitable but plain supper was soon spread before him. The head of the family took down his French Bible, and the evening devotions which succeeded were as truly delightful as they were spiritual. "During the evening," says the colporteur, "the young people from the two adjoining farms gathered in our rough apartment, and the greater part of that night was spent in prayer, and reading, and singing. They retained all their French vivacity, with the seriousness of the Christian. After family worship, I began to look about the apartment for a place on the floor upon which to rest during the night, when I missed the hostess. Upon inquiry, I found she had left the room, being the only one in the cabin, and had gone out to sleep upon the *haymow*. I was astonished and mortified, but the husband smiled, and with the peculiar French shrug of the shoulders, said *she was used to it*. In the morning, presented her a book, and we parted with many regrets and benedictions."

Eagerness of French Canadians for Tracts and Books.—A missionary in Canada West, to whom a grant of Tracts had been made, writes, "The avidity with which they have been received is unrivalled in all our former experience. We are daily and almost hourly solicited for more, which shows beyond all doubt that the truth is advancing. Two years ago we distributed some French Tracts of the same description in this vicinity, which were brought back, and, before our doors, torn into atoms by the children, who threw them into the air and about the house until they were tired of the sport. I found that they did it through the influence of the priest, as he had told them they were bad books. But now the scales are turned, and the same individuals have read every Tract in our possession, and are eagerly soliciting more. Shall these Bible-interdicted children of spiritual oppression plead in vain? We want Bibles, and more Tracts and volumes, and they would be received with joy by many of the people."

WELSH COLPORTAGE.

In the central part of New York, the coal and mining regions of Pennsylvania, and in agricultural districts in Ohio, there are not far from 75,000 Welshmen, constituting one of the most substantial and valuable elements of our emigrant population. The Society having stereotyped the Pilgrim's Progress, Saints' Rest, Call, etc., in this language, a Welsh colporteur has visited most of their settlements, and has effected a circulation of many thousands of these precious volumes among them. They have manifested much gratitude for this effort.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists of Utica, Remsen, Rome, etc., recently transmitted a donation of $13 05, "as a tribute of their gratitude to the American Tract Society, for the valuable publications in the Welsh language recently distributed among the inhabitants of said places, who are only able to enjoy the fruit of this benevolent institution in their native tongue;" and add, "The Welsh people cannot but rejoice that the Society has seen fit to take them under its protection, and to promote the cause of the Redeemer among those who are in a great measure strangers in this land. That God may abundantly bless the efforts of the Society, is the sincere prayer of its friends in this part of the country."

EMIGRANTS FROM HOLLAND.

The German and Dutch emigrants are regarded as among the very best classes which come over to this country. Most of them go directly West, and with their industrious and frugal habits, form a valuable portion of the agricultural community. Some of them are enlightened Protestants; and often eminent and devotedly pious men, like the pilgrim fathers, are found among them. A colporteur in Iowa writes, "A large body of emigrants from Holland are settling in M. county. They have purchased three townships, and already about 1,500 have arrived.

More are expected next year. I have visited them, and find them all Protestants, many of them pious and devoted people. They were sadly persecuted at home for opinion's sake; one of them, an estimable clergyman, was fined $500 for preaching his farewell sermon. Thank God, there is no persecution for conscience' sake in our beloved country. Let not Eastern churches and Christians think they are throwing away money by supporting colporteurs and ministers in the great West."

COLPORTAGE AMONG THE NORWEGIANS.

The number of Norwegian immigrants in Illinois and Wisconsin is estimated at from 23,000 to 30,000, with a large annual increase not likely to be diminished by existing civil commotions in the North of Europe. The attention of the Committee has been directed to their spiritual wants, and suitable publications are in process of preparation, including Baxter's Call in Danish. The people all read that language. Two colporteurs, natives of Norway, have been employed a part of the year. One of them visited about seventy families of his countrymen in Chicago, embracing about 500 souls, and found fifty-six of the families without the Bible. He addressed various assemblages in Danish, and on one occasion nearly 400 were present.

He writes, "Nearly two hundred emigrants from Norway arrived while I was in Chicago. I visited them, learning that they knew me by reputation, having seen my letters which had been sent to Norway. On this account, I could speak to them with great freedom. They gathered eagerly around me on the dock, and I talked to them nearly three hours. Many of them were pious, and they all received my advice and instructions with gratitude. They have all considerable wealth, and have settled in Kendall and La Salle counties, where there are already four large settlements of Norwegians.

"I visited these two counties afterwards, and although in the midst of the harvest, the people left their fields and came to the meetings I held on successive days. They seemed deeply affected, and plead with me not to leave them, and if I did, to return, or they should perish for lack of vision. In two of the settlements there are good English schools. One of them is kept by a Norwegian lady, whom the previous year I encouraged to attend school until she could teach her own countrymen the English language. She did so, and is now teaching a school with about fifty scholars. I addressed them on the importance of having a good English education, founded on the Bible. They were all deeply interested, and I gave each a Tract, and encouraged them to persevere."

The same colporteur writes, "In Clinton, Rock county, Wisconsin territory, I organized a large Sabbath-school, three Bible-classes, and a number of classes for children. During the previous two months, I have travelled four hundred miles, visited 271 families, distributed 9,182 pages of Tracts, held 20 public meetings, had prayer in 101 families, religious conversation with 2,208 persons, and sold 97 of the Society's publications, worth $27 32. I found about three families out of four destitute of the Bible. Infidelity, Mormonism, and Universalism are making great progress here, and we want a translation of the Bible in Danish, and Danish ministers to stop the increase of these heresies and delusions. Four or five ministers are expected from Norway shortly." He also urges the translation of D'Aubigné's History, and other publications, into the Danish language. In conclusion he adds, "A deep interest is beginning to be felt among the Norwegian population on the subject of religion. Having been taken sick, and my labors interrupted, many came even as far as fourteen miles to visit me. I could only exhort and pray with them from my sick bed, earnestly urging them, in the language of Christ, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

COLPORTAGE ON THOROUGHFARES, AND ON WESTERN RIVERS.

The Committee have sought for years to extend Colportage to the great thoroughfares, where thousands of immortal beings are rushing on with the tide of life, exposed to all the temptations of a vicious press, and away from the ordinary restraints of social life. During the past year Providence has raised up several well-qualified men for this service, and a successful beginning has been made of an enterprise which the Committee would gladly see extended to all the great lines of travel in our country. Three colporteurs have been employed most of the time since autumn on the ferries and steam and ferry boats in and around New York, who have sold thousands of volumes. The New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company, the Williamsburgh Ferry Company, the Bridgeport and the North River Steamboat Companies, have granted free passes to these laborers. Similar plans are in progress at Cincinnati, New Orleans, and elsewhere. Intelligent travellers appreciate and welcome the effort. Hawkers of bad books have so long occupied this ground exclusively, to the grief and disgust of good men, that a pious colporteur is gladly patronized and encouraged. It is meeting the adversary on his own ground.

COLPORTEUR-BOAT "BETHEL."—Two experienced colporteurs in Tennessee, familiar with river navigation, built a flatboat, to be employed in the colporteur service on the Western rivers. Starting December 10, from a point on the Cumberland river below Nashville, they reached Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee, January 8, and wrote from thence, giving the following description of their boat, and the incidents of their excursion.

"Our boat is 32 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 7 feet high. Our parlor and depository is 12 feet wide, with a partition, leaving the rest of the space for a kitchen. It is surmounted by a flagstaff 18 feet high, with 'BETHEL'—which is the name of our vessel—inscribed on a beautiful flag. The river was rising rapidly when we started, and the low lands were all overflowed. Our passage was rendered difficult by the floating drift. On the 16th we landed at C——, a small village, noted for its dissipation, where we remained four days, holding temperance and religious meetings, and circulating books. We had much conversation with some avowed infidels, and prevailed on them to attend our meetings, and sold them Nelson's 'Cause and Cure,' and other suitable books.

"Our next landing was at the mouth of the Cumberland, at a place which is widely known as a seat of wickedness. With a firm reliance on God, we commenced visiting from house to house, with our basket of books. We expected opposition, but experienced little, save the threats of a man who sells the 'yellow-covered literature,' against which the authorities promised, and gave us, protection. Much interest was excited in our books, and we distributed nearly 500 volumes, and a goodly number of Tracts in S. We arrived at P—— January 4, and have been engaged in visiting from house to house constantly, with good success. We are much encouraged in the enterprise, and feel confident that the Lord is with us. Our success in circulating the truth, considering the flood, has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We have distributed, in less than one month, *more than one thousand volumes,* besides many Tracts, among a very destitute people."

They floated down the Mississippi, visiting flatboats, steamboats, villages, and scattered dwellings, and effecting a circulation of 3,425, chiefly by sale, and 14,000 pages of Tracts. Here the boat "Bethel" was lost by accident, and the colporteurs returned to Tennessee. The Committee have authorized the building of another boat, and are encouraged to expect important results from this novel application of Colportage.

ANECDOTE ILLUSTRATING THE USEFULNESS OF COLPORTAGE ON THOROUGHFARES.—Rev. Mr. Peabody writes, "A student in Cincinnati, while prosecuting his studies for the ministry, was accustomed, each Saturday afternoon, to labor as a colporteur, and distribute Tracts on the steamboats he found on the crowded levee. For a long time he saw no other fruit of his labor than an occasional look of interest, or an expression of gratitude for the gift bestowed. At length, having completed his studies, he went out as a domestic missionary to the state of Illinois. His field was a large and destitute county, through which he was accustomed to travel, and to preach at those points where he could best assemble the people.

"On one occasion, as he penetrated into a remote neighborhood, he was instantly recognized by a young lady, who expressed great joy at seeing him. He was himself unable to recover any clue by which he might identify the person who addressed him, and inquired where she had ever seen him before. 'But do you not remember,' said she, 'that when we were moving out from Pennsylvania to Illinois, you came on board the steamboat at Cincinnati, and talked with me about my soul, and gave me the Tract, 'The Way to be Saved?'

"'This Tract,' said she, holding up the silent messenger of truth, worn by frequent perusals, 'this Tract has, through the boundless mercy of God, led me to see my sins, and to trust in the cross of Christ alone for pardon. The same divine mercy has reached my dear parents, both before impenitent, and they now rejoice in the same atoning Saviour. Oh, sir,' she added, 'we can never express our gratitude to God for sending you to meet us on our way with such precious words of instruction. We shall never forget you, nor this Tract, to our dying day.'"

COLPORTAGE IN MEXICO.

The unhappy war with Mexico has opened new fields for evangelical labors. The thousands of volunteers who have rendezvoused at various points in our country previous to their departure, have demanded special effort. And when they have returned from the camp, the least that could be done was to provide them with suitable religious instruction, which they might receive more eagerly, after having witnessed the horrors and perils of war. A way also seemed to be opened for spreading light among the Mexican population, especially in seaport cities held by our troops.

The Committee were stimulated to attempt something for Mexico, by the generous donation of $500 by one friend of the Society, followed by two donations of $250 each from others.

The same Providence that furnished the means, raised up the men. A physician in Pennsylvania, impelled by a desire to do good, abandoned his profession, resorted to New Orleans for the study of the Spanish language, and is now in Vera Cruz. A converted Portuguese, speaking the Spanish, accompanied Dr. J. And a third, who had devoted most of the year to Colportage in the hospitals for returned and disabled soldiers at New Orleans, has lately sailed for Tampico. They have all entered on their work too recently to receive any tidings of their acceptance or success for this document. The whole enterprise is committed to Him through whose providence it was originated, and to the prayers of his people.

A few extracts illustrating the acceptance and usefulness of colporteurs and publications among soldiers, and in Mexico, will be welcome to our patrons.

Colporteur at the Barracks.—A colporteur in Alabama writes, "By permission of the United States' officers at H., I visited the barracks with my books, immediately after morning drill. We were saluted by a company of soldiers under arms. The officer who accompanied me introduced me to his men, explained the nature of our work, and requested them to give attention to what might be said. After I had addressed them, and commended them to God in prayer, I commenced at one end as they stood in double file, and proceeded to present each with a small volume, together with an appropriate Tract, for which each made a low bow in silence. When I had finished, the commanding officer dismissed them. Immediately there was a great rush to the part of the room where I stood. So grateful were they, they took hold of me, and shook me, and wept. It was a solemn time. They then presented their books to me that I might write my name in them. In all my labors in this good work, I do not recollect an instance where I have given books with apparently so good an effect."

Recruiting Station for Volunteers.—A colporteur at the South gives the following graphic description of one day's labor. "Learning that there was to be a military review at a small village, for the purpose of raising volunteers for Mexico, I started for the place with a box of books. There was a great gathering. The groceries, of which there were more than of any other houses in the place, were thickly surrounded on the outside, and of course, were full. All eyes were turned to me as I drove into the place. Seeing an open lot between two groceries, I drove up to it, threw off the oil-cloth which covered my books, and set my basket of books upon the seat so as to be seen. By this time the curiosity of the people was excited, and I threw a small quantity of Tracts in all directions around me. The air was immediately filled with the shouts of the people, and not less than 500 men and boys gathered about me, running over each other to catch the Tracts as they fell. After distributing two packets in this way, I commenced offering my books, giving something of the history of each volume, and telling them that there was no excuse for poor men being ignorant, since books were so cheap, and were brought to their doors and sold at New York prices. I sold that day 169 volumes, amounting to $30 28."

A colporteur on the way to his field writes, "My passage up the Alabama river to Wetumpka was a free one. I found work to do, and endeavored to improve the opportunity. There were some wounded soldiers on board from Mexico, with impaired constitutions, broken limbs, bodies bruised and lacerated, and apparently with hearts crushed by the weight of sin. These disabled men were sick of the tumult of the camp, and turned willingly from scenes of strife and bloodshed to the story of Calvary. One, with whom I prayed in his state-room, gave some evidence of a change of heart. Two others promised, that for the future, their first and chief object of solicitude should be to gain an interest in Christ. One of them exclaimed, 'Oh that I could know I had never killed any one! I do not blame them for shooting me. How dreadful the thought to send a soul unprepared to the bar of God!' Three of the soldiers bought several volumes to read on their way home, and to give to their brothers and sisters. The crew of the boat, and also the passengers, received Tracts and read them attentively during the passage. In discharging my duty, I find the opportunities for doing good constant; no one need be at a loss for occasions to serve his Master."

INFLUENCE OF GOOD BOOKS IN THE CAMP.—Mr. Packard writes from New Orleans, "Soldiers are now returning from the war with greatly diminished numbers. It is said that one third part of one regiment was killed in less than four and a half minutes. Three young men who read the good books and Testaments given to them, met one evening, as they had often done before, for prayer. There was unusual earnestness and solemnity in their supplications. The enemy was near, the battle was prepared, and the next morning the dreadful work of death was to begin. Only one of the three survived the fight. 'Oh,' said he to me, 'I shall never forget that scene. The camp is a poor place, and war a dreadful work for a Christian.' The members of another company say that they had a pious soldier among them, whose best companions were his religious books. All stood in awe of him. He went into battle, and the first ball that took effect passed through his head. A soldier took his Testament from his bosom, and is carrying it to his bereaved mother. There is evidence that *religious reading has exerted a restraining influence amid the temptations of the camp*. The death of some of these praying soldiers is still deeply felt. May the Lord bring this war to a speedy close."

GOOD BOOKS ACCEPTABLE IN MEXICO.—A quantity of Bibles and Tracts were sent to the order of a gentleman resident in Vera Cruz. Unhappily, before they reached that city, he was removed by death. They were taken by a pious friend, and distributed among the Spanish and Mexican population. "The Bibles and Tracts," he says, "were kindly and gratefully received. The priests gave their consent when, upon examination, they found the Scriptures without note or comment. Large numbers of people continue to call upon me for Bibles and Testaments in Spanish, but I regret to say my stock is exhausted."

DODDRIDGE IN THE ARMY HOSPITAL.—A colporteur in the hospital at New Orleans for returned soldiers from Mexico writes, "As I entered one of the wards, I was received gladly; and as I approached a young man he wept aloud and hid his face in the bed. I saw what made him weep, and exhorted him to look to Jesus as his only friend and benefactor, who was waiting with outstretched arms to receive him if he would but believe on his name. I gave him a suitable book and some Tracts, and the next time I saw him he thought his sins were forgiven, for Christ's sake, and his wife has attested his conversion. Another, who had been reading Doddridge's Rise and Progress, indulges the hope that he is a Christian, and attributes it to the blessing of God on that book."

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY IN LONDON.

The smiles of God still rest on this noble institution, which commenced its labors in 1799, and whose example has cheered all other Tract institutions of the world in their catholic and evangelical labors. In its forty-eighth year it issued 238 new publications, and circulated 18,224,836 copies, making the total circulation nearly 442,000,000 copies. Its receipts, during the year, amount to £59,416 3s. 9d., or about $285,000, of which $29,184 were donations. The gratuitous issues and grants in money amounted to $38,092. Their Committee record the death of GEORGE STOKES, Esq., who for thirty years has rendered the most valuable services in the Society's publishing department. He "prepared for the Society about two hundred separate Tracts, translations, juvenile and other larger volumes, including the Commentary on the Holy Bible, the writings and lives of the British Reformers, the English History, and various works on the manners, customs, and polity of the Jews; and zealously and disinterestedly discharged, for twenty-two years, the duties of one of the editors of the 'Tract Magazine' and 'Child's Companion.'"

The Annual Report of the Society in London notices, with deep interest and gratitude to God, the progress of the American Tract Society in its various departments, and especially its efficient colporteur labors among the destitute of our own country. At their anniversary, it was unanimously

"*Resolved,* That this meeting sincerely rejoices that measures have been adopted in several foreign countries to promote the wide circulation of religious publications through the agency of *colporteurs*, and particularly, that such agency is likely to be introduced into China; and it strongly recommends the plan for general adoption in Great Britain and Ireland, and the colonies of our country, believing that it would be an efficient means of conveying to every family the knowledge of Jesus Christ and him crucified."

The London Society's Auxiliary at Montreal, in 1847, circulated 71,760 publications; their sales amounted to about $1,576; grants, $275; receipts, $1,765.

During the year, the Committee have welcomed the Rev. Dr. Burns and Rev. Mr. Goadby, delegates to this country from the General Baptist Missionary Society in England, who tendered the thanks of that Society, especially for the aid this Society has extended to their mission in Orissa.

FOREIGN AND PAGAN LANDS.

The steady support which, for twenty years, the Society has given to the evangelical press in foreign and pagan lands, has constituted a prominent department of its usefulness. The Christian press is now universally acknowledged, not as the exclusive, or even as the principal instrumentality, but as an indispensable auxiliary to preaching, schools, and other means of permanently establishing the Gospel in pagan and nominally Christian countries. Every year a more perfect knowledge of the respective languages is acquired; new facilities, in the preparation of type and other means of the mechanical execution, are introduced; and the value of the personal labors of missionaries and native assistants and colporteurs, visiting the people at their homes, and accompanying the distribution of books by religious conversation, instruction, and prayer, is more and more apparent. Books may indeed be mechanically prepared and printed, with no exercise of grace in the heart; but to bear them among the people, and distribute them with love, and faith, and prayer, is a labor truly apostolic, and such as God has owned and blessed from primitive days to the present hour.

The power of a wonder-working God is also seen in giving access to the nations. Not only are the great ports of China opened, and a vast adjacent population made accessible; not only is the influence of Great Britain, the United States, and other Protestant commercial countries present with the missionary at almost every point on the globe; but even the Sultan of Turkey, instead of enforcing the sanguinary law of death to every Mahommedan who changes his religion, has granted to the Protestant "freedom to worship God," without molestation in body or estate. It remains yet also to be seen how far the recent revolution in France, and the shaking of all the monarchies of Europe, shall weaken the power of popery, which, in the dark corners of the earth, backed by the union of prelatical and state authority, has been thrusting its icy fingers to parry and palsy the influence of vital truth. God grant that the violent assertion by millions of their claims to freedom of the press, freedom from all shackles, political or religious, may be but a prelude to the universal enjoyment of that true liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free.

In *distributing* the Society's foreign pecuniary grants, the aim is to disperse them as "the Master has need of them"—as the necessities of each station, and the promise of usefulness, seem to require. The Secretaries of the several prominent Foreign Missionary Boards of our country, connected with different evangelical denominations, have communicated freely with the Society in respect to the wants of their respective missions for issuing publications which accord with the Society's principles; and with all the stations aided, a regular correspondence is sustained, bringing the state of Tract operations at each, from time to time, directly before the Committee. All the information thus received is referred to a special committee, consisting of members of different denominations, who, in view of all the facts, recommend appropriations to the full amount authorized by the Society's means. In these appropriations, American missions are usually regarded as having a priority of claim; and grants for continental Europe are rather made to assist and encourage the efforts of evangelical Christians there, than with a view of sustaining their Tract operations wholly or chiefly by this Society.

The Committee have only to regret that, in the large and urgent demands for colporteur and other evangelical labors in our own country, they have not been able more fully to meet all claims made upon the Society. Appropriations to the amount of *eleven thousand dollars* have been sanctioned and paid over during the year as follows, namely,

To Toulouse, $300; Paris Religious Tract Society, $300; Baptist Mission in France, $200; Belgium, $200; Dr. Marriott, Basle, $100; Calw, for Rev. Mr. Wimmer in Hungary, $200; Hamburg, Lower Saxony Tract Society $200, American Baptist Mission $500; Russia, $500; Italy, $100; Armenians of Turkey, at five stations, $1,300; Nestorians, $300; Ceylon, $700; Madura, $700; Madras, $300; Lutheran Mission, Guntoor, $100; General Baptist and Freewill Baptist Missions in Orissa, $300; Missions in Northern India, $1,500; Siam, Baptist Mission $300, Board of Commissioners $200; China, General Assembly's Board, $300; Canton, Mission of Southern Baptist Convention $300, Board of Commissioners $300; Hong Kong, $200; Amoy, $300; Fuh Chou, $200; Ningpo, $200; Shanghai, $200; Sandwich Islands, $700—total, $11,000.

The whole number of publications now approved for circulation abroad, and to which the Society's grants may be applied, is 2,303, including 182 volumes; and the Society and the institutions it aids, have issued publications in the following *one hundred and seven languages and dialects:* viz.,

Seneca, Mohawk, Delaware, Ojibwa, Otoe, or Iowa, Wea, Putawatomie, Shawanoe, Kansas, Osage, Ottawa, Abernaquis, Sioux, or Dakota, Pawnee, Creek, Choctaw, Cherokee, Nez Perces, Creole, or Negro-German, Negro-English, English, Welsh, French, Low Breton, Flemish, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Dutch, German, Romanese, Lithuanian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Slavonian, Upper Wendish, Nether Wendish, Vandalian, Servian, Wallachian, Danish, Icelandic, Greenlandish, Esquimaux, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Judeo-Polish, Finnish, Lappish, Russ, Rival-Estonian, Dorpat-Estonian, Mongolian, Lettish, Tartar-Turkish, Thibetan, Bulgarian, Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Hebrew, Hebrew-German, Hebrew-Spanish, Modern Greek, Greco-Turkish, Arabic, Syriac, Nestorian, Persian, Grebo, Gaboon, Basá, Caffer, Zulu, Sessuto, Mahratta, Goojuratee, Latin, Tamul, Teloogoo, Oriya, Bengali, Canarese, Hindui, or Dev Nagare, Hindoostani, or Urdu, Panjabi, or Gurmukhi, Cashmire, Burman, Peguan, Salong, Sgau Karen, Sho Karen, Siamese, Asamese, Tai, or Khamti, Singpho, Nága, Chinese, Japanese, Malay, Bugis, Javanese, Lettinese, Dyak, Hawaiian, Marquesas. Total, 107.

Several of these languages are printed in two characters, as the Mahratta in Balbud and Mord, the Urdu in native and Roman, the Hindui in Nagare and Kaithi, the Tai in Tai and Burman. The compound languages consist chiefly of the words of one in the letters of the other; thus the Armeno-Turkish consists of common or familiar Turkish, with a few Armenian terms, printed in Armenian type.

To foreign lands, *grants of publications* have been made during the year, as by the list above, to the amount of 1,850,042 pages, and 73,060 pages for our Indian mission stations. Among these grants are 45,000 pages to the Baptist mission among the Shawanoe Indians, which have been gratefully acknowledged by Rev. John G. Pratt; 240,150 pages, value $160 10, to the Grand Ligne mission, Canada, sent at the request of Dr. Cote, and Madame Feller; an edition of 4,000 copies of the Rev. Legh Richmond's Poor William, or the African Servant, amounting to 119,640 pages, value $79 76, in *Negro-English*, for the Moravian mission at Surinam, on the north-east coast of South America, where are 7,000 children, of whom 2,000 can read, printed and sent at the request of Rev. Otto Tank of that mission, who recently visited this country; 208,500 pages to Rev. James Wilson, for the island of Jamaica; 95,000 to Rev. Ebenezer Davis, for New Amsterdam; 36,500 to Rev. D. Trumbull, Valparaiso; and 75,000 to Pastor Düer, of Douera, Algiers, in German, French, Spanish, and Italian, he having access to not far from forty stations, where there is an opening for preaching and Tract distribution, and regarding Algeria, or Northern Africa, as a most interesting field of evangelical labor. These last were sent to Mr. Weiss, a friend in Marseilles, and the Committee will be most ready to grant new supplies for that dark and neglected country.

Dr. C. H. O. COTE and MADAME FELLER, applying for the above-named grant for the *Grand Ligne mission,* say,

"That the amount is large, and that the Swiss missionaries are already greatly indebted to the American Tract Society for past liberal grants, are truths which call forth the gratitude of our hearts, and bring us under strong obligation to pray daily for the prosperity of a Christian society which has done so much good." They state that the demands for French books and Tracts are every year increasing, with increased facilities of dispensing the truth among benighted Romanists, while they feel that all Christians are bound to make greater efforts "to complete the work of regenerating those nations who have been so long under the cruel bondage of popish slavery." As encouragements they add, that a young man was convinced of the error of his ways by reading the French books, "Farewell to Rome," and "The Teachings of Popery;" and his brother was brought to the truth by hearing the French Tract, "Jesus our Strength." "Baxter's Call," in French, was blessed in bringing another person to forsake the world and the false church of his youth; and a teacher, who visited Dr. Cote avowedly to convince him of his error in leaving "the mother church," spent some days with him, read Baxter's Call, wished to cast his idols to the moles and the bats, and is now at the Grand Ligne Institute.

A chaplain of the American Seamen's Friend Society in one of the South American ports, says, in a letter to Capt. Richardson, "Oh, how I want good books. Your magazines and the Tract Society volumes could be disposed of to merchant and war vessels by scores on scores. I wish some one who loves the sailor, the soldier, the merchant abroad, and the traveller, would send the Tract Society a special gift, and with it an order to send me 500 volumes. In a little while they would all be gone. Books are a rarity here; people wish something to read. There are in this port now 12 war-vessels and probably 2,500 English and American seamen, besides 600 or 800 ashore speaking the language. Yet when I walk around, vice is abundant. The field is open for culture; but, like a farmer with an empty half-bushel under his arm, I have almost nothing to sow. I blame nobody; but I must *grieve*, and shall not care if a thousand at home grieve, and grieve to some purpose, by lending a hand, and affording me the means of doing good."

The Rev. Mr. TRUMBULL, at Valparaiso, states that the publications are acceptable to large numbers of readers; and that "no hinderances have been put in his way," in the distribution of Spanish Tracts. A German wished he had met with such counsel twenty years before, as it would have saved him property and time, and given him peace of mind; and a poor woman presented Mr. Trumbull a chicken, in token of her gratitude for books given her one year before.

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND BELGIUM.

A kind letter from the Messrs. Courtois, who have long devoted themselves with unabated zeal to the welfare of the TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY AT TOULOUSE, acknowledges this Society's grant of $500, from the legacy of the late Daniel Waldo, Esq.; incloses an invoice of select publications, to the amount of 610 francs, sent for circulation among the French in this country; and states that they "have many precious proofs of the good produced under the Lord's blessing by their publications." Their tenth annual report, presented March, 1847, shows that their Society rests on the great distinguishing doctrines of the Reformation; that the evangelical Societies of Geneva, France, and Belgium have been liberally supplied with books; and that they printed, during the year, 141,500 publications; their receipts being upwards of 40,000 francs, ($8,000,) of which about 22,000 were in donations, and 18,000 for sales. Among their new publications is a history of the Vaudois of Piedmont, prepared with much research by Mr. Monastier, a descendant of the Vaudois. They also give a number of testimonies to the divine blessing which has attended their labors.

THE PARIS RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, one year since, completed a quarter of a century of its operations, only four of the original members of the Committee now remaining at their post. Mr. Henry Lutteroth, who has been the Corresponding Secretary since the Society's formation, retired at that anniversary, and Mr. EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ was elected as his successor. The Society has on its French list 250 Tracts; Spanish, 18; German, 14; Italian, 4; Low Breton, 31; besides two books of Sacred Songs, broadsheets, etc.; and circulated the last year 545,000 copies, besides 131,000 of the Almanac of Good Counsels, making, in twenty-five years, 10,365,000 copies.

A letter from Mr. De Pressensé, in September, congratulating the American Tract Society on its useful labors, states that the number of active supporters of the Paris Society is small; that they were then 8,000 francs in arrears; and expresses the belief that such aid as this Society can give would be most advantageously employed. As evidence that evangelical Christians in France have not been wholly negligent of their obligations, he states that their annual contributions to benevolent societies amount to 400,000 francs yearly. He proceeds,

"You have doubtless heard, gentlemen, of the great movement which has been manifest for some years past, in the midst of the Roman Catholic population of our country—a movement which we hope will always guide this population more towards the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ. Thanks to God, far from being diminished, these manifestations are extending more and more, and our societies for evangelization are insufficient to meet all the wants indicated to them. They could, even to our knowledge, employ at this moment more than a hundred preachers. These societies have recourse to evangelists and colporteurs, whom they send abroad on the right hand and on the left, to visit persons well disposed; but that the visits of these agents should leave durable impressions, they ought to give religious Tracts, which keep in mind the good words which they have uttered. We could thus distribute, in the most useful and effectual manner, 300,000 Tracts, in a very short time; and it is to entreat you to give us the power of doing so good a work, that we take the liberty of writing you to-day. We promise to keep you regularly informed of the results of this Tract distribution, in communicating to you copious extracts from the journals of the colporteurs. Taught by experience the good which has been produced in France, by the dissemination of Tracts, we feel stimulated to redouble our activity, and to seize the favorable religious circumstances in the midst of which we live." He adds the following narrative of

A COLPORTEUR AND FRENCH LADY.

A colporteur recently seeing a lady at the door of a house of good appearance, he approached her with a Tract and a Bible in his hand. There was a prospect of a very interesting conversation between them, but the lady, under the yoke of her confessor, repelled with spirit the invitations offered her to consider for herself on which side was truth. She, very shortly, imposed silence upon him, by closing the door with violence. However, the colporteur did not regard himself as vanquished. He opened one of his Tracts at an engraving, fixed it in one of the basement windows, and stepped aside. A few moments after, he saw the lady looking at the Tract with curiosity. He saw clearly that she was struggling with a desire to examine it. During this struggle, our friend, who could not be observed, prayed earnestly that the Lord would be the stronger. His prayer was answered, for the window was opened, and a hand slowly raised the Tract.

Some days after, the colporteur returned to the same street. From a distance, he saw the lady sitting at the same window. "Shall I knock, or shall I not knock?" he said to himself; but, thanks to God, the lady herself determined the question. As soon as she perceived the colporteur, she ran to open the door, bade him enter, and related to him immediately, that the reading of the Tract had worked a change in her soul; that she felt now she was not in the way of safety. After several other conversations, she changed her language, or rather her sentiments, and until now she reads the Bible, she loves the Bible, and wishes to be taught only by it.

On March 18, a few days subsequent to the wonderful revolution by which the king was dethroned and France declared a republic, Mr. De Pressensé renewed his appeal, on the ground of the full religious liberty enjoyed. "On the one hand," he says, "all our accustomed resources are cut off by the financial crisis through which we are now passing. On the other hand, it has never been more necessary to spread abroad the truth of the Gospel. Error is sown with full hands: it is necessary also with full hands to sow the divine seed. Henceforth there will be no shackles to our Christian activity. The laws restricting religious liberty have been removed with all the rest. The career is opened, and we shall find no limit to the most ardent zeal. While the people are intoxicated with treacherous praises and the vindication of their rights, we must speak to them of their duties, and the hopes of the Gospel. If the message of grace is not delivered, if extreme liberty is enjoyed and not sanctified by that wherewith Christ makes his people free, what ravages may it bring upon society. But that which presses upon us above every thing is *the salvation of souls;* and we could now freely preach the Gospel, if we had the means. The harvests are white; the laborers also abound; it only remains that some one put the sickle in our hands."

The BAPTIST MISSION IN FRANCE report eleven devoted laborers, including *four colporteurs,* who, ere this, we trust, have been joined in their evangelical labors by Dr. Devan, late missionary in China.

From BELGIUM, Mr. C. G. H. Davis writes, for the Tract department of the Belgian Evangelical Society, "We hope that your grant of $100 last year will this year be tripled or quadrupled, for our wants are great. The Flanders—peopled by the Flemish—which contain the greatest portion of this country's inhabitants, require and deserve the special attention of the friends interested in the Tract department, as the way does not yet seem prepared for the public and open preaching of the Gospel. Hence, if your Society could send us the means of supporting a colporteur there, we should esteem it a special indication of divine goodness; for we have two candidates ready for the work, but are utterly unable to send them into the vineyard, for want of funds."

In SWITZERLAND, the efficient efforts of Dr. *W. Marriott*, at Basle, are continued, not only for Switzerland, especially where the blighting influence of popery prevails, but for adjacent parts of Italy, Austria, and Germany, so far as the rigid censorship of the press and the tyranny of civil and ecclesiastical rule has allowed access to the people. He has done much by personal visits and tours, and through the Christian coöperation he has been enabled in various ways to secure.

In the third year of his operations, the receipts were 6,997 Swiss francs; of which 1,580 were from the London Tract Society; and he distributed 78,845 publications gratuitously, and 72,851 by sale. In the fourth year, 1847, owing to the political disturbances, the contributions from Switzerland were very small; but by the aid of the London and American Tract Societies, his grants were 67,635, and sales 56,076, including 11,877 children's Tracts, and 929 Bibles and Testaments.

In a full correspondence with this Society, Dr. Marriott has given much valuable intelligence of the state of the Roman Catholic and semi-Protestant portions of Switzerland and the adjacent countries. In "the Grisons, the largest and least known canton of Switzerland," especially "the valley of Engadin, forty-five miles long, where *Romanese*, comprising two dialects, the Engadin and Oberland, is the language of the people," there has been a sad departure from the love of the Bible and reverence for true religion which forty years since prevailed. The Dairyman's Daughter has been printed in Romanese, but as some of the people read Italian, and the German is taught in nearly all their schools, access to them is now best gained in those languages.

He also visited "the *Italian Protestants* in the valley of Poschiano, where the most bitter Romish persecutions and cruel massacres have long prevailed, and in the valley of Bugaglia, into which vallies 5,211 publications, including D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, have been sent, and from which many copies have gone into Italy." Of the state of things in both these vallies he has published a narrative. In the vallies of Misocco and Tissin, where the Italian is also spoken, he circulated many Tracts, though in the former encountering much opposition from Romanists. A faithful colporteur has also visited the Swiss Catholics in other cantons, with more or less difficulty of access to the people.

Dr. Marriott has received from different cantons cheering evidence of the blessing of the Spirit in the conversion of souls. In the south of Germany he found a Roman Catholic priest deeply lamenting and protesting against the superstitions and unmeaning ceremonies imposed upon the people instead of the truth of God, and circulating Luther's Bible, and even the Tract, "Why does your Priest forbid you to read the Word of God?"

Of the defeat of the Jesuit party of "the Sunderbund," he says it can be accounted for only as a judgment from God, on their trust in amulets and charms, shields inscribed with images of the Virgin, of the Holy Coat of Treves, etc., in which they were taught to trust to defend them from Protestant bullets.

He gives full details of opposition and persecution encountered from year to year, in efforts to circulate the Scriptures in Bavaria and other parts of Germany under Austrian oppression, including imprisonments and death; and the cheering visits he made to servants of Christ who have long been struggling to penetrate the darkness with some rays of gospel truth.

"In one of the first villages in Bohemia," he says, "after leaving the custom-house, I visited a person of some influence, but what is much better, of, I trust, vital piety. About four years since, the Roman Catholic curate accused him to the magistrate, because he conversed with persons on the truths of the Gospel, and distributed Bibles. After the lapse of some time, he was examined by the magistrates on the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, and condemned as 'a disturber of religion.' His house was searched, and all the Bibles and Tracts that could be found were seized. He was led to prison at the commencement of April, 1845, and remained confined during eighteen weeks, the first part of the time in a dungeon, the walls of which run down with water, with only a small hole in it to let in the light. It was only through the unceasing endeavors of his lady, who went to Prague, that the court of appeal, after vexatious delays, declared there was no foundation for the accusation, and so he was set at liberty.

"He related to me, that when on the point of going to prison, he sent four persons over the frontiers into Saxony, whom he had no doubt would have been arrested for their Christian faith, three of whom were sickly, and would, in all probability, never have survived an imprisonment, even of comparatively short duration. In one part of the frontiers of Bohemia, about fifty persons meet as often as they can to read God's word and pray together.

"I have supplied four persons on the frontiers of Bohemia, but living in Saxony and Prussia, with a good number of Tracts for circulation in Austria. I received from one of these persons recently a letter, in which he states that he had distributed upwards of one hundred Tracts in a single village in Bohemia; but which had created such a ferment that all those who had received them were commanded to bring them to their priest, and several who did not obey were arrested by the civil power."

In his intercourse with the followers of *Ronge*, he has gained no evidence of their having truly embraced a spiritual religion.

GERMANY.

The Rev. Dr. Barth, of the Tract Society at CALW, near Wurtemburg, on receiving this Society's last grant of $100, immediately transmitted it to Rev. Mr. Wimmer, to assist his efforts for his oppressed countrymen in *Hungary*. He did this, although the Calw society had gone much beyond their means in their operations for Germany and foreign lands, and had just sent £100 sterling to assist the American missionaries at Constantinople in issuing his Church History in Armeno-Turkish.

"We began, 15 years ago," says Dr. Barth, "by issuing our Bible Stories, and now 450,000 have been printed in 12 languages. Then we printed our Church History, of which 125,000 copies have been circulated in 16 languages. The whole number of volumes now published by us amounts to 900,000; and together with other popular juvenile and missionary books, that I have printed in the last 20 years, to 1,178,000 copies, and about as many small Tracts for children; equal in the whole to 250,000,000 octavo pages. All this has been done with a small amount of contributions, not exceeding $7,000."

He copies a letter from Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff, showing that the Bible Stories are gaining a wide circulation in Chinese; the missionaries in South Africa were about to issue it in the *Sessuto* language; and it was also to be printed in Tula, Malayalim, and Hindui. The missionaries in Mangalore were also about to print the Church History in *Canarese*. He earnestly requests the aid of the Society in his arduous and persevering labors.

The LOWER SAXONY TRACT SOCIETY AT HAMBURG, in their 26th year, printed seven new Tracts, to No. 183, and one child's Tract. Copies printed, 516,000; circulated, 333,359—circulated in 26 years, 5,900,537 Tracts. Three colporteurs have been employed, one of whom circulated 33,210 Tracts, and another 18,200.

They have sent to Dantzic 6,000 Tracts; Königsberg, 9,000; Frankfort on the Maine, 6,856; Berlin, 32,500; Breslau, 5,500; Bremen, 5,000; Amsterdam, 4,000; East Friesland, 14,300; Basle, 44,000; Strasburg, 10,500; Hungary, 10,000; St. Petersburgh, 9,500; Constantinople, 2,000; Bourdeaux, 4,000; Baden, 6,400; Saxony, 6,300; Stuttgard, 10,000; Magdeburg, 11,300; Pomerania, 3,500; Schleswig Holstein, 13,000; Stendal, 2,000; and many to emigrants in America. Receipts 7,475 marcs, or $2,136. Treasury short about $500. The report embraces many facts showing the blessing of God on their publications and labors.

The Rev. James Craig, Secretary, writes that they had just granted 10,000 Tracts for Havre, to be distributed to German emigrants for the United States. Their colporteurs were laboring successfully, and an increased demand had been awakened by the excitement connected with a visit from Ronge, who had organized a church in Hamburg. They were just issuing a good German translation of James' Anxious Inquirer; and for the first time had held a *public anniversary* of the Tract Society, which awakened attention and sympathy beyond what they had expected.

The AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION IN HAMBURG, in 1847, distributed 235,000 copies; further details of their efficient and successful labors, by colporteurs and other means, to bring the Gospel down to the masses of the people for their salvation, being daily expected.

A letter from Mr. Samuel Elsner, Secretary of the PRUSSIAN TRACT SOCIETY AT BERLIN, July 10, accompanied by their last report, and a set of their publications, says, "I trust you will discover in them a desire to guide our fellow-men to the true source of salvation, to the full knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ the Lord; this being the sole foundation of all our publications, engaging in no contest except against the world, the flesh, and the devil."

In 1846 they printed 109,100 Tracts, making the total issues since 1816, 3,558,850 copies. Besides their series of 129 German Tracts, they have 21 in Polish, Livonian, Bohemian, and Wendish, and they particularly request the aid of this Society in publishing Tracts in these languages, in which their limited means have not enabled them to print any thing for the last two years. They express much joy in what the American Tract Society is attempting for Germans in this country, and make special reference to the faithful labors of Mr. Ritty and Mr. Hauck, German colporteurs at the West.

DENMARK, SWEDEN, AND RUSSIA.

From Copenhagen, the Hon. Peter Browne wrote a cheering letter, November 13, and sent copies of Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Baxter's Saints' Rest and Call, and nine new Tracts in Danish, in the issuing of which they gratefully acknowledge the encouragement and aid received from this Society. Baxter's Call, in Danish, thus received, is already stereotyped by the Society for circulation among the Danes and Norwegians of this country. The Hon. Mr. Browne closes his kind letter as follows:

> "It must be satisfactory to you to know, that all this success is the result of your original bounty, which set us comfortably afloat; and ever since, by small contributions from England and myself, and your most generous aid, our funds have been not only not diminishing, but increased; and a large increase has taken place in the number and value of books printed, all of which are of the most spiritual and select character. It is to me a true pleasure that the Lord has been pleased to use me as his instrument in forwarding your evangelical operations. May he make me grateful for his having thus condescended to employ me, and bless you and those who, in coöperation with you, have enabled me, as an unworthy laborer, to enter into the vineyard of the Lord. My views on religion are, as they were, quite catholic: whoever calls on the name of Jesus, I wish him 'God speed,' and 'hold out to him the right hand of fellowship.' All who confess that they are stricken with the plague of sin, and look to Christ for healing, as the plague-stricken Israelites to the serpent of old for cure, such I acknowledge, love, and support. I need add no more. My Christian love to yourself, and the warmest expressions of gratitude for your benevolent and generous contributions to my religious labors in the Danish land. And, my dear friend, may God's grace be yours, as it must be, and to all who really call on the saving name of Jesus."

From Stockholm, Mr. Keyzer writes, that the demand for Tracts for the masses of the people in Sweden is very great, and their means small, as they receive few contributions from the wealthy. The colporteur in Stockholm, Mr. Neilsen in Gottenburg, and the heroic Tellstrom in Lapland, continue their faithful labors. About 100,000 Tracts had been distributed during the year. In many places there is evidence of a blessing.

The Tract friends at St. Petersburgh, Russia, circulated, in 1846, 117,810 publications in Russ, Finnish, Estonian, Lettish, Lithuanian, and other languages, making their total issues 3,258,941. At the beginning of the year, their treasury was in arrears 1,700 silver rubles; but at the end of the year it was reduced to 470—the silver ruble being in value 70 cents. The aid of the London and American Tract Societies is gratefully acknowledged. "In no part of the world," they say, "is the dissemination of saving truth in the form of religious Tracts more needed than in the extensive field we occupy, and the tokens of the divine blessing already vouchsafed, warrant us in cherishing the hope, that God will still render our feeble efforts productive of good in the salvation of precious souls and the promotion of his own glory."

Their correspondence gives some striking evidences of a blessing, especially in the influence of Dr. Baird's History, and other temperance publications, in the closing of a brandy-shop, and the reformation of parents and children, and shows the acceptableness of the little books in schools and among the people generally. A valuable fellow-laborer in the south of Russia has been removed by death, whose place they have not yet been able to supply.

Letters from Mr. W. C. Gellibrand show the imperious call for pecuniary assistance for the millions of the empire. "The fallow ground," he says, "is waiting for the spiritual seed. Blessed be God, on the great and fundamental points we are all agreed, and our little messengers have found favor with the clerical censors."

Again he writes, on receiving the Society's last grant of $700, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself. May Christians of America experience the truth of this a hundred-fold. To form some estimate of the value of the Society's assistance, please to contemplate our situation. Not only an empty treasury, but a considerable debt to liquidate; many Tracts out of print; greater need than ever to assist God's cause in the provinces of Livonia, Estonia, Courland, and Lithuania, yet forced to remain inactive: such was our situation when we received the joyful announcement of your grant."

ITALY—GREECE.

To friends in Italy, who are spreading evangelical publications, and have very urgently requested the Society's support, the Committee have granted the sum of $100.

At Athens, Greece, the Rev. John H. Hill, of the Protestant Episcopal Mission, reporting the distribution of books to the five hundred pupils of the mission school, says, "As there are no reading-books yet published in the Greek, which we think fit to be given to those under our care, except religious Tracts, we confine ourselves to those in our own Depository; and thus the Dairyman's Daughter, the Young Cottager, and other books of this kind, are used alternately with the Scriptures, to the exclusion of all other reading, except for mere purposes of study, such as grammars, geographies, etc."

The Rev. Jonas King, D. D., yielding to the public hostility awakened by inflammatory and groundless charges of certain *orgies* connected with his religious worship, was obliged to leave Athens for a time, visiting Italy, Geneva, Malta, and other points, where he has been enabled to encourage the diffusion of evangelical truth.

The same spirit of persecution assailed in a degree the American Baptist Mission at Piræus; but at the latest dates the mission were faithfully pursuing their work without interruption.

The Rev. Dr. Baird, on visiting Greece some months since, says, respecting the influence already exerted by American missions and the press in that country, "From inquiry, I learn that it is probable that nearly, if not quite two hundred sound evangelical books and Tracts have been published in modern Greek, by these various missions. The Rev. Mr. Buel, the excellent Baptist missionary, who, with his wife and Miss Waldo, are laboring at the Piræus, and, blessed be God, not without encouragement, told me the other day that his Sunday-school library contains one hundred and sixty of these works. It is probable that the Tracts and children's books constitute one-half of the whole number. But the other hundred embraces books, from the 'Dairyman's Daughter' up to 'Wilberforce's View,' 'Butler's Analogy,' 'Wayland's Elements of Moral Science,' and works of similar size. These books are becoming scattered over all Greece, and among the Greeks who live in other countries."

THE ARMENIANS OF TURKEY.

It would seem that, though Turkey was once among the darkest countries of the world, it being death to a Mohammedan to change his religion; and though persecution under the Armenian patriarch has recently been severely exercised against those embracing a Protestant spiritual faith; yet now they have freedom and protection from the highest authorities in the land. Through the generous influence of Lord Cowley, the British ambassador, the Sublime Porte, in December last, "issued an imperial order constituting the Protestant subjects of the empire into a separate and independent community, like that of the Armenians, Greeks, and Latins. It appears from this document, that so far as the imperial will can secure it, the position of Protestants in the Turkish empire is as well based as that of any of the other communities. This is the first time, since the Reformation, that Protestant subjects of the empire have been recognized as existing as a distinct body. All those whom it immediately regards, have been brought to a knowledge of the truth by American missionaries; and in civil respects, this is the reward of the patient endurance of a few hundreds of persons against bitter persecutions from their clergy. Orders similar to this have been forwarded at the same time to the Pachas of Erzeroom, Trebizond, Damascus, Aleppo, and Nicomedia, in all which Pachalics there are Protestants, requiring them to obey it to the letter." Let the praise be given to Him who rules the hearts of sovereigns, and who alone has wrought this wonderful work.

The Rev. Henry L. Van Lennep writes from Constantinople, August 27,

"When I was lately in Aintab, in Syria, where, as you have probably heard ere this, God is carrying on a great work for the evangelization of the Armenians, my mind was often filled with astonishment in reflecting on the ways of that holy One whom we serve. There, in a population of fourteen hundred *Armenian* houses, you find more than one half of the people ready to leave the superstitions of their ancestors, and firmly convinced that in the Gospel alone is found the way of salvation, and that way of salvation they are yet ignorant of! And this conviction was not forced upon them by some mighty preacher, some man of God. The truth seems to have forced its way into their minds out of the word of God itself; the light it contained pierced through the thick folds that enveloped it, and blazed among them, confounding the wicked, and rejoicing the humble searcher after truth. Then Tracts found their way there, and helped the cause. Who will deny that this is *God's own* work, and what greater encouragement can we possess than indubitable signs, not only in Aintab, but all over the country, that God is determined to have a people among the Armenians?

"The thought becomes more and more deeply impressed upon my mind, that God does this in answer to the prayers of his people, now and in former ages, in answer to the cries of his children in America, in England, in France and Switzerland, in Holland and Germany; for in all these countries we know there are devout men and women, whose hearts are deeply interested in these people.

"The work among the Armenians is obtaining, from one month to another, an extent which reproves the feebleness of my faith. If you take a map of Turkey, and run over the principal cities of European and Asiatic Turkey and Syria, that is, the places where Armenians may be found, you can scarcely utter one name without my being able to tell you, There, too, God has some people. A missionary cannot go to any town of importance, without some one coming to him and saying, 'I am an evangelical Armenian.' I will not, therefore, enumerate to you the places where they live. Our most important work now is, that of raising native teachers and preachers. There must be laid out our whole strength. And there, too, we may trust that God is with us. Some of the pupils of our seminary have very recently found that Saviour who will, we trust, send them into his vineyard to labor. Calls for preachers, evangelists, and teachers are coming to us from every quarter. May God supply the wants he has made these people feel."

Cheering letters, reporting the issue of new publications and the general progress of the missions at the several stations, are also received from Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, Constantinople, December 15; Rev. N. Benjamin, Smyrna, October 19; Rev. Elias Riggs, Smyrna, January 8; and Rev. Benjamin Schneider, Broosa, February 16; all showing the activity of the press among the Armenians, and concurring in the necessity that the Society's appropriations should be continued, and if possible, enlarged. They also express their gratitude for publications of the Society sent them, which they have found refreshing, and, as they trust, beneficial to themselves and others. The mission have employed a press in Constantinople, and report the issuing of a book of hymns with music, Meditations for Every Day in the Year, and several Tracts in

Armenian; and Bogue's Essay, Neff's Dialogues, Jones' Catechism, a work on the Sabbath, and several Tracts in Armeno-Turkish.

Of the *circulation and usefulness* of the books, and the importance of the press, the mission at Constantinople say,

"Although, in consequence of the persecution, a check has been given to the distribution of our books to a considerable extent, yet in spite of all the prohibitions of ecclesiastics, many have found their way abroad, and the blessing of God has gone with them. New facts are continually coming to light, showing the great usefulness of our publications in the interior of the country. A spirit of inquiry has been awakened by the blessing of God on the reading of books and Tracts from our press, in many places where no missionary had previously labored. The work at Aintab commenced in this way; and so did that in Arabkir; and so, in fact, did that in Tocat, Marsovan, Sivas, Killis, Zeitûn, and many other places. You will not forget that the first beginnings of the reformation in Nicomedia and Ada Bazar, where now there are regularly organized evangelical churches, was from the reading of the Scriptures and Tracts published at our press. Need we say any thing more to induce the Committee, or the churches, to afford all necessary aid, so far as they have the ability, that this most necessary and most useful department of our labors may be vigorously sustained?"

Four Protestant Armenian churches have been organized, which contain 143 communicants: viz., one at Constantinople, 93; one at Nicomedia, 23; one at Ada Bazar, 12; one at Trebizond, 15. They are cautious in admitting members, feeling that their strength depends on piety rather than numbers. The number of Armenians in Syria and Turkey, who openly profess Protestantism, and have actually separated from their former church, is reckoned at 1,007; besides these, about 3,000 are known to be of Protestant sentiments, and many more are desirous of seeing the reformation advance.

The Rev. Mr. Schneider reports, that at the annual meeting of the mission it appeared that, "mainly through the influence of the *modern Greek* Tracts and books in a city in the interior of Asia Minor, about fifty persons had broken away from their church, or were ready to do so. No one of the mission has yet been able to visit them; yet if none of them have become truly pious, it is clear that a deep impression has there been made of the prevailing error and corruption of the Greek church. The pious Armenian who distributed the books has assured me that they were received with the most lively interest. An interest has also been awakened in some Greek minds in Nicomedia, chiefly through the influence of the Græco-Turkish Tract on self-examination."

In reference to colportage and other labors of this Society in our own country, Mr. Schneider cheers the Society onward by saying, "I feel a renewed interest in these labors. Often do my prayers ascend for a blessing upon them. I do believe them to be an instrumentality owned of God, and powerfully aiding in the dissemination of truth and holiness among men. Eternity alone will fully reveal the blessed results. What vast numbers will rise up and call the Society blessed." The Rev. Mr. Dwight also says, "The work the Society is doing in the Western states fills my soul with joy. I follow the colporteurs in their self-denying labors with the deepest interest, and pray that God may abundantly bless them. I sometimes read notices of their labors to our Armenian congregation on the monthly concert meetings for prayer."

THE NESTORIANS—SYRIA.

Correspondence from Rev. Justin Perkins, and Rev. W. R. Stocking, shows that a blessing has rested upon the press and the labors of the mission; and a number of Nestorians, including a large proportion of the youth in the mission school, have been hopefully converted to God.

"You will rejoice to know," says Mr. Perkins, "that we are constantly cheered by fresh tokens of the progress of the Gospel among the Nestorians. New cases of religious interest often come to our knowledge from different parts of our field; and the scores among this people who love the Lord Jesus, are, as a mass, a shining and an increasing light amid the surrounding darkness. I need hardly reiterate, that our *Tracts* have exerted, and are exerting a most important agency in the reformation now in such rapid and delightful progress among the Nestorians." "Some of our native evangelists are itinerating in remote districts of this province, and with encouraging success."

Of the *Pilgrim's Progress,* which is about to be printed in Nestorian, he says, "There is, in this wonderful book, a peculiar adaptation to the Nestorian field, as indeed to all oriental fields. Since entering upon the translation of it, I am more and more impressed with this adaptation, and more and more lively are my anticipations of immeasurable good which the work promises in its circulation among the Nestorians. Indeed, these anticipations, with the interest afforded by the work of translation itself, render the undertaking, under all my pressure of other duties, literally a most grateful pastime."

Again he speaks of the Society's labors at home. "I am often much cheered and refreshed, dear brother, by the contemplation of what your Society is doing to hasten the progress of the Gospel through the world, as I glance at your Reports, and at the 'American Messenger.' The fact that I am a *foreign missionary* abates nothing from the satisfaction I feel in gazing at the sublime march of your *colporteur enterprise* in our dear native land. 'The field is the world'—and I rejoice in the ripening and ingathering of the harvest in any portion of this great field. And I cannot help regarding the colporteur system as an agency peculiarly dear to the Lord of the harvest—eminently honored, and likely to be more and more eminently honored of him, as an instrument in the salvation of our country and the conversion of the world. I see not why this system should be found less efficient in the *foreign field* than at home, as the missionary harvest advances to maturity, and the foreign field thus becomes more feasible for the free operation of such a system. The Lord speed an enterprise so obviously tempered with the spirit of heaven!"

Letters from Rev. Eli Smith and Rev. Henry A. De Forest, Beirut, and Rev. George B. Whiting, Mount Lebanon, report that the Society's grants for Syria have been wholly expended. "The Society's assistance," Mr. Smith says, "we are always thankful for; and as our press is enlarged, and our mission growing, we shall probably need more aid in time to come."

Reporting the labors of *Arabic colporteurs in Mount Lebanon,* the Rev. Mr. Whiting writes,

"We have not merely printed many books and Tracts sanctioned by your Society, but have been putting them in circulation; and they are doing good. It is a part of my work to superintend the colporteur business. With the help of several of our native brethren, within the last few months, I have had the satisfaction of scattering several *mule-loads* of valuable books and Tracts. One of the most popular and effective works, is 'Nevins on Popery.' The call for it is so great, that I am sending to Beirut every few days for a fresh supply. The demand for other books is steadily increasing. I have before me the journal of a colporteur, near the close of which I find the following passage: 'I went to Beskinta, and as soon as I arrived, a large company of both sexes, men, women, boys, and girls, pressed upon me, asking for books. They eagerly seized what I had left, and almost took them by violence.' This was in one of the largest villages in the Kesrawan district, the stronghold of papal influence in Lebanon. Nevins and Bunyan, and better than all, the Bible, besides other smaller works, have forced their way into that bigoted Maronite district, in defiance of the threats and prohibitions of Roman bishops and priests, who would shut out the light, if they could do so. In other parts of the mountains, the demand for books is greater and the opposition less. In a few instances, even priests and deacons are glad to receive our books. Since the colporteur above referred to returned, two others of our native brethren have gone with a *mule-load* of books and Tracts, on a tour in the southern part of Mount Lebanon. I am sure you will join us in the prayer that the Spirit may be poured from on high, and that the precious truths of the Gospel, so widely dispersed in this dark and superstitious land, may find their way to the hearts and consciences of the people, and be made effectual in turning them to God."

In reference to *the importance of the Arabic press*, for "the Arab race," which spreads over the country "from the frontiers of India to Mogadore, and from Armenia to the Straits of Babelmandel," the mission write,

"A very little reflection will show that *the press which is to speak to forty millions* must be an engine of prodigious power. Behold this vast multitude, living in unbroken contiguity; spreading over a large part of Asia and Africa; speaking one language, and that the rich, the varied, the powerful Arabic, one of the most ancient tongues now spoken by any considerable part of our race, preserving from the remotest antiquity its perfect identity, its pristine purity, and destined to continue till time shall be no more."

Of a proposed correct and acceptable translation of the Bible into Arabic, they say, "Is it easy to overestimate the importance of that mighty power that shall send the healing leaves of salvation down the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Niger; that shall open living fountains in the plains of Syria, the deserts of Arabia, and the sands of Africa; that shall gild with the light of life the craggy summits of goodly Lebanon, and sacred Sinai, and giant Atlas? We think not. To give the word of God to forty millions of perishing sinners—in short, to give them a Christian literature—this is the enterprise which a sanctified press, guided and worked by men of sanctified hearts, is destined to accomplish. There is no room for doubt. The Bible is to take the place of the Koran throughout all this wide domain. The Crescent must fade and fall before the Cross. The gorgeous drapery, that deludes and corrupts while it fascinates, must be stripped from oriental fiction and fable by the searching, solemn, saving truths of revelation; and these must be sent forth on their regenerating mission mainly through the agency of the press."

AFRICA.

The Rev. John Leighton Wilson is about to return, with a reinforcement, to the *Gaboon*, where the prospects of usefulness in the Mpongwe language are promising. He has obtained satisfactory evidence that the dialects spoken in the large and populous part of Africa south of the equator have very close affinities; so close, that one who learns a particular dialect, can soon be understood substantially by many tribes far removed, and using various other idioms and dialects. Not only a common language seems to lie at the foundation of them, but their vocabularies are, in important respects, alike.

The Society have made liberal grants of publications to all the respective missions on the African coast, which have been very gratefully received.

The mission at Umlazi, *South Africa*, report two 12mo publications, of 60 pages each, recently printed, in editions of 1,500.

Mr. Henry Solomon, Secretary of the South African Tract and Book Society at the Cape of Good Hope, has enclosed their 15th report, showing that they have issued 2,000 each of fourteen new Dutch Tracts, in a series called "The Monthly Visitor:" circulation for the year, 50,185 copies; receipts about $725. The war having ceased, they were about to issue 5,000 of the Monthly Visitor, and hoped for a wide circulation of their publications.

THE MAHRATTAS.

The Rev. R. W. Hume, at *Bombay*, informs of the general progress of education among the natives in the Presidency.

"In Bombay, and throughout the greater portion of the Concan," he says, "a large number of intelligent readers may be found, most of whom are likely to live and die with but little knowledge of the Gospel, except what they may learn from Tracts and portions of the Scriptures;" and the facilities of distribution from Bombay are very extensive.

Native presses are constantly employed in printing works in the various languages there used. "A part of the books they issue are calculated to be useful, but by far the greater portion are pernicious and debasing in their tendency. Newspapers and magazines in the native language are also increasing in number and influence. These are *all hostile to Christianity*, while some of them are established for the avowed purpose of upholding the popular superstitions and opposing the progress of the Gospel. In such circumstances, *the press* is the right arm of our power. Without it, we can make ourselves heard but by comparatively few. We can urge the claims of the Gospel upon those with whom we come into immediate contact; but how can we reach the mass of the people? While missionaries are so few, how can we impart any knowledge of the truth to the distant villages?"

He proceeds to speak of the increased intercourse of Bombay, not only with Western India, but adjacent *Mohammedan* countries, many books being now printed in Bombay for those countries. He also states that they are doing what they can to effect the circulation of books and Tracts among the natives *by sale*, at very reduced prices, as, if purchased, they will be more valued, and there is greater certainty that those who receive them will preserve and read them. Many of the Tracts are distributed by the missionaries on tours, or to people from a distance; and whenever, in any circumstances, poverty is pleaded as a reason for not purchasing, they are ready to loan books to those who can read them. More than 2,000 Tracts have been *sold* during the last year, chiefly to Hindoos; and a room is now opened in the native part of the town, where all the books are offered at a fixed price. In order to make sales, the expense must be incurred of issuing books in a neat style, and bound books are preferred to pamphlets by the higher classes of the native population.

From *Ahmednuggur*, the Rev. H. Ballantine writes, August 24, "This year we have made arrangements to print and procure Tracts and books to a large amount, preparatory to extensive touring and distribution, during the next cold season. We shall probably use much the greater part of the funds on hand before the close of the year; and hope that next year our funds will be duly replenished, and the more so, as our numbers, and consequently our ability to tour and distribute books, are much greater than ever before."

CEYLON—MADURA—MADRAS—GUNTOOR.

From CEYLON, Mr. E. L. Miner writes, "We are thankful for the grant of $500; but *it is not half what we need.* The demand for Tracts is increasing. Many of our series are out of print, and should be reprinted at once. New Tracts are also called for. The field for Tract distribution in Ceylon and India is becoming more and more important and interesting, from the facts, that the number of intelligent minds is yearly increasing, and in an advancing ratio; that the knowledge of Christianity is fast extending; and the sentiment that it is a *good* religion, and in contradistinction, that heathenism is a *bad* religion, is also extending and deepening. There is a state of mind favorable for the usefulness of the Society's publications beyond that of any former time since I have been in Ceylon; and we would not have you now withhold your hand, which has so liberally aided us in former years."

The Rev. Levi Spaulding, on his return from this country to Ceylon, where he has labored a quarter of a century, writes, "Your valuable present of fifty copies of 'Social Hymns' and 'Sacred Songs,' has just arrived. Even before their arrival, I had begun teaching my pupils to sing, and now these Hymns and Sacred Songs will form quite an addition to our variety. We commence our morning and evening devotions with a sacred song, and in their social meetings the children are delighted with this exercise, often singing in the night as well as during the day. You will be glad to hear," he continues, "that we are not without evidence that the Lord is with us. Last Sabbath eight were received into the church at this place; one who was married and left the school before I went to America, and seven who are now inmates of it. Some four or five others are deeply interested, and several more are thoughtful. While writing, twenty of the girls who are serious, came voluntarily into my study to hold a meeting. Even now I hear their voices of song in their school-room, while the drums are beating a few rods off in a heathen temple."

The Rev. H. R. Hoisington, Principal of the Mission Seminary at Batticotta, some time since, requested fifty copies of Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity for the Tamul youths who are learning English. These he found so useful, that, at his request, fifty more have been sent. "Those I received," he says, "have been widely distributed, and I have heard of their good influence in all parts of the island. They have been the means of enlightening many minds; and I have reason to think, blessed to the salvation of some souls."

In a private letter, *Mrs. Hoisington* says, "Four of the seminarists come daily to me to read a chapter or two in 'Nelson.' We select a small number, that we may the better converse with them individually. I have never had so much satisfaction in hearing them read any book, the Bible excepted, as this Cause and Cure. They feel the force of the argument, and illustrations; and before they have read half through the work, seem to regard the Bible in a new aspect, and are far better prepared to feel the claims of divine truth than before. Said one young man to me, who has since professed Christianity, 'When I began to read this book, I had no trust in Hindooism, neither could I rest *wholly* in the Christian religion. I thought the Bible excellent, and most of it true, but it did not seem *all divine,* as it does now.'"

The Rev. Dr. Scudder, on returning from this country, with reinvigorated health, to his toils in India, which with Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Winslow he commenced in 1819, was assigned to MADURA, where we trust he will reëngage in Tract distribution among his other labors. As he was leaving Madras for Madura, April 6, he wrote joyfully, "Last night Mrs. Scudder and myself took leave of our beloved children and missionary associates, and left Madras for Madura. One of my sons remains in Madras, the other is about to proceed to Ceylon. A highly-favored father and mother are we, to have children to take leave of, under the circumstances which now exist; children who have consecrated themselves to the great work of laboring for the good of the perishing heathen, of laboring to bring back this dark land to the service of Jehovah Jesus. I have but one prayer to offer in behalf of the six sons whom I left in America, and this is, that they may all follow their brothers to this heathen country, with hearts alive to the interests of its teeming population."

The Rev. Mr. Winslow writes, from MADRAS, that the whole of the Society's grants had been expended, and adds,

"The call for Tracts and books by Rev. Dr. Scudder, now in the Madura district, and wishing to distribute largely, has induced us to print new editions of several Tracts, including a small volume 32mo, and the Tamul Almanac, which is that of Jaffna, a little abridged. We must also bind Gallaudet's Natural Theology.

"We cannot rest content without letting our friends and the friends of the heathen know what can be done here through a Christian press, that they may have the opportunity, as the Lord may enable them, to help in this good work.

"There is still every encouragement to go forward. The *opposition* among the natives to the conversion of individuals, and the persecution excited, should only prompt us to more vigorous exertions to send out, through the press, a leavening and transforming influence, that the state of popular feeling may be changed. The Hindus will by and by find that they cannot contend with the Almighty; and will, we may hope, be led to see the propriety of allowing those among them who are inquiring, to follow the dictates of their own consciences without exposure to persecution. We have now an inquirer here from the country—100 miles distant—who received a Tract, the 'Blind Way,' about five years ago, and has much of the time since been an inquirer after truth, though ridiculed and much abused."

He again writes, November 13, "So little can be done towards spreading out the Gospel in all parts of India by the living voice, that we must do what we can through the press. Even where there is the living agent, he needs the productions of the press as much as the mechanic does his tools. Though a great part of what is done by means of Tracts mingles with other agencies, so as not to disclose its specific results, yet occasionally instances present themselves where Tracts have been the first instrument employed in the work of conversion, by Him who worketh all in all.

"The Rev. Mr. Lechler of Salem recently received to the church a Brahmin and his wife. Their attention was first awakened by reading the Tract called 'The Blind Way' of Heathenism. An intelligent inquirer came to me a few months since from Cuddalore, more than one hundred miles distant. His attention was first awakened by the same Tract. After conducting well for two or three weeks, he suddenly disappeared. It is supposed his relations discovered his state of mind, and had secretly taken him off. At Kamptu, the head man of the village, eighty miles distant from any missionary, came across a Tract which led him to examine the Scriptures, until hopeful conversion followed. He came to a missionary to profess his faith in Christ, thus giving up all his worldly prospects."

The Rev. W. Gunn, of the LUTHERAN MISSION AT GUNTOOR, writes, November 8,

"For the last six months I have had a native catechist employed in the service of the mission, who seems to be doing good. In his tours from village to village, he supplies those who are likely to make a good use of them, with Tracts and the Gospels, and declares to the people the message of salvation through Christ." Mr. Gunn had distributed Tracts at festivals, and was "expecting to spend most of the next four months among the villages, bearing the gospel testimony to the people." He mentions several good Teloogoo Tracts, published at Vizajapatam, "some of which are admirably calculated to promote the blessed work among the heathen." He especially designates, An Account of Juggernaut, On Caste, Truth for All, A Dialogue on Salvation, and The Destroyer of Delusion, which he hopes may be reprinted.

To the Rev. C. F. Heyer of this mission, as he returned from his recent visit to this country, 30,000 pages were granted.

GENERAL AND FREEWILL BAPTIST MISSIONS, ORISSA.

The Rev. Amos Sutton, writing from Cuttack, after describing a visit made chiefly for Mrs. Sutton's health, to the missions in Burmah; expressing his satisfaction in the colporteur work in the United States, which is virtually the same missionary work as is needed throughout the heathen world; expressing his gratitude that they have collected and reprinted the Ooriya Tracts, except one volume of miscellaneous Tracts yet to be issued, in permanent volumes that may survive the short-lived missionary; and noticing the publication of the Bible Companion, for the use of theological students, as well as the people generally, proceeds to give a minute adopted by the mission conference, expressing thanks to the Society for the last grant of $500, and annexes a list of the approved publications they were about to put to press—reminding the Society that all grants for that part of India are made solely through that mission. He then proceeds:

"Our brethren will now go forth with new life to labor in this department, for most of them began to be weary of the injunction we were obliged to send with each: 'Be sparing in the distribution, for we have very few left, and are much in debt.'

"Most of our brethren in this province are now out, sowing the wide heathen field, and often are we cheered by the consideration that the seed we scatter is immortal. It will grow and yield its harvest over the sower's grave. Nor do we deem the hope fallacious, that many precious souls may be found in heaven, who by the silent Tract have been guided safely there. It is by no means unfrequent, that some unexpected revelation is made of spiritual light having been communicated by our Tracts. Our brethren at the northern parts of the province have lately again met with some instances of the kind. These cases, however, though interesting, are, I apprehend, but mere corruscations of that greater body of light which is breaking out all over the land. Our faith and patience may be tried for a long time, yet the result is certain, 'for in due time we shall reap.' India is a vast country, and our part of it is by no means small. The magnitude of the work to be done in it is not yet apprehended by the church.

"When it fell to my lot to address Christians in England, more than twenty years ago, we were uncheered by a single convert. One unbroken cloud of darkest gloom settled down over the land, and it had been growing darker and denser for ages. It was so dark and discouraging that it seemed to say, 'Your prayers cannot pierce this gloom, nor your labors open an avenue sufficient to let down a ray of heaven's light on this idolatrous country.' And so it continued for seven long years. How long none but ourselves and those who have been similarly circumstanced can tell. But the blessing came at last. God's truth is all-powerful whenever proclaimed, and it is only because we do not trust it more that it ever seems not mighty to save.

"A dozen Ooriya native preachers are now out in the country with our European brethren, and probably half a dozen more with our American brethren at the other part of the province, preaching and distributing Tracts and Scriptures. There are eight young preachers more at home with me, studying for the ministry, who, I hope, are intended by our great Master to fill up the places we may vacate, or occupy yet other stations. Our means thus accumulate, though slower than we could wish, and show that there is vitality in the tree we plant; that it contains within itself the power of self-propagation; and while its even now spreading branches afford a shelter for many a weary pilgrim, it gives promise of wider, yea, indefinite extension. The Indian banian affords a refuge to many a way-worn traveller; yet how much more gracious is the gift of that tree of life, beneath whose shade many of these same weary pilgrims have taken refuge, and there found that, even on earth, its leaves are for the healing of the nations."

NORTHERN INDIA.

"This great field," says the Hon. Mr. Lowrie, Secretary, "is opening wider and wider every year, especially for religious publications. From the mission presses Tracts are wanted for the whole of the Punjab, for Cabul, for Cashmere, and Nepaul. Many Tracts are also sent into the interior of Asia, among the tribes of Independent Tartary."

Letters from the Rev. Joseph Warren, at Allahabad, June 28, and October 14, report a number of valuable publications issued in Urdu or Hindusthani, both native and Roman character; and in Hindui, Nagari, and Kaithi character—all which have been approved for publication at the Society's expense. Among them is Flavel's Fountain of Life, now nearly completed; the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Mohammedanism; The Comforter, vindicating the true doctrine of the Holy Spirit from Mohammedan perversion; a Comparison of the Bible and Koran; The Crucifixion of Christ; a volume of Urdu sermons; and a volume entitled, True Wisdom, founded on Proverbs, chapters 8 and 9. He also requests a supply of publications in English, which were sent—one-half on sale, and one-half as a grant.

The mission at *Saharunpur* say, "Hundreds of Tracts and parts of the Scripture have been distributed during the year, both at the fairs and in Saharunpur; and we hope that they have reached those individuals whom our voice could not reach, and that the Lord will use them as means to enlighten the poor natives."

It is surprising how extensively the impression prevails in India, that their present systems of idolatry are to fail, and a new religion to be introduced. The Rev. Mr. Janvier and Rev. Mr. Newton, at the late great fair at Hardwar, in Northern India, after a long conversation with a Brahmin, to which many crowded to listen, were surprised to hear him exclaim, "The glory of the Ganges no doubt is destined to wane; but, for the present, it is the will of God that we should worship her."

BURMAH.

Mr. Thomas S. Ranney, who has now charge of the press at Maulmain, has kindly inclosed a statistical report of the issues from the several stations for 1846. There were put in circulation from Akyab, 130,742 pages; Amherst, 58,848; Maulmain, 508,748; Mergui, 31,624; Siam, 227,800; Tavoy, 353,768; total, 1,311,666—including, in the Peguan language, 209,340 pages; in the Sgau Karen, 301,968; in the Sho Karen, 60,540; in the Salong, 10,120. The whole amount printed was 3,819,850 pages.

Mr. Ranney alludes to the deaths, failure of health, and other adverse providences, which had weakened the mission at almost all the stations, and diminished their distributions.

"In the Tenasserim Provinces," he says, "books and Tracts have been extensively circulated in former years, and there are few people who have not more or less information respecting the Christian religion; the effect of which is, to awaken a spirit of hostility among the almost innumerable priests of Boodh and their bigoted followers. In spite of this opposition, however, the truth, like leaven, works, and idolatry decreases.

"The calls for Tracts from the Arracan Province are frequent, where Brother Ingalls is now the only missionary. Should his life and health be spared, we hope to send him a large supply during the year.

"Burmah proper is still closed against missionary labor. It is true, Brother Judson is permitted to reside at Rangoon; but it is understood that the purpose of his residence is to complete his Dictionary of the Burman language, which the proud Burmans regard as a compliment to them. While engaged in this work, he is enabled to do great good in a quiet manner; but we can hope to get books and Tracts into Burmah proper only as we do so by persons visiting these provinces. The king is a bigoted Boodhist, and it is said, even sets the example to his people of pounding rice for the priests with his own hands."

Since the above was written, Dr. Judson has been compelled to leave Rangoon, in Burmah Proper, and return to Maulmain. "I remained in Rangoon long enough," he says, "to witness the removal of my friend the governor, and the downfall of the ferocious vice-governor, who had become the terror of all classes, and particularly distinguished himself by carrying out the proscription of the Christian religion. I prolonged my stay a little, in order to ascertain the disposition of the new governor; but in that I found nothing but discouragement. He very soon gave several proofs of strict adherence to the established religion. His reception of me was extremely cold and reserved; and when I mentioned my desire of proceeding to Ava at some future time, he did not even reply. I therefore concluded to return to Maulmain, and arrived here September 5."

In the *Karen department at Tavoy*, 482,169 12mo pages were printed the last year. "The Morning Star," a monthly quarto, in Karen, has been issued six years; and a Dictionary and other helps to the acquisition of the language are in progress.

KAREN PREACHER CONVERTED BY A TRACT.—Rev. Mr. Abbott gives the interesting history of Myat Kyau, who, in 1838, in a village north of Baumee, received a Burmese Tract from *Shway Bay*, an earlier convert. Myat Kyau was "the principal man of the village. The Tract was read to him again and again, but Karen-like, he said nothing for several weeks. He pondered its truths, however, became uneasy, dissatisfied, anxious, and finally went over into Burmah to inquire of the Christians there the meaning of these things, and returned a decided Christian. He learned to read, taught others to do so, and explained the precepts of the Gospel so far as he understood them. He was not baptized, and did not see a missionary even, until two years after his conversion. But his influence in favor of the truth was perhaps never surpassed by a converted heathen. His zeal, firmness, and integrity—his hatred of iniquity and love of holiness were so thoroughly illustrated in all that he did, that those who would not believe and obey the truth could find no peace in his village. In 1840," says Mr. Abbott, "I baptized Myat Kyau, at Sandoway. A church of fifty members was organized in his village, and he was appointed their preacher."

After this he alternately studied and labored with Mr. Abbott; in 1843 he was selected to go out as a preacher to distant Christian villages, from which urgent appeals for a teacher had been received, and where his services were wonderfully blessed; and he has since been abundant in faithful labors as a herald of the Gospel.

MISSIONS IN SIAM.

The mission of the American Baptist Union report, that in the year ending July 1, 1847, an increasing interest had been manifested among the *Siamese*, which they hope results from the operation of the Spirit and providence of God.

"Calls for Tracts at our houses," they say, "have been much more numerous than formerly; and when they have been carried abroad for distribution, they have been received with much greater eagerness. We have also frequent opportunities of knowing that the Tracts are extensively read and understood. To meet this demand, brother

Chandler has distributed most of the Tracts which were on hand at the beginning of the year, and has had many portions of that part of the New Testament which was printed before brother Jones left, bound up into Tracts and distributed. He has also prepared three small new Tracts; viz., 'Introductory Notices of Christianity,' 'History of the Creation,' and a sheet Tract foretelling and exhibiting the eclipses of the sun and moon, which occurred last April. This last awakened considerable interest, and we hope may have done something to arouse the long slumbering minds of the people. One thousand Burman and Peguan books and Tracts have been received from Burmah, more than half of which have been distributed to persons speaking those languages. The number of books and Tracts thus distributed during the year has amounted to 12,252, many of which were volumes made up of several Tracts bound together."

Mr. Chandler has cast a new font of Siamese type; and it is an interesting fact, that a native prince has for some time been making machinery in the mission workshop, receiving counsel and assistance from Mr. Chandler.

Three native assistants have been employed, mostly in visiting and Tract distribution in Bangkok, and a fourth has labored at Long-Kin-chu; the number of Chinese Tracts distributed amounting to 5,456.

Mr. Hemmenway, of the mission of the Board of Commissioners, reports tours for Tract distribution in which he met with encouragement, though he found many ignorant, and some timid from a recollection of the panic excited five years before, lest the reception of books should subject them to the wrath of the King. The demand for books, however, is increasing in the country; many call at the mission station for books; youth manifest a disposition to read such books as are recommended to them; and some exhibit apparent seriousness. Three new narrative Tracts for children have been issued.

Dr. Samuel R. House, missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Bangkok, has been actively engaged in Tract distribution, to meet the increasing demand from the Siamese, and from the priests themselves. In eight weeks, ending in September, 1847, he distributed upwards of 4,800 books and Tracts, giving them, as far as practicable, in no case but to those capable of reading. The Rev. Mr. Mattoon states, that the daily calls for books at the mission station had averaged more than ten for the last month. On one afternoon, calling on a missionary, he found him "surrounded with *ten young priests,* to whom he had been explaining the Gospel, and who were then giving an account of books they had read. The next afternoon there were thirty-five calls for books, two companies of ten each, who listened to conversation as long as the missionary thought it profitable to converse with them."

MISSIONS IN CHINA.

All our prominent Missionary Boards, following the indications of Providence, in opening the way of access, have concentrated no small degree of their energies on this vast empire; and their missionaries, stationed at all the five great free ports, are actively coöperating in making known that Name which is above every name. Their work is one of Herculean magnitude; but they have every indication, that, though many temporary and many truly appalling obstacles must be met, yet their persevering labors shall not be in vain in the Lord, and that the millions of China shall yet be given to Christ as his possession.

The missions of the American Board of Commissioners are located at Canton, Fuh-chou, and Amoy; those of the Baptist Mission Union, at Hong Kong and Ningpo; those of the Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, at Canton and Shanghai; those of the Presbyterian Board, at Macao, Amoy, and Ningpo; and those of the Protestant Episcopal church, at Shanghai. A new mission of the General Baptist Missionary Society is located at Ningpo; and the Methodist Episcopal church have within a few weeks sent out a mission to China.

Thus is the way of the Lord preparing among this vast portion of the earth's population; and the press, by the unanimous consent of all, is an indispensable aid. The Rev. Dr. Bridgman, being at Shanghai in December last, engaged with the new translation of the Bible, writes from that city, "Only let the proper Tracts and books be prepared, and *all the funds, and all the agents the American Tract Society can possibly command, would be well employed here in China alone.* This is no exaggeration, so wide and so populous is the field now already opened before the true missionaries of the cross."

At Canton, though there have been serious outbreak, and collisions, occasioned by the hostility of the Chinese to foreigners, nothing which has occurred is regarded as precluding the faithful prosecution of the missionary work, or the confidence of ultimate acceptance with the people.

The Rev. D. Ball writes, March 22, "It is probable that at no one of the ports are Tracts more needed than they are here. We need them for cards of introduction to this people. It is well known that they have imbibed bitter feelings towards foreigners; but the missionary, by *kind and polite* intercourse, can disarm their prejudices. He wants not the musket or sword-cane, nor even the walking-cane, to protect him. Let him go armed with your little messengers of peace, introducing him as a missionary of Jesus—let him greet the old and the young, the wealthy merchant, and the crab-digger and fisherman, with kindness in his posture, his face and eye, and he will be kindly received. These are my convictions and my experience. But we are now entirely out of Tract funds, and earnestly hope you will be able to furnish us with some hundreds of dollars for the coming year."

Rev. S. W. Bonney, as late as December 3, says, "We have only eleven Protestant missionaries in Canton for a population of one million of souls. The Society's books are distributed freely. I make daily excursions."

Rev. I. J. Roberts, in Canton, who is now connected with the mission of the Southern Baptist Convention, writes, December 23, that the Society's grants to the Baptist missions in China were wholly expended, and earnestly requesting pecuniary support in his Tract operations. The Rev. James B. Taylor, Secretary of the Board of the Convention, says, "We have in China several valuable native assistants, who can be employed to advantage as colporteurs. These, with our other missionary brethren, may, through your noble Society, be instruments of disseminating widely the truth as it is in Jesus."

At HONG KONG, the Rev. William Dean wrote, December 3, that all the Society's grants had been expended, and that an average of about three colporteurs had been engaged in Tract distribution for the last three years.

> "You will be interested to learn," he adds, "that we are meeting with some signs of encouragement from the people here. A few days ago I baptized *a Chinese woman*, the first I have ever been allowed to baptize. She and her husband are now exemplary members of our church. Another, the wife of one of the Chinese assistants, appears an encouraging case; and three or four Chinamen also appear well. Our out-stations at Chek-choo, Long Island, and on the main land, afford us ample room for all the books, and all the preaching, and all the missionary work we can bestow, with the aid of *five Chinese assistants and colporteurs* now under my present care."

At AMOY, so favorably have the missionaries been received by the Chinese authorities, that, on a public occasion during a visit of the Viceroy of Che-Kiang and Fuh-Kien to Amoy, as the missionaries were in the crowd among the common people, the Lord Mayor seeing them, came down from the forum to greet them, and stood in conversation with them for some time. Soon the commandant of Amoy escorted them to an eminence, where they could have a better view of the parade, and ordered his servant to supply them with tea in Mandarin cups. They were then invited by the great civil Judge, to take seats with him on a stage erected under a booth for his private convenience. Not less than a thousand persons gathered around, to witness the scene of four missionaries sitting and conversing with the highest Mandarin of Amoy.

The next day they were admitted into the presence of the Viceroy himself, who received them kindly and spoke favorably of their work, and expressed the wish that they might always be as they then were, "brethren." In the evening the Viceroy sent each of them his card, and they presented him with a copy of the New Testament, Chinese Christian Almanac, and other books. This Viceroy has under his immediate jurisdiction about fourteen millions of people.

The Rev. John Lloyd, at the close of a public religious exercise, was accompanied home by a number of intelligent men from the city of Chiang-chin, who were eager to secure, each for himself, a copy of every kind of Tracts on hand for distribution. "As soon as I had given each a copy of one Tract," he says, "they would immediately ask if there were not some other kinds in my possession, and would not suffer themselves to be put off until they were fully supplied with one of every kind. They then took leave, saying they would take good care of the books and examine their contents."

The Rev. Mr. Pohlman, missionary of the Board of Commissioners, and Rev. Mr. Brown of the General Assembly's Board, went out from Amoy and spent some days in Tract labors in the neighboring villages, discovering evidences of extreme depravity, and infanticide so prevalent that "it is quite uncommon to find more than a single girl brought up in the best of families." Of the manner in which they were received among the people, Mr. Pohlman says,

> "Immediately on our entering a village, the people flocked around us in great numbers, heard our message, and received our books. The population was so friendly and intent on listening to our warnings, that we prolonged our stay to double the time we intended when we left home. Several had been to see us at our chapels in the city, and had some knowledge of our object and the doctrines of the cross.
>
> "The plan we adopted on arriving at a village, was to seek out a good place for exhorting the people. This was sometimes an open square, sometimes an idol temple, and oftener still the ancestral hall. After our object was fully made known, we inquired for the old men, the schoolmasters, and other persons of influence. These we made it a point to visit for special conversation, supplying them with Gospels and Tracts. The best attention was given to all we said. We did not hear one unkind word, nor see one unkind look. The most unpleasant truths and rebukes were received in the kindest manner. Several times I addressed audiences as solemn and attentive as I ever spoke to in America. At other times the chief source of disturbance arose from the expressions of audible assent, and cries of "good," "right," "reasonable," "true," "correct," from all parts of an immense auditory. Part of the last day's route included some villages which I visited last year. On seeing and hearing me again, several declared that they would reform; that their idols should be banished; and that, should my visit be repeated another year, great changes would be observed among the people. As a farther instance of friendly feeling and good-will, I might mention the anxiety of these poor villagers to show us hospitality. Tea was provided for us; and we were repeatedly urged to take our meals with them, and spend the night in their houses. It was with difficulty that we could break loose from the urgent kindness and respectful invitations of many whom we met with."

The mission at NINGPO is identified with the sudden death, by the hands of Chinese pirates, of the Rev. WILLIAM M. LOWRIE, son of the Hon. Walter Lowrie, Secretary of the General Assembly's Board of Missions. He had been attending a convention of missionaries of different denominations at Shanghai, for the revision of the Chinese Bible, and as he was returning to Ningpo, met this fearful providence. He was one of the most intelligent, devoted, and useful missionaries, and was the correspondent of this Society to whom the Committee looked for intelligence respecting Tract operations.

The annual report of the mission, October 1846, prepared before the death of Mr. Lowrie, gives a list of the issues of the press, amounting to 636,400 Chinese duplicate pages.

This mission is also effectually testing the practicability of printing Chinese with *metallic, movable type*, which can hardly be longer regarded as an experiment. "Books thus printed are generally admired by the Chinese, and the mission had recently an application from one of the mandarins of the city to print a favorite work for himself and friends."

On this subject, the Rev. Mr. Goddard, of the Chinese department of the mission at Siam, expresses the opinion, that there may "not be much choice between *block* and *type* printing *for common purposes*, as each has its advantages and disadvantages; but where *small type* is desired, the metallic has the advantage;" and he hopes that ere long one edition of the Bible will be printed from metallic type in a size that shall be convenient and acceptable to the people.

In the *distribution* of Tracts in China, says the Hon. Mr. Lowrie, "besides the cities open by treaty for the residence of the missionaries, the inhabitants of the interior cities, men of the first respectability, are in the habit of calling on the missionaries, and taking home with them a supply of Tracts and portions of the Bible. Already have Tracts reached large cities more than a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and every year will this demand increase and become more pressing." Dr. Macgowan has devoted much time to Tract distribution, with two native helpers.

The Rev. Messrs. Thomas H. Hudson and William Jarrom of the General Baptist Missionary Society, who have recently commenced a mission at Ningpo, in a full and cordial letter, bespeak the support of this Society in their Tract operations. They had opened a place of worship, which will accommodate 150 hearers, and has frequently been filled, while again few are present, *for the Chinese have no Sabbath;* they have a school of a dozen boys, and have printed 8,400 of the placard, "The Happy Sounds of Jesus." "In behalf of thousands," they say, "we appeal for help to an American Society, which knows nothing of north or south, or east or west; a catholic Society, which knows nothing of the lines which separate good men; a benevolent Society, which seeks the good of all."

At Shanghai, the Episcopal mission are vigorously prosecuting their labors, with the hope that soon a church edifice may be erected for their accommodation. A letter, dated December 10, states that Bishop Boone, Rev. Dr. Bridgman, and others had been engaged for months in that city on the subject of preparing and issuing the new translation of the Chinese Bible. Of his connection with the lamented Mr. Lowrie in this revision, Bishop Boone says, "This event has thrown my family, who had the privilege to enjoy his company for the last two months and a half of his earthly existence, into the deepest affliction. Dearly as I know he was beloved by the mission with which he was connected, yet I believe no one in China mourns his loss as I do. We were together daily, for two months and a half, laboring together in what we both believed to be the most important matter concerning our Master's cause in China, with which we had ever been connected."

The Rev. E. W. Lyle, of the Protestant Episcopal mission, "accompanied Dr. Lockhart, medical missionary from the London Society, in one of the frequent excursions which he and Dr. Medhurst are accustomed to make for distributing Tracts and books through the surrounding country." They proceeded by boat about twenty-five miles, when a walk of five miles brought them to *Chingpoo.*

Here, Mr. Lyle says, "We distributed great numbers of Tracts, finding it difficult to pass through the streets with sufficient rapidity to prevent our being borne down by the crowd that followed us. Our books were received with great civility, nay, with an appearance of courtesy which afforded a striking illustration of the general attention paid to the cultivation of good manners."

"In connection with the subject of Tract distribution," he adds, "I may here mention what are our plans for this purpose. On the 4th of May, Mr. Graham and myself met the Bishop (Boone) in his study, and after uniting in prayer, proceeded to draw up some general scheme for future operations. In view of the fact, that this one city presented a field far too large for profitable cultivation by so small a number as ours, it was determined that each of us should devote himself to a certain district, and endeavor to follow up, by personal visits, the distribution from house to house of carefully selected Tracts. The next step would be to form catechetical classes, and hold small meetings, and finally to build a church and hold regular public services. The Bishop's district lies within the city; Mr. Graham's at the Eastern suburb; my own more to the Southward, and in the immediate neighborhood of my house."

The Rev. William H. Medhurst, London missionary at Shanghai, who is also united in the preparation of the Chinese Bible, says of a colporteur of the London Tract Society, who is supported by the Rev. John Angell James, as his representative in China, "We have employed a native Tract distributer, named *Wang-thaw-yit,* a member of the church, under the pastoral oversight of the London Society's missionaries, at a salary of ten dollars a month, including his expenses; who has already been to Hangchow, on the south, and Nanking, on the north; while he is now absent, distributing Tracts at Hoochow, on the west. On these journeys he enters into temples and monasteries, tea-gardens and places of public resort, where he finds abundant opportunities for distributing Tracts, though he is very cautious not to give them away indiscriminately, but only to those persons who are likely to make good use of them, while he accompanies the gift with a word of exhortation, and occasionally enters into discussions on the subjects at issue between Chinese idolaters and ourselves. He has hitherto conducted himself to our entire satisfaction, and we hope that he may continue indefatigable in the great work of spreading divine knowledge among his countrymen."

A font of JAVANESE TYPE has been cut by Mr. S. W. Williams of the Canton mission, which may yet be used for the benefit of the self-secluded people of Java.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Rev. WILLIAM RICHARDS, Minister of Instruction, whose removal from time the churches now mourn, previous to his death reported 18,644 pupils in the schools of these Islands, so rapidly is the number of readers increasing. Twenty-four ordained Protestant clergymen and seven native preachers are also now laboring there.

The Rev. Titus Coan writes from *Hilo*, "I will endeavor to do good with the Tracts and volumes granted. These healing leaves have done good, they are doing good, they will do good. I love to scatter them wherever sin is working death among men. My sympathies, my heart, my prayers, are with the American Tract Society in their blessed work. God grant you a hundredfold harvest."

Under another date, he says, "One hundred and twenty vessels visited Hilo in 1846, and I am in the habit of supplying every ship with a good bundle of assorted Tracts so long as I have them. This is bread cast upon the waters: we shall find it after many days." A further grant of 50,000 pages was forwarded.

The Rev. S. C. DAMON, seamen's chaplain at Honolulu, says, "No words that I can employ will fully set forth the importance of increasing the number of good and suitable books for seamen. Our friends of the American Tract Society think, perhaps, that their grants for the Honolulu station are very ample. It is, however, with the utmost difficulty that I can keep supplied, and I do not imagine that I am too *lavish* of such books as Baxter's Call, and Saints' Rest, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Harlan Page's Life, and books of that character. Yet let me inform you, and through you the Tract Society, and the friends of seamen, that the field for those books is wide open in the Pacific. In the harbor of Honolulu, there are *now* about forty sail, including thirty whale-ships, six merchantmen, and two vessels of war, yet I have not a single volume of the above-mentioned books—not one either to sell or give away!" We are happy to believe that a supply, previously shipped, reached him soon after the above was written.

CONCLUSION.

The intelligent reader of the foregoing pages cannot but feel that the American Tract Society has been providentially led to undertake a great work. Its principles and agencies, few and simple, are of almost universal application. Its relations extend to the remotest portions of our country, and stretch around the globe. Its aim is the world-wide diffusion of that Gospel which saves from hell and exalts to heaven.

The rapid extension of Colportage among the destitute classes in the United States, cannot but excite gratitude and hope in every benevolent heart. Coming into being just when the tide of European emigration was setting strongest, and when our own population was overflowing its previous boundaries, it has thus far more than realized the fondest hopes of its projectors, and has become incorporated among the enterprises for the evangelization of the world, at the juncture when new and united exertions are demanded for spreading among the masses of men the great principles of a pure Protestant faith. Its future history is known only to God; but the indications of his providence are, that it is designed to bear no inconsiderable part in that mighty conflict which is beginning to make the world tremble.

The progress of religious liberty in the old world, and the almost universal demand for the *freedom of the press*, which may be said to be the watchword of the masses in their struggle with their oppressors, gives fresh interest to *the Society's work on the continent of Europe*, and devolves amazing responsibilities on American Christians. Absorbing as are the claims of our own country, and vast as is the work of enlightening the millions who have fled to our shores—to say nothing of the millions that will seek to escape the calamities of political and commercial revolutions and strifes by emigration—we should prove false to our professions, as Americans and as Christians, if we did not hasten to give to the struggling masses the best evidences of our sympathy, and the surest means of securing and perpetuating their new-born privileges, by freely imparting that Gospel which alone has rendered our experiment of self-government successful. It is clear, that the Christian press and colportage must share largely in conveying the knowledge of Christ and his salvation to the masses throughout France, Germany, Italy—all Europe. When freed from papal prohibition and royal censorship, what may it not achieve in sweeping away superstitions and resisting oppressions; and, by associating just ideas of *duties* with newly acquired *rights*, contributing to make the people "free indeed."

The heathen world should not be overlooked amidst the excitements and responsibilities connected with nominal Christendom. Its very silence is full of eloquence. Too deeply sunken to know its degradation, too poor to feel its own poverty, we have the prophecies, and the command, and the promises, and the providences of God alone, to stimulate us to evangelize it. These are enough. The record of this Society's agency in this work for another year, is spread out on these pages. Who that reads, will not rejoice in all that has been accomplished, and unite with us in the humble purpose, by the help of God, to relax no effort and take no ease,

> "Till o'er our ransomed nature,
> The Lamb, for sinners slain,
> Redeemer, King, Creator,
> In bliss returns to reign."

Stuart, Rev. Moses, Andover, Ms.
Swain, Rev. S. B. Worcester, Ms.
Sykes, Rev. James N. Chelsea, Ms.
Tappan, Rev. Benjamin, D. D. Augusta, Me.
Tappan, John, Boston, Ms.
Temple, Rev. Daniel, East Vienna, N. Y.
Tenney, Rev. Francis V. Braintree, Ms.
Tenney, Rev. Sewall, Ellsworth, Me.
Thompson, Rev. J.C. West Springfield, (Ireland,) Ms.
Thurston, Rev. Stephen, Searsport, Me.
Thwing, Thomas, Boston, Ms.
Tracy, Rev. H. A. Sutton, Ms.
Train, Rev. A. S. Haverhill, Ms.
Tupper, Rev. Martyn, East Longmeadow, Ms.
Twining, Rev. William, Madison, Ind.
Tyler, Rev. Bennett, D. D. East Windsor, Ct.
Upham, Rev. William D. Townsend, Vt.
*Waldo, Hon. Daniel, Worcester, Ms.
Walker, Rev. Charles, Pittsford, Vt.
Walker, Rev. Horace D. East Abington, Ms.
Ward, Rev. James W. Abington, Ms.
Warner, C. Henry, Boston, Ms.
Warner, Rev. A. B. Medford, Ms.
Weston, Rev. Isaac, Cumberland, Me.
Wheelock, Rev. S. M. Derby, Vt. (in part $15 50)
Whitney, Rev. John, Waltham, Ms.
Williams, William, M. D. Salem, Ms.
Williston, Rev. Payson, Easthampton, Ms.
Williston, Hon. Samuel, do.
*Wilson, Rev. George S. Windsor, Vt.
Withington, Rev. Leonard, Newbury, Ms.
Worcester, Rev. Samuel M. Salem, Ms.
Worthington, George, Montpelier, Vt.
Wood, Rev. A. A. West Springfield, Ms.
Woods, Rev. John, Newport, N. H.
Woods, Rev. Leonard, D. D. Andover, Ms.
Woodbury, Rev. James T. Acton, Ms.
Wright, Rev. Luther, Easthampton, Ms.

LIFE MEMBERS.

BY THE PAYMENT OF TWENTY DOLLARS AND UPWARDS.

Abbott, Mrs. John S. C., New York city.
Abbott, Mrs. Phebe, Temple, Me.
Adams, Rev. Charles S., Westford, Ct.
Adams, Mrs. Jane D. P. do.
Adams, Rev. Darwin, Newfane, Vt.
Adams, Mrs. Catharine H. do.
*Adams, Mrs. Deborah, Newbury, Ms.
Adams, Mrs. George E., Brunswick, Me.
Adams, Rev. George W., Brooksville, Me.
Adams, Rev. Henry, Berlin, Ms.
Adams, Rev. John, Sharon, Vt.
Adams, Rev. John R., Gorham, Me.
Adams, John, Palmyra, N. Y.
Adams, Rev. Jonathan, Woolwich, Me.
Adams, Rev. Nehemiah, D. D., Boston, Ms.
Adams, Mrs. Martha, do.
Adams, Mrs. Elizabeth M., Dracut, Ms.
*Adams, Hon. Samuel, Salem, Ms.
Adams, Mrs. Sarah B., Winslow, Me.
Adams, Rev. Thomas, Thompson, O.
Adams, Mrs. Thomas, do.
*Adams, Mrs. Thomas, Vassalboro', Me.
Adams, Rev. William, D. D., New York city.
Adlam, Rev. Samuel, Dover, Me.
Aiken, Rev. Samuel C., D. D., Cleveland, O.
Aiken, Rev. Silas, Boston, Ms.
Aiken, Rev. James A., Hollis, N. H.
Ainsworth, Rev. Laban, Jaffrey, N. H.
*Alden, Mrs. Hannah, Hallowell, Me.
Alexander, Mrs. Esther F., Boston, Ms.
Allen, Rev. Benjamin R., South Berwick, Me.
Allen, Rev. John, Huntsville, Ala.
Allen, Rev. John W., Wayland, Ms.
*Allen, Rev. Jonathan, West Bradford, Ms.
Allen, Miss Rebecca, Shelburne, Ms.
Allen, Roderic, West Springfield, (Agawam,) Ms.
Allen, Mrs. Sarah, Manchester, Ms.
*Allen, Timothy, West Springfield, Ms.
Allen, Mrs. William T., Leominster, Ms.
Ames, Dea. E. C., Haverhill, Ms.
Alvord, Rev. Alanson, Sullivan, N. H.
Alvord, Mrs. Hannah, Shelburne, Ms.
Alvord, Mrs. Naomi, do.
Alvord, Rev. John W., Boston, Ms.
*Ames, David, Springfield, Ms.
Ames, Miss Mary, do.
Ames, James T., Cabotville, Ms.
Anderson, Rev. Rufus, D. D., Boston, Ms.
Anderson, Mrs. Rufus, do.
Andrews, Rev. Elisha D., Putney, Vt.
*Andrews, Rev. William, Cornwall, Ct.
Andrews, Rev. David, Pepperell, Ms.
*Andross, Rev. Thomas, Berkley, Ms.
Appleton, E. W., Portland, Me.
Armsby, Horace, Whitinsville, Ms.
Armsby, Rev. Lauren, Chester, N. H.
Armstrong, Hon. Samuel T., Boston, Ms.
Arnold, Rev. Joel R., Winchester, N. H.
Arnold, Mrs. Mary, North Attleboro', Ms.
Ash, Rev. George W., Flemingsburg, Ky.
Ashley, Moses, West Springfield, Ms.
Atkins, J. H. W., Westfield, Ms.
Atkinson, James W., Newburyport, Ms.
Atkinson, Joshua T., Lyndon, Whiteside Co., Ill.
Atwood, Daniel, Pelham, N. H.
Atwood, Miss Rhoda, Acworth, N. H.
*Austin, Rev. Samuel, D. D., Worcester, Ms.
Avery, Rev. John H., Harwich, Ms.
*Avery, Rev. Joseph, Holden, Ms.
Avery, Rev. Royal, Cambridge, Vt.
Babcock, Rev. Daniel H., Salem, N. H. (in part, $14 10.)
Babcock, Rev. E. G., Thetford, Vt.
Babcock, William, Hampden, Me.
Babcock, Mrs. Nancy M. do.
Bachelder, Joseph, Holliston, Ms.
Bacheller, Stephen F., Whitinsville, Ms.
Backus, Rev. Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Backus, Mrs. Samuel, do.
Bacon, Miss Ann E., Boston, Ms.
Bacon, O., Jaffrey, N. H.
Badger, Rev. Milton, D. D., New York city.
Bagg, Miss Amanda, West Springfield, Ms.
Bagley, Miss Lucy, Newburyport, Ms.
Bailey, Rev. Luther, East Medway, Ms.
Bailey, Rev. R. W., Rock Spring, S. C.
*Baker, Mrs. Christina, Boston, Ms.
Baker, Rev. Joel, Middle Granville, Ms.
Baker, Rev. John, Eliot, Me.
Baker, Betsey, West Dedham, Ms.
Balch, Mrs. Hannah, Newburyport, Ms.
*Balch, Rev. Stephen W., D. D., Georgetown, D. C.
Baldwin, Mrs. Cornelia B., Newark, N. J.
Baldwin, Mrs. Emily F., Springfield, Ms.

Ballard, Rev. John, Perry, Ill.
Ballard, Mrs. John, do.
Ballard, Master John A. do.
Ballard, Master Benj F. W. do.
Ballard, Master Fred. D. do.
Ballard, Miss Mary P. do.
Ballard, Miss Elizabeth H. do.
Ballard, Rev. Josiah, Sudbury, Ms.
*Ballard, Timothy, Andover, Ms.
*Bancroft, Jacob H., Boston, Ms.
Bancroft, Silas, do.
Banister, Hon. William B., Newburyport, Ms.
Banister, Mrs. William B. do.
Banister, Miss Frances B. do.
*Barber, William, Mason, N. H.
Barbour, Isaac R., Worcester, Ms.
Barnes, Mrs. Nancy W., Eagletown, Ark.
Barney, Rev. James O , Seekonk, Ms.
Barney, Mrs. Eliza L. do.
Barrett, John H., Grafton, Vt.
Barrett, Charles, do.
Barrett, Susan H. do.
Barrett, Lucy, do.
Barrett, James, Jr., Rutland, Vt.
Barrett, Mrs. Mary A., New Ipswich, N. H.
Barrett, Miss Mary Ann, do.
Barrett, Miss Dorothy E. do.
Barrows, Rev. William, Norton, Ms.
Barry, Charles C., Boston, Ms.
Barstow, Mrs. Elizabeth F., Keene, N. H.
Barstow, William, do.
Barstow, Josiah W. do.
Barstow, Rev. E. Hall, Walpole, N. H.
Bartlett, Mrs. Elizabeth, Salem, Ms.
*Bartlett, William, Newburyport, Ms.
Bartley, Rev. John M. C., Hampstead, N. H.
Bascom, Rev. Samuel, Sharon, Vt.
Bassett, N. G., Newburyport, Ms.
*Bates, Anson, M. D., Barre, Ms.
Bates, Rev. Chandler, Newfane, Vt.
Bates, Rev. Joshua, D. D., Dudley, Ms.
Bates, Rev. William, Northbridge, Ms.
Bates, Rev. Lemuel P., Templeton, Ms.
Bates, Mrs. Mary, Westfield, Ms.
Batchelder, Rev. David, Oxford, Ms.
Batchelder, Nathaniel, Beverly, Ms.
Beach, Rev. Nathaniel, Millbury, Ms.
Beaman, Alexander, Meredith Bridge, N. H.
Beaman, Rev. W. H., North Hadley, Ms.
Beaman, Mrs. Elizabeth L. do.
Beard, Rev. Spencer F., Norton, Ms.
Beardsley, Rev. Nehemiah B., Saybrook, Ct.
*Beckford, Ebenezer, Salem, Ms.
Beebee, Rev. Hubbard, South Wilbraham, Ms.
Beebee, Mrs. Sarah Ann, do.
Beecher, Rev. Lyman, D. D., Cincinnati, O.
Belcher, Jeremiah, E. Randolph, Ms.
Belden, Rev. Pomeroy, East Amherst, Ms.
Belden, Mrs. Miranda, do.
Bellows, Rev. Thomas, Walpole, N. H.
Bement, Emily E., West Springfield, Ms.
Bement, Rev. William, East Hampton, Ms.
Bement, Ellen E., Gill, Ms.
Bement, Jared S., Hadley, Ms.
*Benedict, Rev. Joel T., Chatham, N. Y.
*Bent, Rev. Josiah, Jr., Amherst, Ms.
Bent, Mrs. Josiah, do.
*Bennett, Rev. Joseph, Woburn, Ms.
Bennett, Rev. Salmon, Boscawen, N. H.
Benson, Rev. Almon, Centre Harbor, N. H.
Bidwell, Rev. W. H., New York city.
Bidwell, Mrs. Susan M. do.
Bigelow, Rev. Jonathan, Rochester, Ms.
Billings, Joseph, Hatfield, Ms.
Billings, Rev. John, Addison, Me.
Bingham, Mrs. Prudence, Charlestown, N. H.
Bird, Rev. Isaac, Gilmanton, N. H.
Biscoe, Rev. Thomas C., Grafton, Ms.
Bishop, Rev. Nelson, Windsor, Vt.
*Bissell, Josiah, Rochester, N. Y.
Blackler, Mrs. Frances, Marblehead, Ms.
Blagden, Rev. G. W., Boston, Ms.
Blagden, Mrs. G. W. do.
*Blake, Capt. Abel, Keene, N. H.
*Blake, Rev. Caleb, Westford, Ms.
Blake, Gardiner, Wrentham, Ms.
Blake, Rev. Mortimer, Mansfield, Ms.
Blanchard, Rev. Amos, Meriden, N. H.
*Blanchard, Amos, Andover, Ms.
*Bliss, Miss Lucretia, Springfield, Ms.
Bliss, Rev. Seth, Boston, Ms.
Bliss, Mrs. Jenette F. do.
Bliss, William R. do.
Bliss, Frederick, do.
Bliss, Robert, do.
Bliss, Charles F. do.
Blodget, Rev. Daniel, Post Mills, Vt.
Blodget, Rev. Joseph, Greenwich, Ms.
Blodget, Rev. Luther P., Georgia, Vt.
Blodget, Mrs. Mary, Bucksport, Me.
Blodget, Sarah D., Enfield, Ms.
Boardman, Rev. Charles A., Fairfield, (Saugatuck, Ct.)
Boardman, Rev. Elderkin J. Vt.
Boardman, Joseph, Exeter, N. H.
Boardman, Rev. William J., Goshen, Ms.
Boardman, William N., Norwich, Vt.
Boardman, Lucy M. do.
Boardman, Mary Ann, do.
*Bodman, Joseph, Williamsburg, Ms.
Bodwell, Rev. Abraham, Sanbornton, N. H.
Bodwell, Mortimer, M. D., Solon, Me. (in part $10,00.)
Bond, Rev. Alvan, D. D., Norwich, Ct.
*Bond, Mrs. Sarah, do.
Bond, Mrs. Elias, Hallowell, Me.
Bontecou, Daniel, Springfield, Ms.
Booth, Rev. Chauncey, South Coventry, Ct.
Bourne, Benjamin S., Bristol, R. I.
Bourne, Proctor, Marshfield, Ms. (in part $9,00.)
Bouton, Rev. Nathaniel, Concord, N. H.
*Bouton, Mrs. Mary Ann, do.
Bouton, Mrs. Elizabeth A. C. do.
Boutwell, Rev. James, Brentwood, N. H.
Boutwell, Mrs. Mary P. do.
Bovell, Rev. John B., Leesburg and Salem, Tenn.
*Bowers, Mrs. Isaac, Boston, Ms.
Bowers, Rev. John, North Wilbraham, Ms.
Bowers, Mrs. Maria, do.
Bowker, Edmund, Chelsea, Ms.
Bowker, Rev. Samuel, Union, Me.
Bowman, George A., Augusta, Me.
Boyd, Robert, Londonderry, N. H.
Boyter, Rev. Charles, South Orange, Ms.
Brace, Rev. Joab, Wethersfield, (Newington Parish,) Ct.
Bradford, Rev. Ebenezer G., Platteville, W. T.
Bradford, Rev. James, Sheffield, Ms.
Bradford, Rev. Moses B., Grafton, Vt.
Bradford, Rev. Samuel C., Sullivan, N. H.
Bradley, Mrs. Jonathan, Portland, Me.
*Bradshaw, Andrew, Boston, Ms.
Bradstreet, Rev. Stephen J., Cuyahoga co. O.
Brainerd, Timothy, Enfield, Ms.
Brainerd, Rev. Timothy G., Londonderry, N. H.
Brainerd, Mrs. H. P. do.
Brainerd, Miss H. P. do.
Brainerd, Miss Julia D. do.
Brainerd, Miss Martha C. do.
Braman, Rev. Milton P., Danvers, Ms.
Braman, Mrs. Sarah B., Georgetown, Ms.
Breed, J. B., Rindge, N. H.
Bridge, Mrs. Sarah B., Augusta, Me.
Bridges, Alice, Beverly, Ms. (in part $15 25.)
Bridel, Rev. Louis, Paris, France.
Briggs, Rev. Isaac, Boxford, Ms.
*Briggs, Rev. James, Cummington, Ms.
Briggs, Mrs. Rebecca, Marblehead, Ms.
Brigham, Rev. David, Bridgewater, Ms.
Brigham, Mrs. David, do.
Brigham, Rev. Levi, Dunstable, Ms.
Brigham, Mrs. Mary F. do.
Brigham, Mrs. John, Acworth, N. H.
Brinsmade, P. A., Sandwich Islands.
*Brooks, Reuben, Rockport, Ms.
Brooks, Mrs. Abigail, do.

Brooks, Mrs. Mary, Rockport, Ms.
Brooks, Mrs. Samuel H. do.
Brooks, Rev. Kendall, jr., Eastport, Me.
Broughton, Nicholas, Marblehead, Ms.
Brown, Ambrose L., Rutland, Vt.
Brown, Amos, Fryeburg, Me.
Brown, Mrs. Benjamin, Beloit, W. T.
Brown, Mrs. Cynthia, Rindge, N. H.
Brown, Mrs. Cynthia H. do.
Brown, David, Fisherville, N. H.
Brown, Henry H. do.
Brown, Rev. Ebenezer, Byron, Ill.
Brown, Mrs. Elizabeth, Hanover, N. H.
Brown, Rev. Gardiner S., New York city.
Brown, James, Danvers, Ms.
Brown, Mrs. Elizabeth, do.
*Brown, Rev. John, D. D., Hadley, Ms.
Brown, Rev. J. N., New Hampton, N. H.
*Brown, Mrs. Lydia, Rindge, N. H.
Brown, Mrs. Mary P. F., Shirley, Ms.
Brown, Rev. Moses, Hadley, Ms.
*Brown, Moses, Newburyport, Ms.
Brown, Thomas, Portland, Me.
*Brown, William, Waltham, Ms.
Brownlee, John, Charleston, S. C.
Bryant, Oliver, Enfield, Ms.
Buchanan, Rev. James, Franklin co. Pa.
Buck, Ephraim, M. D., Boston, Ms.
Buck, Louisa, do.
Bucklin, Rev. Sylvester F., Marlboro', Ms.
Buffet, Rev. Platt, Greenwich, Ct.
Buffet, Rev. William F., Tamworth, N. H.
Bullard, Rev. Asa, Boston, Ms.
Bullard, Mrs. Anna T. J., St. Louis, Mo.
Bullard, Rev. E. W., Fitchburg, Ms.
Bullard, Mrs. Harriet N. do.
Bumstead, Josiah, Boston, Ms.
Burbank, Caleb, Millbury, Ms.
Burdett, Rev. Michael, Mendon, (Blackstone,) Ms.
Burgess, Rev. Dyer, Belpre, O.
Burgess, Rev. Ebenezer, D. D., Dedham, Ms.
Burgess, Mrs. A. B. P. do.
Burke, Russell, Springfield, Vt.
*Burley, William, Beverly, Ms.
Burnap, Rev. Uzziah C., Lowell, Ms.
Burnap, Uzziah C., Jr. do.
*Burnell, Luther, Cazenovia, N. Y.
Burnell, Thomas S., Northampton, Ms.
Burnham, Rev. Abraham, Pembroke, N. H.
Burnham, Jonas, Hallowell, Me.
Burnham, Mrs. Tirzah K., Rindge, N. H.
Burnham, Samuel, Jr., Boston, Ms.
*Burr, Rev. Jonathan, Sandwich, Ms.
Burrage, Joseph, Boston, Ms.
Burrage, Mrs. Joseph, do.
Burt, Gideon, Longmeadow, Ms.
*Burt, Sylvester, Great Barrington, Ms.
*Burton, Rev. Asa, D. D., Thetford, Vt.
Burton, Mrs. Margaret I., Norwich, Vt.
Butler, Charles, Newburyport, Ms.
Butler, Thomas, do.
Butler, Rev. Daniel, Westboro', Ms.
Butler, Mrs. Jane D. do.
Butler, Rev. John, North Yarmouth, Me.
Caldwell, James, Newburyport, Ms.
Calef, James, Hampstead, N. H.
Calhoun, Rev. George A., South Coventry, Ct.
Camp, Rev. Albert B., Bridgewater, Ct.
Campbell, Rev. G. W., Millbury, Ms.
Campbell, Mrs. Lucy, Orford, N. H.
Campbell, Mrs. Martha, Newburyport, Ms.
Campbell, Mrs. Elizabeth P. do.
Campbell, Augustine, do.
Capron, William C., Uxbridge, Ms.
Carey, Rev. Austin, Sunderland, Ms.
*Carlisle, Rev. Thomas, Salem, Ms.
Carlton, Rev. Isaac, Lubec, Me.
Carleton, Thomas P., Alna, Me. (in part $5 00.)
Carlton, Samuel, North Haverhill, Ms.
Carpenter, Amasa, Woodstock, Ct.
Carpenter, Rev. Eber, Southbridge, Ms.
Carpenter, Rev. Erasmus I., Littleton, N. H.
Carpenter, Rev. Josiah, Chichester, N. H.
Carpenter, Jonathan M., Woodstock, Ct.
Carter, Mrs. Mehitable, Newbury, Ms.
Carver, Rev. Robert, Raynham, Ms.
Carver, Mrs. Jane B. do.
*Catlin, Rev. Jacob, D. D., New Marlboro', Ms.
Cavis, John, Hopkinton, N. H, (in part $5.)
Cavis, Nancy M. do.
Cavis, Joseph M. do.
Chamberlain, Benj. P., Salem, Ms.
*Chamberlain, Richard, Boston, Ms.
Chamberlin, Hollis, Grafton, Ms.
Chandler, Rev. Joseph, West Brattleboro', Vt.
Chandler, Rev. Amariah, Greenfield, Ms.
Chapin, Dr. Alonzo, East Abington, Ms.
Chapin, Mrs. Alonzo, do.
Chapin, Caleb T., Whitinsville, Ms.
Chapin, Rev. Chester, East Granby, Ms.
Chapin, Rev. Seth, Granville, Ms.
*Chapin, Rev. Walter, Woodstock, Vt.
Chapin, Rev. William A., Greensboro', Vt.
Chapin, Mrs. Zeruiah H. F., Newport, N. H.
Chaplin, Rev. Daniel, D. D., Groton, Ms.
Chapman, Rev. Calvin, Saccarappa, Me.
Chase, Joseph, Londonderry, N. H.
Chase, Samuel, Haverhill, Ms.
Cheesbrough, Amos, Hadley, Ms.
*Cheever, Nathaniel, Hallowell, Me.
Chickering, Mrs. Frances W., Portland, Me.
*Chickering, Rev. Joseph, Phillipston, Ms.
Child, Mrs. Catharine G., Lowell, Ms.
Childs, Horace, Henniker, N. H.
Childs, David W., Deerfield, Ms.
Christy, Samuel, New Boston, N. H.
Church, Rev. A. B., Amherst, Ms.
*Church, Rev. John H., D. D., Pelham, N. H.
Church, Miss Sarah, do.
Chute, Rev. Ariel P., Harrison, Me.
Chute, Daniel, Reading, Ms.
Clap, James, Roxbury, Ms.
Clapp, James B., Boston, Ms.
Clapp, Mrs. Pamelia, Cabotville, Ms.
Clapp, Henry L. do.
Clapp, Frances A. do.
Clark, Rev. Azariah, Canaan, N. Y.
Clark, Rev. B. F., North Chelmsford, Ms.
*Clark, Rev. Daniel A., New York city.
Clark, Rev. Eber S., Richmond, Ms.
Clark, Rev. Eli B., Springfield, (Chicopee,) Ms.
Clark, Thomas, South China, Me. (in part $12.)
Clark, Miss Frances L., Bath, Me.
Clark, Mrs. John, Northampton, Ms.
Clark, Rev. Joseph S., Boston, Ms.
*Clark, Rev. Josiah, Rutland, Ms.
Clark, Mary, Williamsburg, Ms.
Clark, Miss Mary A., Claremont, N. H.
Clark, Mrs. Rebekah H., Greenland, N. H.
Clark, Rev. R. W., Portsmouth, N. H.
Clark, Hon. Samuel, Brattleboro', Vt.
Clark, Rev. Sereno D., Ashfield, Ms.
Clark, Mrs. Martha A. do.
Clark, Stillman D., Sunderland, Ms.
Clark, Thomas M., Newburyport, Ms.
Clark, Rev. William, Concord, N. H.
Clark, William B., Fryeburg, Me.
Clarke, Rev. Dorus, Boston, Ms.
Clarke, Mrs. Harriet S., East Hampton, Ms.
Clarke, Mrs. Nancy W., Bath, Me.
Clarke, Peter, Francestown, N. H.
Clarke, Rev. Benj. F., Rowe, Ms.
Clary, Miss Lucy F., Cornish, N. H.
Clay, Miss Sarah, Candia, N. H.
Clayes, Rev. Dana, Meriden, N. H.
Cleaveland, Miss Betsey, Andover, Ms.
Cleaveland, Rev. J. P., Providence, R. I.
Cleaveland, Hon. Nehemiah, Topsfield, Ms.
Cleaveland, Mrs. N. do.
*Cleaveland, William P., New London, Ct.
*Cleaves, Mrs. Sarah, Biddeford, Me.
Clement, Rev. Jonathan, Chester, N. H.
Clenning, Daniel M., Dublin, N. H.
Clenning, Mrs. Mary, do.
Cleverly, Joseph, Abington, Ms.
Cleverly, Mrs. Joseph, do.

Cloud, Mrs. Mary P., Norwich, Vt.
Cobb, Rev. Alvan, West Taunton, Ms.
Cobb, Rev. Asahel, North Falmouth, Ms.
*Cobb, Edward, Abington, Ms.
Cobb, Mrs. Lydia, do.
Cobb, Jacob, do.
*Cobb, Edward H., Portland, Me.
*Cobb, Hon. Matthew, do.
Cobb, Rev. Nathan, Bangor, Me.
*Codman, Rev. John, D. D., Dorchester, Ms.
Coe, Rev. Harvey, Vernon, O.
Coe, Rev. Noah, Greenwich, Ct.
Coffin, Charles H., Newburyport, Ms.
Coggin, Rev. William S., Boxford, Ms.
Cogswell, Rev. Jonathan, East Windsor, Ct.
Cogswell, Rev. William, D. D., Boston, Ms.
Cochran, Martha S., New Ipswich, N. H.
*Cole, Rev. Albert, Bluehill, Me.
Cooley, Rev Timo. M., D. D., East Granville, Ms.
Cooley, William H., South Deerfield, Ms.
Colburn, Rev. L. S., Salem, Ms.
Colburn, John A., Fisherville, N. H.
Colby, Josiah, Roxbury, Ms.
Colby, Mrs. H. E do.
Colby, Mrs. R. M., Fryeburg, Me.
Colby, Miss Mary, West Newbury, Ms.
Colby, Rev. Philip, Middleboro', Ms.
Coleman, Rev. Lyman, Princeton, N. J.
Collins, Mrs. Cynthia P., Westfield, Ms.
*Collins, Miss Freelove, do.
Collins, Mrs. Roxilany, Blandford, Ms.
Colman, Mrs. Abby P., Lempster, N. H.
Colman, Daniel T., Newbury, Ms.
Colman, Jeremiah, Newburyport, Ms.
Colman, Mrs. Mary C. do.
Colton, Rev. Chester, Hartford, Ct.
Colton, Miss Celia, Monson, Ms. (in part $5.)
Conant, Rev. Gaius, Paxton, Ms.
Conant, Rev. Mr., Lyme, N. H.
Condit, Rev. J. B., Newark, N. J.
*Cone, Rev. Salmon, Colchester, Ct.
Conner, Abel, Henniker, N. H.
*Converse, Rev. James, Weathersfield, Vt.
Converse, Joseph, Worcester, Ms.
*Cook, Rev. Amos J., Fryeburg, Me.
Cook, Miss Lydia, Campton, N. H.
Cook, Viva Cordelia, Corinth, Vt.
Cooke, Rev. Phineas, Lebanon, N. H.
Coolidge, Mrs. Lois E. P., Hadley, Ms.
*Cornelius, Rev. Elias, D. D., Boston, Ms.
Cornelius, Mrs. Elias, Andover, Ms.
Cornelius, Miss Sally, Somers, N. Y.
Cornell, Rev. William M., Boston, Ms.
Corser, Rev. Enoch, Loudon, N. H.
*Couch, Rev. Paul, Newburyport, Ms.
Coyle, John, Jr., Washington, D. C.
Copeland, Mrs. Abigail H. Wheelock, Choctaw Nation.
Craig, Elias, Augusta, Me.
Crane, Rev. John, D. D., South Northbridge, Ms.
Cressey, Rev. George W., Kennebunk, Me.
Cressey, Mrs. Caroline M. do.
Cressey, Rev. Noah, Westbrook, Me.
Crocker, Mrs. Almira D., Paris, Me.
Crocker, Mary Hale, New Bedford, Ms.
Crockett, George W., Boston, Ms.
Crockett, Mrs. Ruth W. do.
Crockett, James A. do.
*Crosby, Rev. Daniel, Charlestown, Ms.
Crosby, Mrs. Daniel, Andover, Ms.
Crosby, Rev. Jazaniah, Charlestown, N. H.
*Crosby, Rev. Joshua, Enfield, Ms.
Crosby, Mrs. Sally, Brookfield, Ms.
Crosby, Rev. Stephen, Granby, Ct.
Cross, Rev. Abijah, West Haverhill, Ms.
Cross, Mrs. P. S. do.
Cross, Dr. Enoch, Newburyport, Ms.
Cross, Rev. Joseph W., West Boylston, Ms.
Crossett, Rev. Robert, Alstead, N. H.
Crossett, Mrs. Dorothy, do.
Cummings, Rev. Asa, Portland, Me.
Cummings, Mrs. Elizabeth, Chelsea, Ms.
Cummings, Rev. E. E., Concord, N. H.
Cummings, Rev. Jacob, Hillsboro', N. H.
Cummings, Thomas, Hollis, N. H.
Cummings, Mrs. Thomas, do.
Curtice, Rev. Corban, Sanbornton Bridge, N. H.
Curtis, Abner, East Abington, Ms.
Curtis, Rev. Jonathan, Woodstock, Ct.
Curtis, Lysander, Abington, Ms.
Curtis, Mrs. Statira L., Gorham, Me.
*Curtis, Z., Windsor, Vt.
Curtiss, Rev. Joseph W., Hadley, Ms.
Curtiss, Edward, do.
*Curtiss, George, do.
Curtiss, Mary, do.
Cushing, David, East Abington, Ms.
Cushing, John, Jr. do.
Cushing, Rev. James R., Wells, Me.
*Cutler, Rev. Calvin, Windham, N. H.
Cutler, Mrs. Calvin, do.
Cutler, Rev. Edward F., Warren, Me.
Cutler, Pliny, Boston, Ms.
Cutler, Mrs. Pliny, do.
Damon, Miss Louisa, Dedham, Ms.
Damon, Rev. Samuel C., Sandwich Islands.
Dana, Miss Anna, Ipswich, Ms.
Dana, Gideon, Auburn, Ms.
Dana, Rev. Gideon, Springfield, Ms.
Dana, Mrs. Hannah, do.
Dana, Rev. Samuel, Marblehead, Ms.
Dana, Rev. Sylvester, Concord, N. H.
Dana, Mrs. Sylvester, do.
Danforth, Rev. Francis, New York.
Daniels, Miss Louisa, Enfield, Ms.
Daniels, Mary E. Rutland, Vt.
Daniels, Caroline K. do.
Darling, Rev. S. D. South Royalston, Ms.
Davenport, Rev. John S. Oswego, N. Y.
Davis, Benjamin G. Augusta, Me.
Davis, George N. do.
Davis, Mrs. Betsey, Westboro', Ms.
Davis, Mrs. Caroline, Augusta, Me.
Davis, Mrs. Hannah G. Northboro', Ms.
Davis, Mrs. Eunice, Lowell, Ms.
Davis, Master Henry David, Bunker Hill, Ill.
Davis, Hon. Isaac, Worcester, Ms.
Davis, Jesse, Hamstead, N. H.
Davis, Rev. Joel, Williamstown, Vt.
Davis, Robert L. Concord, N. H.
Davis, Miss Abigail, West Killingly, Ct.
Davis, Rev. Timothy, Kingston, Ms.
Dawes, Miss Lucretia, Keene, N. H.
Day, Rev. George E. Northampton, Ms.
Dean, Mrs. Margaret, Exeter, N. H.
Dean, Mrs. P. (in part) Brimfield, Ms.
Deane, Henry P. Portland, Me.
Decker, Joseph, Alna, Me.
Deering, Stephen, Augusta, Me.
Delano, Rev. Samuel, Haverhill, N. H.
Delano, Mr. L. H. Hardwick, Vt. (in part $10)
Demond, Rev. Elijah, Grafton, Ms.
Demond, Mrs. Lucy B. do.
Denham, Capt. Samuel, Conway, Ms.
Denny, George, Westboro', Ms.
Denny, Mrs. George, do.
Denny, Geo. Parkman, do.
Denny, Miss Augusta M. do.
Denny, Charles Austin, do.
Denny, Robert Breck, do.
Denny, Charlotte Elizabeth, do.
Denny, Edward Watson, do.
Denny, James Henry, do.
Denny, Mary Harriet, do.
Denny, Joseph A. Leicester, Ms.
Dewey, Chester, Pittsfield, Ms.
De Witt, Mrs. Hannah, Oxford, Ms.
Dexter, Rev. Elijah, Plympton, Ms.
Dickinson, Rev. Baxter, D. D. Auburn, N. Y.
Dickinson, Rev. Pliny, Walpole, N. H.
*Dickinson, Thomas, Holliston, Ms.
Dickinson, William, Hadley, Ms.
Dickinson, George, do.
Dickson, Rev. John, Charleston, S. C.
Dillingham, Mrs. Sally, Sandwich, Ms.
Diman, Jeremiah, Bristol, R. I.

Dix, Miss Mary, Boston, Ms.
Dixon, Samuel, Enfield, Ms.
Dodd, Rev. John, North Wellfleet, Ms.
Dodd, Rev. Stephen, East Haven, Ct.
Dodge, Rev. John, Waldoboro', Me.
Dodge, Rev. Joshua, Moultonboro', N. H.
Dodge, Miss Mary A. Wenham, Ms.
Dodge, Miss Susan L. do.
Doggett, John, Jr. New York city.
Dolbear, John V. Warren, Vt.
Dole, Albert G. Alna, Me.
Dole, Hon. Carlton, Augusta, Me.
Dole, Rev. George T. Beverly, Ms.
Donnel, Henrietta H. Bath, Me.
Dorrance, Rev. Gordon, Syracuse, N. Y.
Douglas, Rev. J. A. Waterford, Me.
Douglas, Mrs. John A. do.
Douglas, Mrs. Mary L. Westfield, Ms.
Douglas, Miss Elizabeth, do.
*Douglas, Mrs. Margaret, Natchez, Miss.
Dow, Rev. Daniel, Thompson, Ct.
*Dow, Rev. J. Warren, Tyringham, Ms.
Drake, Rev. Cyrus B. Royalton, Vt.
Drake, Mrs. Louisa M. do.
Drake, Mrs. Samuel S. Bangor, Me.
Dudley, Rev. John, Weathersfield, Vt.
Dunbar, George W. Boston, Ms.
Duncan, Rev. A. G. Hanover, Ms.
Duncan, Mrs. Lucia H. do.
Dunlap, David, Bridgton, Me.
Dunn, William, Dunstable, Ms.
Durant, Rev. Henry, Byfield, Ms.
Durant, Mrs. Mary, do.
Duren, E. Freeman, Portland, Me.
Dwight, Rev. Edwin W. Richmond, Ms.
Dwight, Mrs. Mary, do.
*Dwight, Hon. Henry W. Stockbridge, Ms.
Dwight, Rev. John, Plymouth Ponds, Ms. (in part $7 02)
Dwight, Rev. S E., D. D., New Haven, Ct.
Dwight, Mrs. William T. Portland, Me.
Eastman, Rev. Jacob W. Rocky Spring, O.
Eastman, Joshua, Hampstead, N. H.
Eastman, Miss Julia, South Hadley, Ms.
Eastman, Rev. Lucius R. Berkley, Ms.
Eastman, Rev. Ornan, New York city.
Eastman, Pamela C. East Granby, Ms.
Eastman, Mrs. Prudence W. Hawley, Ms.
*Eastman, Mrs. Sarah E. Leverett, Ms.
Eastman, Rev. Tilton, Randolph, Vt.
Eaton, Miss Elizabeth, Charleston, S. C.
*Eaton, Rev. Peter, D. D. Boxford, Ms.
Eaton, Mrs. Susan, Bath, Me.
*Eaton, Rev. William, Middleboro', Ms.
Eddy, Rev. Ansel D., D. D. Newark, N. J.
Eddy, Rev. H. Kennebunkport, Me.
Edgell, Rev. J. Q. A. West Newbury, Ms.
Edgell, Mrs. J. Q. A. do.
*Edson, Rev. Ambrose, Berlin, Ct.
Edwards, Rev. Justin, D. D. Andover, Ms.
Edwards, Mrs. Justin, do.
Edwards, Robert B. Charleston, S. C.
Edwards, Rev. Thomas, Boston, Ms.
Edwards, Mrs. Martha Ann, do.
Edwards, George Henry, do.
Eells, Rev. James, Westmoreland, N. Y.
Ellingwood, Rev. John W. Bath, Me.
*Ellingwood, Mrs. John W. do.
*Elliott, Rev. Andrew, New Millford, Ct.
Elliott, Rev. David, Franklin co. Penn.
Ellis, Charles, Uxbridge, Ms.
Ellis, Rev. Manning, Brooksville, Me.
Ely, Rev. Alfred, D. D. Monson, Ms.
Ely, Justin, West Springfield, Ms.
Ely, Mrs. Justin, do.
Ely, Charles, do.
Ely, Rev. William, Mansfield, Ct.
*Ely, Rev. Zebulon, Lebanon, Ct.
Emerson, Rev. Brown, D. D. Salem, Ms.
Emerson, Mrs. B. do.
Emerson, Rev. Brown, West Boylston, Ms.
Emerson, Miss C. Norwich, Vt.
Emerson, Miss Julia, do.
Emerson, Miss Elizabeth, Windsor, Vt.
Emerson Mrs. Lucy, do.
*Emerson, Rev. John, Conway, Ms.
Emerson, Rev. Joseph, Andover, Ms. (in part $15)
Emerson, Mrs. Esther, do.
*Emerson, Rev. Joseph, Wethersfield, Ct.
Emerson, Rev. Noah, Greenfield, N. H.
Emerson, Mrs. Anna, do.
Emerson, Rev. Reuben, South Reading, Ms.
Emerson, Mrs. Rhoda P. Newburyport, Ms.
*Emerson, Rev. Samuel M. Heath, Ms.
Emerson, Thomas, Buffalo, N. Y.
Emerson, Mrs. Ursula S. Sandwich Islands.
Emery, Rev. Daniel H. East Whiteland, Penn.
Emery, Miss Mary H. Exeter, N. H.
Emery, Rev. S. Hopkins, Taunton, Ms.
Emery, Mrs. Julia R. do.
*Emmons, Rev. Nathanael, D. D. Franklin, Ms.
*Estabrook, Rev. Joseph, Athol, Ms.
Evans, Daniel, Portland, Me.
Evans, Asaph, Concord, N. H. (in part $5)
Evans, Mary, do.
*Evarts, Jeremiah, Boston, Ms.
Eveleth, John, Augusta, Me.
Everett, Mrs. Dolly, New Ipswich, N. H.
Fairbank, Rev. Drury, Littleton, N. H.
Farley, Joseph K. Ipswich, Ms.
Farley, Mrs. Ruth, Hollis, N. H.
Farley, Mrs. Susan, do.
Farley, Miss Mary S. Hollis, N. H.
Farnum, Mrs. Harriet A. Westfield, Ms.
Farnsworth, Rev. James D. Boxboro', Ms
Farnsworth, Mrs. Rebecca, M. T. do.
Farnsworth, Charlotte J. do.
Farrar, Mrs. Dorcas, Lincoln, Ms.
Farrar, James, Jr. do.
Farrar, John W. do.
Farrar, Samuel, Andover, Ms.
Farwell, Stephen T. Cambridge, Ms.
Faunce, James, Sandwich, Ms.
Fay, Rev. Barnabas M. Wilmington, Ms.
*Fay, Rev. Samuel A. West Brookfield, Ms.
Fay, Warren, D. D. Northboro', Ms.
Felt, Rev. Joseph B. Boston, Ms.
Ferguson, Miss Margarette D. Whately, Ms.
Fessenden, Rev. Joseph P. Bridgton, Me.
Fessenden, Mrs. Phebe P. South Bridgton, Me.
Field, Rev. David D. Stockbridge, Ms.
Field, Rev. Thomas P. Danvers, Ms.
*Field, Rev. Timothy, West Westminster, Vt.
*Fish, Rev. Halloway, Marlboro', N. H.
*Fish, Mrs. Hannah, do.
*Fisher, Rev. Elias, Lempster, N. H.
*Fisher, Rev. Jabez P. Deering, N. H.
*Fisher, Rev. Jonathan, Bluehill, Me.
Fisher, Miss Lucy, West Randolph, Ms.
Fisher, M. M. Medway Village, Ms.
*Fisk, Ebenezer, Shelburne, Ms.
Fisk, Mrs. Melinda O. do.
Fisk, David A. do.
Fisk, Rev. Elisha, Wrentham, Ms.
Fisk, Franklin W. Abington, Ms.
Fisk, Rev. Daniel T. Newbury, (Belleville)Ms.
Fisk, Hon. F. N. Concord, N. H.
Fiske, Rev. John, D. D. New Braintree, Ms.
*Fiske, Rev. N. W. Amherst, Ms.
*Fiske, Mrs. D. W. V. do.
*Fitch, Rev. Charles, Newark, N. J.
Fitch, E. Hopkinton, Ms.
Fitch, Rev. E T., D. D. New Haven, Ct.
Fitz, Rev. Daniel, Ipswich, Ms.
Fitz, Mrs. Caroline S. do.
Fitz, George C. do.
*Fitz, Louise A. do.
Fitz, Daniel F. do.
Fitz, Caroline F. do.
Fitz, Sarah A. do.
Flagg, Stephen, Boylston, Ms.
*Flagg, Timothy, Andover, Ms.
Fleming, Thomas, Charleston, S. C.
Fletcher, Ephraim S. Whitinsville, Ms.
Fletcher, Rev. H. Townshend, Vt.
Fletcher, Josiah, Ludlow, Vt.

Field, Edwin, Sunderland, Ms.
Fletcher, Miss Lucy, Dunstable, Ms.
Fletcher, Rev. Samuel H. New York city.
Fletcher, Samuel, Andover, Ms.
Fletcher, Mrs. Nancy B. do. (in part $11 54)
Fobes, Ansel, Enfield, Ms.
Fobes, Henry, do.
Follansbee, Nathan, Newburyport, Ms.
Follansbee, Mrs. Sophia A. do.
Follett, Rev. Walter, Temple, N. H.
Follett, Mrs. Maria D. B. do.
Follet, Silas, Thetford, Vt.
Foot, Asahel, New Ipswich, N. H.
*Foote, Rev. Joseph I. Courtlandville, N. Y.
Foote, Mrs. Louisa W. Brookfield, Ms.
Foote, Mrs. Amelia S. L. Jamestown, N. Y.
*Forbush, Rev. Charles, Northbridge, Ms.
Ford, James, Jr. Abington, Ms.
Foster, A. D. Worcester, Ms.
Foster, Rev. Amos, Putney, Vt.
Foster, Mrs. Harriet A. do.
Foster, John, Boscawen, N. H.
Foster, John, Andover, Ms.
Foster, William, do.
Foster, Simeon, do.
Foster, Rebecca H. Boston, Ms.
Fowler, Rev. Orin, Fall River, Ms.
Fowler, B West Springfield, (Agawam,) Ms.
Fowler, Mrs. Irene, Westfield, Ms.
Francis, Rev. James H. Dudley, Ms.
*Francis, John, Royalton, Vt.
Francis, Mrs. Rebekah W. Burlington, Vt.
Francis, Julia, do.
Francis, Amelia, do.
Francis, Miss R. W. do.
Freeman, Rev. Charles, Limerick, Me.
Freeman, Rev. Frederick
Freeman, Mrs. Russell, Sandwich, Ms.
French, Rev. Daniel L. Nelson, N. H.
French, Rev. James R. Havana.
French, Jonathan, Boston, Ms.
French, Mrs. Jonathan, do.
French, Jonathan, Bedford, N. H.
French, Mrs. Sally, do.
French, Rev. Jonathan, Northampton, N. H.
French, Rev. Justus W. Barre, Vt.
French, Rev. Lyndon S. Orleans, Vt.
French, Moses, East Randolph, Ms.
*Friend, Miss Elizabeth, Newburyport, Ms.
Gage, William L. Concord, N. H.
Gale, Rev. George W. Galesburg, Ill.
Gale, Rev. Wakefield, Rockport, Ms.
Gale, Mrs. Wakefield, do.
Gale, Joseph W. do.
Galishan, Mary Little, Andover, Ms.
Gallaudet, Rev. Thomas H. Hartford, Ct.
Gardiner, Robert H. Gardiner, Me.
Gates, James W. Boston, Ms.
*Gates, Mrs. Ruth H. do.
Gay, Rev. Ebenezer, Bridgewater, Ms.
Gay, Rev. Samuel, Hubbardston, Ms.
Gaylord, Rev. Munson C. West Stockbridge, Ms.
George, Rev. Enos, Barnstead, N. H.
Gerould, Rev. Moses, Hinsdale, N. H.
Gerould, Mrs. Cynthia D. do.
Gerrish, Mrs. Jane, Boscawen, N. H.
Gerrish, Mrs. Martha A. East Boscawen, N. H.
Gibbs, David, Haverhill, N. H.
Gilbert, Rev. Lyman, West Newton, Ms.
Gile, Mrs. Samuel, Milton, Ms.
Giles, Benjamin, Rockport, Ms.
Giles, Thomas, do.
Giles, Mrs. Thomas, do.
*Giles, Rev. John, Newburyport, Ms.
Gilkey, Walter R. Windsor, Vt.
Gillett, Rev. Eliphalet, D. D. Hallowell, Me.
Gilman, Elizabeth, Exeter, N. H.
Gilman, Deborah H. do. (in part $17)
Goddard, Parley, Worcester, Ms.
*Goffe, Rev. Joseph, Millbury, Ms.
Goffe, Ebenezer W. do.
Gomez, Mrs. Caroline K. Newburyport, Ms.
Gomez, Sarah, do.
Gordon, Miss Sarah H. Hallowell, Me.
Gott, Jabez R. Rockport, Ms.
Gott, Mrs. Hannah B. do.
Gott, Ellen H. do.
Goodale, S. L. Saco, Me.
Goodell, Orra, Millbury, Ms.
Goodell, Dr. Simeon, Watson, N. Y.
*Goodhue. Rev. John N. Marlboro., Ms.
Goodrich, Rev. Charles A. Hartford, Ct.
*Goodwin, Mrs. Daniel, Brookline, N. H.
Goodyear, Rev. George, Truro, Ms.
Goodyear, Mrs. Roxana, do.
Gouch, Miss Sarah R. P. North Yarmouth, Me.
Gould, Abraham J. Andover, Ms.
Gould, Daniel, Winchester, Va.
*Gould, Rev. Vinson, Southampton, Ms.
Gould, Rev. William, Fairhaven, Ms.
Graham, Rev. Samuel L. Bullock Store, N. C.
Granger, Rev. A. H. Warren, Me.
Grant, Moses, Boston, Ms.
Graves, Cephas, Sunderland, Ms.
Graves Rev. Horatio N. Townshend, Vt.
Graves, Mrs. Martha A. do.
*Graves, Rev. Increase, Bridport, Vt.
Graves, John, Whitinsville, Ms.
Graves, Miss Martha C. East Hampton, Ms.
Graves, Mrs. Eli, do.
Gray, Rev. A. R. Coventry, Vt.
Gray, Francis C. Boston, Ms.
Gray, Mrs. H. do.
Gray, Henry, Dorchester, Ms.
Gray, Robert, Sanbornton Bridge, N. H.
Greeley, Rev. Allen, Turner, Me.
Greely, Mrs. Sarah C. Chicopee Falls, Ms.
Green, Rev. Aaron, Andover, Ms.
Green, Benjamin, Grafton, Ms.
Green, Rev. Beriah, Whitesboro', N. Y.
*Green, Rev. Samuel, Boston, Ms.
*Green, Mrs. Samuel, do.
Green, Rev. H. S. Lynnfield, Ms.
Greenleaf, Benjamin, West Bradford, Ms.
Greenleaf, Mrs. Jane, Newburyport, Ms.
Greenleaf, Mrs. Mary, do.
Greenleaf, Miss Mary C. do.
Greenleaf, Rev. Jonathan, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Greenleaf, Rev. Patrick H. Charlestown, Ms.
Greenleaf, Hon. Simon, Cambridge, Ms.
Greenleaf, Mrs. Simon, do.
Greenleaf, Miss Caroline A. do.
Greenough, Henry P. East Boscawen, N. H. (in part $5)
Greenwood, Rev. Alfred, West Barnstable, Ms.
Gregg, Mrs. Mary, Andover, Me. (in part $10)
Gregg, Miss Rowena, Boston, Ms.
*Gridley, Rev. Elijah, East Granby, Ms.
Gridley, Rev. Frederick, Ellsworth, Ct.
Gridley, Rev. John, Montpelier, Vt.
Gridley, Mrs. Arabella W. Southport, Wis.
*Gridley, Rev. Ralph W. Williamstown, Ms.
*Griffin, Rev. Edward D., D. D. do.
Griffin, Mrs. Silence, Roxbury, N. H.
Griswold, Rev. J. F. Washington, N. H.
Griswold, Miss Roxanna, Buckland, Ms.
Griswold, Mrs. Elizabeth, Peoria, Ill.
Grosvenor, Rev. David A. Elyria, O.
*Grosvenor, Mrs. Lucy, Slatersville, R. I.
Grosvenor, Rev. Mason, Hudson, O.
Grosvenor, Mrs. Mason, do.
Grosvenor, Mrs. Mary B. Brookfield, Ms.
*Grosvenor, Joseph W. do.
Grosvenor, Rev. Moses G. Marlboro', N. H.
Grout, Isaac, Putney, Vt.
*Grout, Rev. Jonathan, Hawley, Ms.
Guild, J. Ellis, Worcester, Ms.
Gurney, Elbridge, Abington, Ms.
Hale, Enoch, M. D. Boston, Ms.
Hale, Mrs. Moses L. do.
*Hale, Rev. Enoch, Westhampton, Ms.
*Hale, Rev. J. L. Windham, Me.
Hale, Mrs. Sarah T. do. (in part $10)
Hale, Mrs. Mary, Newbury, Ms.
Hale, Miss Mary, do.
Hale, Mrs. Sarah W. do.

*Haliburton, Mrs. Mary, Exeter, N. H.
Hall, Mrs. John, Ellington, Ct.
Hall, Rev. Jeffries, Wolfboro', N. H.
Hall, Rev. Nathan H. Lexington, Ky.
Hall, Newton, Stanstead, Lower Canada.
*Hall, Rev. Richard, New Ipswich, N. H.
Hall, Rev. Thomas, Waterford, Vt.
Hall, Timothy W. Windsor, Vt.
Hall, Hon. William, Rockingham, Vt.
*Hallock, Rev. Moses, Plainfield, Ms.
Hallock, Leavitt H. do.
Hallock, Mrs. Margaret, do.
Hallock Miss Martha, do.
Hallock, Rev. William A. New York city.
Hand, Mrs. Richard C. Danville, Vt.
Hanks, Rev. Stedman W. Lowell, Ms.
Harding, Charles, Sunderland, Ms.
Harding, Mrs. Elvira L. South Weymouth, Ms.
Harding, Rev. Sewall, East Medway, Ms.
*Hardy, Rev. Solomon, Eastham, Ms.
Harper, Mrs. Harriet L. Chelsea, Ms.
Harraden, Andrew, Ms.
Harrington, Rev. E. W. Lunenburg, Ms.
Harris, Mrs. David, South Hadley, Ms.
Harris, Rev. Edward, New York city.
Harris, Rev. Roswell, Hampton, N. H.
Harris, Rev. Samuel, Windham, N. H.
Harris, Sarah, do.
*Harris, Rev. Walter, D. D. Dunbarton, N. H.
Harris, William, Boston, Ms.
Harrison, Rev. Marcus, Danbury, Ct.
Harrison, Rev. Roger, Tolland, Ms.
*Hart, Rev. Luther, Plymouth, Ct.
Harvey, Rev. A. Plymouth, Ms.
Harvey, James, Salem, Ms.
Haskell, James, Rockport, Ms.
Haskell, Josiah, do.
Hatch, Rev. Roger C. Warwick, Ms.
Hathaway, Rev. George W. Bloomfield, Me.
*Haven, Rev. Jacob, Croyden, N. H.
Haven, Rev. John, Stoneham, Ms.
Haven, Rev. Joseph, Brookline, Ms.
Haven, Rev. Joseph, Jr. do.
Haven, Mrs. Mary, do.
Haverhill, Ms. S. School of 1st Cong. Ch. (in part $13 05)
Hawes, Rev. Hervey, Nobleboro', Me.
Hawes, Rev. Joel, D. D., Hartford, Ct.
Hawes, Rev. Josiah T. New Sharon, Me.
Hawkes, Benjamin, Templeton, Ms.
Hawkes, Zerah, Shelburne, Ms.
Hawks, Rev. Roswell, South Hadley, Ms.
Hawks, William, Ashfield, Ms.
Hawley, Rev. William A. Plainfield, Ms.
Hayden, Rev. Gardiner, Egremont, Ms.
Hayes, Miss Mary A. B. West Brattleboro', Vt.
Hayes, Dr. R. P. Nashville, Tenn.
Hayward, Ebenezer, Boston, Ms.
Hazen, Rev. Austin, Berlin, Vt.
Heard, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Ipswich, Ms.
Heaton, Mrs. Fanny, Charlestown, N. H.
Heath, Sarah A. Y. South Reading, Ms.
Hennen, Alfred, New Orleans, La.
Henry, Rev. C. Sprague, D. D., New York city.
*Henry, Rev. Thomas C., D. D. Charleston, S. C.
*Herrick, Rev. Osgood, Millbury, Ms.
*Hidden, Rev. Samuel, Tamworth, N. H.
Hidden, Rev. E. N. Deerfield, N. H.
Hildreth, A. E. Boston, Ms.
Hildreth, Mrs. Eliza P. do.
*Hildreth, Rev. Hosea, Westboro', Ms.
Hill, Rev. Ebenezer, Mason, N. H.
Hill, Mrs. Nabby, do.
Hill, Rev. Joseph, Hancock, N. H.
Hill, Henry, Boston, Ms.
Hill, Henry M. do.
*Hill, David P. do.
Hill, George E. do.
Hills, Rev. Israel, Dixmont, Me.
Hills, Mrs. Lucinda, do. (in part $18 50)
Hinsdale, Mrs. Catharine E. Blandford, Ms.
Hitchcock, Rev. Calvin, D. D. Randolph, Ms.
Hitchcock, Rev. Edward, Amherst, Ms.
Hitchcock, Rev. R. D. Exeter, N. H. (in part $10)
Hitchcock, Mrs. Lucinda B. Brimfield, Ms.
Hitchcock, Sarah, do.
Hixon, Rev. Asa, West Medway, Ms.
Hobart, Rev. Caleb, North Yarmouth, Me.
Hobart, Rev. James, Berlin, Vt.
Hobart, Mrs. Betsey, do.
Hodges, S. H. Rutland, Vt.
Hoff, Lewis, Winchester, Va.
*Holbrook, John, Brattleboro', Vt.
Holbrook, Mrs. Sarah, Braintree, Ms.
Holbrook, Mrs. Prudence D. East Randolph, Ms.
Holbrook, Rev. Willard, Millville, Ms.
Holden, Francis P. North Abington, Ms.
Holman, Rev. David, Douglas, Ms.
*Holman, Mrs. Louisa, do.
Holman, Seth, Royalton, Ms. (in part $5)
Holman, Rev. Sidney, Millbury, Ms.
Holman, Mrs. Myra F. do.
*Holmes, Rev. Abiel, D. D. Cambridge, Ms.
Holmes, Rev. Henry B. Andover, Ms.
Holmes, Henry B. Jr. do.
Holmes, Charles Butler, do.
Holmes, Ann E. do. (in part $15)
Holmes, Rev. Sylvester, New Bedford, Ms.
Holmes, Mrs. Mary A. Londonderry, N. H.
Holt, Rev. Peter, Peterboro', N. H.
Homan, Richard, Marblehead, Ms.
Home, Joseph, Methuen, Ms.
*Homer, Rev. Jonathan, D. D. Newton, Ms.
*Homer, George J. Boston, Ms.
Homes, William, do.
*Hooker, Hon. John, Springfield, Ms.
Hooker, William, Westfield, Ms.
*Hooper, William, Marblehead, Ms.
*Hooper, Hon. Nathaniel, do.
*Hopkins, Rev. A. T. Buffalo, N. Y.
*Hopkins, John, Northampton, Ms.
Hopkins, Rev. Josiah, Newhaven, Vt.
Hosford, Rev. Benjamin F. Haverhill, Ms.
Hosford, Mrs. Benjamin F. do.
Hosley, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Pepperell, Ms.
Houghton, Rev. William A. Northboro', Ms.
Howard, Joseph, New York city.
*Howe, Rev. James, Pepperell, Ms.
Howe, Jonathan, Charlestown, Ms.
Howe, Rev. Perly, Surry, N. H.
Howes, Miss Almira, Montpelier, Vt.
Howes, J. W. do.
Howland, Catharine, Conway, Ms.
Howland, Rev. Freeman P. Hanson, Ms.
Hoxie, Mrs. Clarke, Sandwich, Ms.
Hoxie, Miss Mary C. do.
Hubbard, Avery D. Sunderland, Ms.
Hubbard, Mrs. Lucy N. Fitchburg, Ms.
Hubbard, Rev. O. G. Leominster, Ms.
Hubbard, P. Eaton, Lower Canada.
Hudson, Henry S. Oxford, Ms.
*Hull, Rev. Aretius B. Worcester, Ms.
Hume, Rev. William, Nashville, Tenn.
Humphrey, Rev. J. P. Winchester, N. H.
Humphrey, Rev. Heman, D. D. Pittsfield, Ms.
Hunnewell, Lucy, Norwich, Vt.
Hunnewell, Charlotte, do.
Hunt, Mehitable, Abington, Ms.
Hunt, Mrs. William W. West Brookfield, Ms.
Hunt, Zebina M. Sunderland, Ms.
Huntington, Rev. Daniel, North Bridgewater, Ms.
*Huntington, Rev. J. Boston, Ms.
Hurd, Rev. Carlton, Fryeburg, Me.
Hurd, Mrs. Sophronia, do.
Hurd, Rev. Isaac, Exeter, N. H.
Hurd, Mrs. Elizabeth, do.
*Hurlburt, Rev. Rufus, Sudbury, Ms.
Hurlburt, Mrs. Mary P. do.
Hurlburt, Rev. Salmon, Rochester, Vt.
Hurlburt, Rev. Henry, East Rutland, Vt.
Huston, Miss Josephine, Bristol, Me.
Hutchings, Otis, Westmoreland, N. H.
*Hyde, Rev. Alvan, D. D. Lee, Ms.
Hyde, Henry A. Bath, Me.
Hyde, Rev. S. S. East Falmouth, Ms.
Ide, Rev. Jacob, D. D. West Medway, Ms.

*Ingersoll, Rev. Samuel B. Shrewsbury, Ms.
Ingraham, Rev. Ira, New York city.
Ingraham, Rev. John H. Augusta, Me.
*Ingram, Rev. Solomon B. Sunderland, Ms.
Jackson, Rev. Samuel C. Andover, Ms.
*Jenkins, Rev. Charles, Portland, Me.
Jenkins, Charles E. Boston, Ms.
Jenkins, Mrs. Charles E. do.
Jenkins, Rev. Ebenezer, Dalton, Ms.
*Jenks, John, Salem, Ms.
Jenks, Rev. William, D. D. Boston, Ms.
Jennison, Miss Abigail L. Newburyport, Ms.
Jennison, Rev. Edward, Hopkinton, N. H.
Jennison, Mrs. Mary B. S. do.
Jessup, Mrs. Sarah Ann, Westfield, Ms.
Jessup, Charles A. do.
Jessup, Miss Mary, do.
Jessup, Zerujah C. do.
*Jewett, Rev. David, Waltham, Ms.
Jewett, Mrs. David, do.
Jewett, Miss Elizabeth C. do.
Jewett, David B. do.
Jewett, Mrs. Henry C. Gloucester, Ms.
Jewett, John B. Meredith Bridge, N. H.
Jewett, Rev. Leonard, Temple, N. H.
Jewett, Rev. Luther, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Jewett, Mrs. R. W. Hollis, N. H.
Johnson, Rev. Gideon S. East Haverhill, Ms.
Johnson, Rev. Daniel O.
Johnson, Mrs. Rebekah, Sandwich Islands.
Johnson, William P. Boston, Ms.
Johnson, Samuel, do.
Johnston, Mrs. Sarah, Haverhill, N. H.
Jones, Rev. Elijah, Minot, Me.
Jones, Mrs. Bathsheba, do.
Jones, Rev. Ezra, Greenfield, N. H.
Jones, Augustus T. North Bridgewater, Ms.
Judd, Rev. J. S. Whately, Ms.
*Judson, Rev. Samuel, Uxbridge, Ms.
Judson, Willard, do.
J. W. and A. W., Francestown, N. H.
Keith, Mrs. Lydia, North Bridgewater, Ms.
*Kellogg, Rev. David, D. D. Framingham, Ms.
*Kellogg, Rev. Ebenezer, Vernon, Ct.
*Kellogg, Ebenezer, Williamstown, Ms.
Kellogg, Rev. E. M. New Boston, N. H.
Kellogg, Elam, Shelburne, Ms.
Kellogg, Elizabeth, Hadley, Ms.
Kellogg, William, Fredericksburg, Va.
Kelly, Rev. John, Hampstead, N. H.
Kelly, Nath'l R. North Haverhill, Ms.
Kenny, David, Thetford, Vt.
Kendall, John, Dunstable, Ms.
Kent, Jonathan, Hampstead, N. H.
Kent, Mrs. Mary A. Orwell, Vt.
Kent, Mrs. Margaret, Concord, N. H.
Kent, Miss Mary F. do.
Kerr, Rev. Joseph, Alleghany Co. Penn.
Kilborn, Samuel, Longmeadow, Ms.
Killom, Francis, Waltham, Ms.
Kimball, Rev Moses, Tewksbury, Ms.
Kimball Mrs. Abby B. do.
*Kimball, Miss Adaline A. Lyndon, Vt.
Kimball, Rev. David T., Ipswich, Ms.
Kimball, Rev. Ivory, Lyndeboro', N. H.
*Kimball, James, Newburyport, Ms.
Kimball, Rev. James, Oakham, Ms.
Kimball, Mrs. Emily P. do.
Kimball, James W., Boston, Ms.
Kimball, Mrs. Mary S. do.
Kimball, James H., Bradford, Ms.
Kimball, Sarah, Concord, N. H.
Kimball, Mrs. Sarah, Cornish, N. H.
King, Rev. Alexander, Dublin, Ireland.
King, Benjamin, Abington, Ms.
King, Mrs. Hannah, do.
King, John A. do.
King, Joshua, do.
*King, James, Salem, Ms.
King, Mrs. Catharine, Westfield, Ms.
Kingsbury, Abijah, Keene, N. H.
*Kingsbury, Rev. Nath'l, Mount Vernon, N. H.
Kingsbury, Rev. S. A., Damariscotta, Me.

Kitchell, Phineas, Bridport, Vt.
Kittredge, Rev. Charles B., Monson, Ms.
*Knapp, Rev. Isaac, Westfield, Ms.
Knapp, Mrs. Clarissa, do.
Knappin, Rev. Mason, ———, Ill.
Knight, Mrs. Harriet E., Dudley, Ms.
Knight, Charles, Easton, Ms.
Knight, Rev. Joseph, East Granby, Ms.
Knox, Mrs. Ruth, Blandford, Ms.
Lambert, Rev. Nathaniel, Lyme, N. H.
Lampson, Henry P., Lowell, Ms.
*Lander, William, Salem, Ms.
Lane, Rev. Joseph, Pembroke, N. H.
Lane, Mrs. Rebecca P. do.
Langdon, John W., Boston, Ms.
Langworthy, Mrs. Isaac P., Chelsea, Ms. (in part $13 50.)
Latham, Orramel H., Lyme, N. H.
*Lathrop, Mrs. Hannah, Norwich, Ct.
Lawrence, Hon. Abbott, Boston, Ms.
Lawrence, Rev. Hubbard, Toledo, Mich.
*Lawrence, John B., Salem, Ms.
Lawrence, Mrs. Margaret O., Marblehead, Ms.
Lawrence, Mrs. Mary L., Claremont, N. H.
Lawton, Rev. C. J., Passadumkeag, Me.
Lawton, Rev. John, Hillsboro', N. H.
Lawton, Rev. Sandford, Monson, Ms.
Leach, Rev. Giles, Meredith Village, N. H.
Leach, Mrs. Elizabeth T. do.
*Leavitt, George A., Andover, Ms.
Le Baron, Rev. Lemuel, Rochester, Ms.
Ledyard, William, Bath, Me.
*Lee, Mrs. Ann, Boston, Ms.
Lee, Rev. Jonathan, Salisbury, Ct.
Lee, Mrs. Martha, Manchester, Ms.
Lee, Rev. Samuel, New Ipswich, N. H.
Lefavour, Amos, Jr., Beverly, Ms.
Lemont, Mrs. Joanna S., Hallowell, Me.
Leonard, James M., Bridgewater, Ms.
*Leverett, Mrs. Elizabeth, Haverhill, N. H.
Lewis, Rev. Wales, South Weymouth, Ms.
*Linklean, John, Cazenovia, N. Y.
*Litchfield, Rev. Paul, Carlisle, Ms.
Little, Enoch, Jr., Boscawen, N. H.
Little, Mrs. Aphia C. do.
Little, John A. do.
Little, Emma, do.
Little, Mrs. Sarah, Newbury, Ms.
Little, Mrs. Sophronia, do.
Little, Rev. Valentine, Lovell, Me.
Long, Claudius B., Boston, Ms.
Long, David C. do.
Long, Mrs. D. C. do.
Long, Rev. David, Milford, Ms.
Long, Mrs. Samuel, Hanover, N. H.
Long, William H., Hopkinton, N. H.
Loomis, Rev. Hubbel, Willington, Ct.
Lord, Charles A., New York city.
Lord, Daniel W., Kennebunkport, Me.
Lord, Mrs. Phebe, do.
Lord, Mrs. Elizabeth K., Hanover, N. H.
*Lord, Rev. Henry, Williamsburg, Ms.
Lord, Miss Mary, Ipswich, Ms.
Lord, Miss Lois C. do.
Lord, George R. do.
Lord, Otis P. do.
Lord, Nathaniel, do.
*Lord, Mrs. Eunice, do.
Lord, Mrs. Mary H. do.
Lord, Rev. Nathan, D. D., Hanover, N. H.
Lord, Nathaniel J., Salem, Ms.
Lord, Mrs. Susan D., North Beverly, Ms.
Lord, Mrs. Tobias, Johnstown, N. Y.
Loring, Rev. A. T., Phippsburg, Me.
Loring, Rev. Bailey, Andover, Ms.
Loring, Mrs. James S., Boston, Ms.
Loring, Master James B. do.
Loring, Mrs. Prudence C. do.
*Lovejoy, Rev. Daniel, Albion, Me.
Lovejoy, Mrs. S. M., Oldtown, Me.
Lovell, Rev. Alexander, Westboro', Ms.
Lovell, Mrs. Clarinda, do.
Lowe, Rev. Isaac P., Pittsfield, Ms.

Loomis, Jason B., Chelsea, Ms.
Loomis, Mrs. Sarah H. do.
Luce, Rev. Leonard, Westford, Ms.
Lyman, Rev. Eliphalet, Woodstock, Ct.
Lyman, Francis, Goshen, Ms.
*Lyman, Rev. Joseph, D. D., Hatfield, Ms.
Lyman, Mrs. Louisa W., Marlboro', N. H. (in part $11.)
*Lyon, Rev. Walter, Pomfret, Ct.
Lyon, Mrs. Mary, South Hadley, Ms.
*Mack, David, Middlefield, Ms.
Mack, Miss Jane, Londonderry, N H.
Mallary, Rev. Charles D., Columbia, S. C.
Maltby, Mrs. J. G., Bangor, Me.
Mann, Rev. Cyrus, Lowell, Ms.
Mann, Rev. Joel, Salem, Ms.
*Mansfield, Rev. Daniel, Wenham, Ms.
Mansfield, Mrs. Hannah F., Andover, Ms.
Mansfield, Ezra A. do.
Manson, Rev. Albert, Bennington, N. H.
Manson, Mrs. Albert, do.
*March, Rev. John C., Newbury, Ms.
March, Mrs. Alice L., do.
March, Tyrus, Millbury, Ms.
Marsh, Amos, Sunderland, Ms.
Marsh, John J., Haverhill, Ms.
*Marsh, Rev. John, D. D., Wethersfield, Ct.
Marsh, Rev. Joseph, Waitsfield, N. H.
Marsh, Mrs. Lucy, Roxbury, Ms.
Marston, Mrs. Constantine B., Waterville, Me. (in part $10.)
Martin, Rev. Benjamin N., New York city.
Marvin, Theophilus R., Boston, Ms.
Marvin, Mrs. Julia A. C. do.
Marvin, William T. R. do.
Marvin, Julia E. do.
*Mason, Rev. Alfred L., Mason Village, N. H.
Mason, B. F., Kennebunkport, Me.
Mason, Joseph W., Bangor, Me.
Mason, Lowell, Boston, Ms.
Mather, Rev. William L., Concord, Ms.
Matthews, Rev. Lyman, Cornwall, Vt.
Matthews, Mrs. Lyman, do.
May, Chester, Woodstock, Ct.
May, Thomas, do.
May, Abiel, do.
*May, Rev. William, Strong, Me.
May, Mrs. William, do.
Maynard, Mrs. Lucy, Conway, Ms.
McAllister, Miss Sally, Campton, N. H.
McCampbell, Rev. J., Jefferson co. Tenn.
McEwen, Rev. Abel, New London, Ct.
*McFarland, Rev. Asa, D. D., Concord, N. H.
McFarland, Mrs. Anna, Northboro', Ms.
McFarland, William, Worcester, Ms.
McGee, Rev. Jonathan, Francestown, N. H.
McGregor, Rev. David, Falmouth, Me.
McKeen, Rev. Silas, Bradford, Vt.
*McKeen, Miss Marianne, do.
McKown, Miss Martha, Chelsea, Ms.
McLoud, Rev. Anson, Topsfield, Ms.
McLoud, Mrs. Jane C. do.
McQuesten, Greenough, Fisherville, N. H.
Mears, Mrs. Catharine, Boston, Ms.
Mears, Miss Catharine, do.
Melville, Henry, Nashua Village, N. H.
Melville, Jonas M., Jaffrey, N. H.
Melville, Mrs. Jonas M. do.
Merriam, Rev. Franklin, Richmond, Me.
Merriam, George, Springfield, Ms.
Merriam, Miss Rosaline A. W., Boston, Ms.
Merrill, A. K., Haverhill, N. H.
Merrill, Rev. Enos, Alna, Me.
Merrill, Mrs. Hannah A. do.
Merrill, Rev. Henry A., Norway, Me.
Merrill, Rev. Horatio, Dracut, Ms.
Merrill, Rev. James H., Montague, Ms.
Merrill, Mrs. James H. do.
Merrill, Rev. Josiah G., Cape Elizabeth, Me.
Merrill, Rev. Nathaniel, Lyndeboro', N. H.
Merrill, Rev. Thomas A., D. D., Middlebury, Vt.
Merrill, Rev. Thomas W., Prairie Rondee, Mich.
Merithew, Jeremiah, Searsport, Me.
Merithew, Richard, Searsport, Me.
Merwin, Rev. Samuel, Wilton, Ct.
*Metcalf, Mrs. Elizabeth, Keene, N. H.
Metcalf, Stephen J., Medway, Ms.
Metcalf, Mrs. Stephen J. do.
Metcalf, Caroline M. do.
Miles, Rev. John, Grafton, Ms.
Miller, Rev. Moses, West Hawley, Ms.
*Mills, Rev. Edmund, Sutton, Ms.
Mills, Rev. Joseph L., Becket, Ms.
Miltimore, Andrew, Newbury, Ms.
*Miltimore, Rev. James, do.
Miltimore, Mrs. Sarah B. do.
*Miltimore, Rev. William, Falmouth, Me.
Minott, Mrs. Mary, Concord, Ms.
*Mitchell, Rev. Alfred, Norwich, Ct.
Mitchell, Rev. D. M., Andover, Ms.
*Moody, Mrs. Mary, Kennebunkport, Me.
Moody, Rev. Howard, Canterbury, N. H.
Moody, Mrs Sarah, Hallowell, Me.
Moody, Thomas H., East Granby, Ms.
Moody, Rev. Eli, Montague, Ms.
Moody, Mr. L. A., Cabotville, Ms.
Moore, Mrs. Ann, Bradford, Vt. (in part $10.)
Moore, Rev. E. D., Boston, Ms.
*Moore, Rev. Zephaniah S., D. D., Amherst, Ms.
*Morgan, Rev. Asaph, Essex, Vt.
*Morse, Rev. Jedediah, D. D., Charlestown, Ms.
Morse, Rev. Josiah, Concord, Vt.
Morse, Mrs. Josiah, do.
Morse, Loring, Acworth, N. H.
Morse, Samuel, Hopkinton, Ms.
Morse, S. F. B., New York city.
Morse, Rev. Stephen, Troy, N. H.
Morse, Mrs. Martha K. do.
*Morss, Rev. James, D. D., Newburyport, Ms.
Morss, Joseph, do.
Morris, Mrs. Mary P., Windsor, Vt.
Morrison, James, Plymouth, N. H.
Morton, Rev. Daniel O., Bristol, N. H.
Morton, Mrs. L. P. do.
Morton, Ebenezer, South Deerfield, Ms.
Mossman, Silas, Cabotville, Ms.
M. S. Y., Boston, Ms.
Mudge, Rev. James, Greenfield, Ms.
Munroe, Edmund, Boston, Ms.
Munroe, Rev. Nathan, Bradford, Ms.
Munroe, Mrs. Lucelia T. do.
*Munson, Israel, Boston, Ms.
*Murdoch, Rev. Thomas, Canterbury, Ct.
Murdock, Rev. James, D. D., New Haven, Ct.
Murdock, Rev. William, Candia, N. H.
Murphy, James, Boston, Ms.
Mussey, Reuben D., Cincinnati, O.
Nash, Rev. Ansel, Worcester, Ms.
*Nash, Rev. Jonathan, Middlefield, Ms.
Nash, Mrs. Lorenzo S., Granby, Ms.
Nash, Zadok, Abington, Ms.
Nash, Ira, do.
Nason, Bartholomew, Augusta, Me.
Nason, Mrs. Elizabeth, Hallowell, Me.
Nason, Olive, Boston, Ms.
Neale, Mrs. Rollin H., Boston, Ms.
Nelson, Rev. John, D. D., Leicester, Ms.
Nelson, Mrs. Mary, Newburyport, Ms.
Nelson, Rev. Thomas, Knoxville, Tenn.
Newcomb, Rev. Harvey, East Needham, Ms.
Newcomb, Miss Jane, Bernardston, Ms.
Newcomb, Miss Martha L. do.
Newcomb, Susan, do.
Newcomb, Elizabeth M. do.
Newcomb, Jonathan, Braintree, Ms.
Newell, Rev. Gad, Nelson, N. H.
Newell, Mrs. Sophia, do.
*Newell, Hannah T., Brighton, Ms.
Newell, Hiram, Waltham, Ms.
Newell, Rev. William W., Syracuse, N. Y.
Newhall, Rev. Ebenezer, Lincoln, Ms.
Newman, Rev. William J., Stratham, N. H.
Newman, Mrs. Caroline, do.
Newport (N. H.) Ladies' Reading and Char. Soc.
Newton, Rev. Benjamin B., St. Albans, Vt.
Newton, Mrs. Adeline P. do.

Newton, Calvin P., Norwich, Vt.
Newton, Louisa, do.
Newton, Lucy A. do.
Newton, Ellen A. do.
Newton, Mary A. do.
Newton, George P. do.
Newton, Cyrel, do.
Newton, Rev. Ephraim H., Marlboro', Vt.
Nichols, Mrs. Bethia A., South Brookfield, Ms.
Nichols, Mrs. L. W. A., West Brookfield, Ms.
Nickels, Rev. Christopher M., Gloucester, Ms.
Nicolson, Miss Elizabeth, Boston, Ms.
*Niles, Rev. Mark A. H., Lowell, Ms.
Niles, Rev. W. W., Dobbs' Ferry, N. Y.
Nims, Reuben, Shelburne, Ms.
*Noble, Rev. C. D., Springfield, Vt.
*Noble, Rev. Calvin, Chelsea, Vt.
Norcross, Daniel, Rindge, N. H.
*Norcross, Joel, Monson, Ms.
Norton, Sarah E., Norridgewock, Me. (in part $10.)
Norton, Rev. Thos. S., Sullivan, N. H.
Norton, Albert, Boston, Ms.
*Norton, Rev. Asahel S., D. D., Clinton, N. Y.
*Norwood, Mrs Lucy, Rockport, Ms.
Nott, Richard M., Boston, Ms.
Nott, Mrs. Celia P. do.
Nott, Rev. Samuel, D. D., Franklin, Ct.
Nourse, Rev. Peter, Ellsworth, Me.
Noyes, John W., Chester, N. H. (in part $5.)
Noyes, Rev. Daniel J., Concord, N. H.
Noyes, Mrs. Daniel J. do.
Noyes, Samuel A. do.
Noyes, Daniel, Boston, Ms.
Noyes, Mrs. Daniel, do.
Noyes, Mrs. Matthew, Northford, Ct.
Noyes, Mrs. P., Putney, Vt.
*Noyes, Rev. Thomas, Needham, Ms.
*Nye, Rev. Jonathan, Claremont, N. H.
Nye, Mrs. Lemuel, Sandwich, Ms.
Nye, George W., North Abington, Ms.
Oakes, Mrs. Charlotte, Springfield, Ms.
Ober, Rev. Benjamin, West Woodstock, Ct.
O'Brien, Mrs. M. L., Boston, Ms.
Olds, Rev. I. M., Lenox, Madison co. N. Y.
Oliphant, Rev. David, Haverhill, Ms.
Orcutt, Abial, Abington, Ms. (in part $12 50.)
Orr, Rev. John, Alfred, Me.
Osgood, John H., Chelsea, Ms.
Osgood, Rev. Nathaniel, Yarmouth, Ms.
Osgood, Rev. Samuel, D. D., Springfield, Ms.
Osgood, Samuel, Nelson, N. H. (in part $5.)
Packard, Rev. Hezekiah, D. D., Chelmsford, Ms.
Packard, Hezekiah, North Bridgewater, Ms.
Packard, Rev. Levi, Spencer, Ms.
Packard, Mrs. Clarissa, do.
Packard, Rev. Theophilus, D. D., Shelburne, Ms.
Packard, Rev. Theophilus, Jr. do.
Packard, Mrs. Mary, do.
Packard, Mrs. Elizabeth P. W. do.
Packard, Miss Esther P. do.
Packard, Miss Louisa, do.
Packard, Miss Marian, do.
Packard, Miss Sybil T. do.
Packard, Miss Lucy Jane, do.
Packard, Zibeon, Abington, Ms.
Paddleford, Esther D., West Taunton, Ms.
Page, Rev. A. C., Pelham, Ms.
Page, Mrs. Mary E. do.
Page, Rev. Caleb F., Bridgton, Me.
Page, Philip S., Boston, Ms.
Page, Mrs. P. S. do.
Page, Rev. Robert, Hanover, N. H.
Page, Simon, Hallowell, Me.
Page, Rufus K. do.
*Page, Mrs. Rufus K. do.
Page, Mrs. Matilda K. do.
Page, William R. do.
Page, John O. do.
Page, Lucretia B. do.
Page, Franklin H. do.
Page, Harriet, do.
Page, William, Rutland, Vt.
*Paine, Rev. Elijah, West Boylston, Ms.
Paine, Mrs. Elijah, do.
Paine, Rev. Emerson, Little Compton, R. I.
Paine, Levi, East Randolph, Ms.
Paine, Rev. William P., Holden, Ms.
Paine, Mrs. Sarah M. do.
Palmer, Mrs. Ann M., Bath, Me.
Palmer, Rev. Benjamin, D. D., Charleston, S. C.
Palmer, Rev. David, Townsend, Ms.
Parington, Miss Mary, Gorham, Me.
Paris Rev. Martin, Marshfield, Ms.
*Park. Rev. Calvin, D. D., Stoughton, Ms.
Park, Prof. Edwards A., Andover, Ms.
Park, Rev. Jason, Barry, Mich.
Parker, Ann, Wiscasset, Me.
Parker, Rev. Clement, Acton, Me.
Parker, Mrs. Edith, Jaffrey, N. H.
Parker, Rev. Edward L., Derry, N. H.
Parker, Rev. Jeroboam, Southboro', Ms.
Parker, Samuel, Rockport, Ms.
Parmelee, Rev. Simeon, Westford, Vt.
Parsons, Edward W., Hartford, Ct.
Parsons, Mrs. Harriet, Amherst, Ms.
Parsons, John C. do.
Parsons, Miss Harriet W. do. (in part $10.)
Parsons, Miss Mary A. C. do.
Parsons, John, Rockport, Ms.
*Parsons, Rev. Levi, Andover, Ms.
Parsons, Miss Susan, Hallowell, Me.
Partridge, Henry, Norwich, Vt.
Partridge, Mrs. Charlotte E. do.
Patrick, Rev. Joseph H. Greenwich, Ms.
Patrick, Rev. William, Canterbury, N. H.
Patterson, Peter, Londonderry, N. H.
Payson, Rev. Albert L., Detroit, Mich.
*Payson, Rev. Edward, D. D., Portland, Me.
Payson, Mrs. Ann Louisa, do.
Payson, Miss Louisa, do.
*Payson, Rev. George, Kennebunkport, Me.
Payson, Rev. Phillips, Harpersfield, N. Y.
*Payson, Rev. Seth, D. D., Rindge, N. H.
*Peabody, John, Danvers, Ms.
Peabody, Mrs. William A., East Randolph, Ms.
Peach, Mary G., Boscawen, N. H.
Peak, Mrs. Mary, Chelsea, Ms.
Pearson, Jeremiah, Jr., Alna, Me.
*Pearson, John, Bangor, Me.
Pearson, Jacob, Portland, Me.
Pearson, Rev. Ora, Barton, Vt.
Pearson, Mrs. Mary K. do.
Pease, Asa, East Granby, Ms.
Pease, Mrs. Cynthia, West Blandford, Ms.
Pease, Rev. Giles, Sandwich, Ms.
Peck, Rev. Francis, Bristol, R. I.
Peckham, Rev. Samuel H., Plaistow, N. H.
Peet, Rev. Josiah, Norridgewock, Me.
Peet, Rev. J. W., Gardiner, Me.
Peirce, Rev. Willard, North Abington, Ms.
Pennell, Rev. Lewis, Northfield, Ct.
Penniman, Aldis, Woodstock, Ct.
Perham, Rev. John, Madison, Me.
Perkins, Abraham, Newburyport, Ms.
Perkins, Rev. Ebenezer, Royalston, Ms.
Perkins, Rev. George, Norwich, Ct.
Perkins, Rev. Jonas, Braintree, Ms.
*Perkins, Rev. N., D. D., West Hartford, Ct.
*Perkins, Rev. Nathan, Amherst, Ms.
Perry, Mrs. Abby G., Exeter, N. H.
*Perry, Rev. Baxter, Lyme, N. H.
*Perry, Rev. Clark, Lancaster, N. H.
Perry, Rev. David, Danville, Vt.
*Perry, Mrs. Almira D. do.
Perry, Mrs. Julia Ann S. do.
Perry, Mrs. Sarah B., Bradford, Ms.
Perry, Rev. John A., Orono, Me.
Perry, Dr. William, Exeter, N. H.
Peters, Rev. Absalom, D. D., Williamstown, Ms.
*Pettingell, John, Newburyport, Ms.
Pettingell, Sarah, do.
Pettingell, Moses, do.
Phelps, Abner, Boston, Ms.
Phelps, E. S., Northampton, Ms.
Phelps, Rev. Eliakim, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Phillips, Rev. Alonzo, Newburyport, Ms.
Phillips, Ebenezer, Williamsburg, Ms.
Phillips, Mrs. Lydia B. do.
*Phillips, Hon. William, Boston, Ms.
*Phillips, Edward, do.
Phillips, Ichabod, Marblehead, Ms.
Phinney, Mrs. Frances H., Mississippi.
Phinney, Miss Ellen M. do.
Pickett, Rev. Aaron, Reading, Ms.
Pickett, Mrs. Eunice, do.
Pierce, Mrs. E. W. E., South Abington, Ms. (in part $10.)
Pierce, Mrs. Evelina L., Gorham, Me.
Pierce, Rev. George E., Hudson, O.
Pierce, Mrs. Phebe, Baldwin, Me.
*Pierce, Rev. Sylvester G., Methuen, Ms.
*Pike, Rev. Francis V., Rochester, N. H.
*Pike, Mrs. Catharine R. do.
Pitman, Rev. Benjamin H., Marlboro', Vt.
Plummer, Ebenezer, Newburyport, Ms.
Plummer, Miss Anna, do.
Pomeroy, B., Campden, Lower Canada.
Pomeroy, Rev. Jeremiah, Harrisville, N. H. (in part $11.)
*Pomeroy, Rev. J. L., Worthington, Ms.
Pomeroy, Miss Polly, Northampton, Ms.
Pomeroy, Rev. Rufus, Chester, Ms.
Pomeroy, Rev. Thaddeus, Otisco, N. Y.
Pomeroy, Thaddeus, Stockbridge, Ms.
Pomroy, Rev. S. L., Bangor, Me.
Pomroy, Mrs. Ann Q. do.
Pond, Rev. Enoch, D. D. do.
Pond, Mrs. Enoch, Jr., Georgetown, Ms.
*Poole, Abraham, Rockport, Ms.
Poole, Mrs. Mary, do.
Pool, Fitch, Danvers, Ms.
Poor, Rev. Daniel W., Fairhaven, Ms.
Porter, Mrs. Charlotte, Hadley, Ms.
Porter, William, do.
Porter, Elijah, Salem, Ms.
Porter, Emery M., Cambridge, Ms.
Porter, Mrs. Hannah, Monson, Ms.
Porter, Jacob, Plainfield, Ms.
Porter, Mrs. J., Buckland, Ms.
Porter, Rev. James, Coventry, Ct.
Porter, Rev. Noah, D. D, Farmington, Ct.
Porter, Seth, Cummington, Ms.
*Porter, William A. Williamstown, Ms.
Post, Mrs. Sarah G., Westfield, Ms.
Powers, Mrs. Elizabeth, Enfield, Ms.
Powers, Miss Minerva, do.
Powers, Mrs. Dolly, do.
*Powers, Rev. Grant, Goshen, Ct.
*Powers, Rev. J. W., Kennebunk, Me.
Powers, Mrs. Betsey R. do.
Pratt, Rev. Allen, Westmoreland, N. H.
Pratt, Mrs. Hannah S. do.
Pratt, Leander S., Grafton, Ms.
Pratt, Hervey J. do.
*Pratt, Rev. Levi, Medford, Ms.
Pratt, Sarah E., Boston, Ms.
Pray, Francis E., Portland, Me.
Prentiss, Miss Elizabeth, Holliston, Ms.
Price, Rev. Ebenezer, Boscawen, N. H.
Price, Mrs. Lucy do.
Pride, Amasa, Waterbury, Vt. (in part $10.)
Prior, Mrs. Roxana, Northfield, Ms.
Pritchard, William, Newburyport, Ms.
Proctor, Henry M., Boston, Ms.
Proctor, Mrs. Nancy, do.
Proctor, Miss Lucy, do.
Proudfit, Mrs. Abby H., Philadelphia, Pa.
Puffer, Mrs. Phebe, Berlin, Ms.
Punchard, George, Boston, Ms.
Putnam, Mrs. Abby, Andover, Ms.
Putnam, Rev. John N., Dunbarton, N. H.
Putnam, Mrs. Arethusa B. do.
Quincy, Thomas D., Boston, Ms.
Quincy, Mrs. Abigail A. do.
Quincy, Miss Martha A. do.
Rand, Rev. Asa, Lowell, Ms.
Rand, Miss Mary C. do.
Rand, Nehemiah, Nelson, N. H.
*Randall, John, Boston, Ms.
Rankin, Rev. Andrew, Chester, Vt.
Rantoul, Robert, Beverly, Ms.
Rawson, Rev. A., Southboro', Ms.
Raymond, Rev. Ebenezer, Victor, N. Y.
Raynolds, Rev. Freegrace, Wilmington, Ms.
Redington, Asa, Augusta, Me. (in part $5.)
Redington, Edward C., Chelsea, Vt.
Redington, Jacob, Newport, N. H.
Redington, Reuben S. do. (in part $10.)
Reed, Rev. Andrew H , Mendon, Ms.
Reed, Rev. Augustus B., Waltham, Ms.
Reed, Benjamin T., Boston, Ms.
Reed, Mrs. Hannah W., East Pembroke, N. Y.
Reed, Jesse, Abington, Ms.
Reed, Mrs. Nancy, do.
Reed, Mrs. Betsey R. do.
Reid, Rev. Jared, Tiverton, R. I.
Reynolds, Edward, Boston, Ms.
Rice, Rev. Benjamin, New Gloucester, Me.
Rice, Rev. Chauncey D., East Douglas, Ms.
Rice, Mrs. Tryphena C. do.
Rice, Mrs. Charlotte, Conway, Ms.
Rice, Mrs. Lucy W., Buxton, Me.
Rice, Thomas, Winslow, Me.
*Rice, Mrs. Sarah, do.
Rice, Mrs. Susan G. do.
Rice, Mrs. Mary C., West Killingly, Ct.
Rich, Rev. Ezekiel, Troy, N. H.
Richards, Rev. Austin, Nashua, N. H.
Richards, Rev. J. De F., Charlestown, N. H.
Richards, Mrs. Harriet B. J. do.
Richards, Rev. John, Hanover, N. H.
Richards, Mrs. Emily, do. ($40.)
Richards, Rev. Thomas, South Deerfield, Ms.
Richardson, Rev. Henry, Gilead, Me.
Richardson, Rev. J. P., Otisfield, Me.
Richardson, Luther, Winchendon, Ms.
*Richardson, William, Bath, Me.
Richardson, Mrs. M. do.
Richardson, William P. do.
Richardson, Mrs C. E. do.
Richardson, John G. do.
Richardson, Henry L. do.
Richardson, Frederick L. do.
Richardson, George L. do.
Richardson, Sarah B. do.
Richardson, Mary Jane, do.
Richmond, Rev. Abel, Halifax, Ms.
Ripley, Mrs. Florella M., Cornish, N. H.
Ripley, Moses H., Winthrop, Me.
Robbins, James W., Lenox, Ms.
Robbins, Mrs. Polly, Roxbury, Ms.
Robbins, Miss Rebecca, Boston, Ms.
Roberts, Rev. J. A., New Bedford, Ms.
Robertson, Rev. James, Sherbrooke, L. Canada.
Robeson, Mrs. Susan, Walpole, N. H.
*Robie, Thomas S., Gorham, Me.
Robie, Mrs. Clarissa, do.
Robinson, Emilee P., Plainfield. Ms.
Robinson, Rev. Isaac, Stoddard, N. H.
Robinson, Mrs. Esther, do.
Robinson, John, Charleston, S. C.
Robinson, Mrs. Maria, Brentwood, N. H.
Rockwell, Rev. Charles, Pontiac, Mich.
Rockwood, Rev. Elisha, Swansey, N. H.
Rockwood, Mrs. Emily W. do.
Rockwood, Rev. Otis, Medford, Ms.
Rogers, D. C., North Adams, Ms.
*Rogers, Daniel D., Boston, Ms.
*Rogers, Mrs. D. D. do.
Rogers, Rev. Ebenezer P., Augusta, Geo.
Rogers, Mrs. Elizabeth, do.
Rogers, Rev. Isaac, Farmington, Me.
*Rogers, John, Gloucester, Ms.
*Rogers, Miss Martha, Exeter, N. H.
Rogers, Rev. Stephen, Westmoreland, N. H.
Rogers, William M., Bath, Me.
Root, Mrs. Joel, New Haven, Ct.
Ropes, Hardy, Boston, Ms.
Ropes, William H., St. Petersburg, Russia
Rose, Miss Mary R., Chesterfield, Ms.
*Rosseter, Mrs. Eunice, Richmond, Ms.

Rousseau, Ann E., Boston, Ms.
Rousseau, Mrs. D. M., Newbury, Ms.
Roundy, Reuben, Lempster, N. H.
Rowe, Mrs. Polly, Rockport, Ms.
Rowell, Rev. Joseph, Cornish, N. H.
Rowell, Mrs. Hannah, do.
Rowland, Rev. William F., Exeter, N. H.
Royce, Rev. Andrew, Barre, Vt.
Rumney, Eliza, Boston, Ms.
*Russell, Aaron, Peoria, Ill.
*Russell, Mrs. Aaron, do.
Russell, Rev. Charles P., Candia, N. H.
Russell, Mrs. Elizabeth A., Norwich, Vt.
Russell, Mrs. Mary, do.
Russell, Mrs. Sarah, Charleston, S. C.
Russell, Charles, Sunderland, Ms.
*Sabin, Rev. John, Fitzwilliam, N. H.
Sabin, Mrs. Mary, do.
Sabin, Rev. Lewis, Templeton, Ms.
Sabin, Mrs. Maria P. do.
*Sabin, Mr. Enfield, Ms.
Safford, Daniel, Boston, Ms.
*Safford, Mrs. A. J. do.
Safford, Mrs. Ann Eliza, do.
Safford, George R. do.
Safford, Daniel B. do.
*Salisbury, Samuel, do.
Salter, Mrs. Elizabeth T., Douglas, Ms.
Sanborn, James, Newburyport, Ms.
Sanborn, Mrs Harriet, do.
Sanderson, Nancy, Ashfield, Ms.
Sanderson, Sophia E., Whately, Ms.
Sanford, Rev. David, Medway Village, Ms.
Sanford, Mrs. S. P. do.
Sanford, E. H., Worcester, Ms.
Sanford, Mrs. D. M. D. do.
Sanford, Francis P., Newark, N. J. ($25.)
Sanford, Mrs. William H., Boylston, Ms.
Saunders, George, Rockport, Ms.
Savage, Rev. Amos, Utica, N. Y.
Savage, Rev. Thomas, Bedford, N. H.
Sawyer, Mrs. Benjamin, Amesbury, Ms.
Sawyer, Miss Hannah, Hallowell, Me.
Sawyer, Rev. Moses, Saugus, Ms.
Scales, Rev. Jacob, Plainfield, Vt.
Scales, Rev. William, Rochester, Vt.
Scales, Mrs. Caroline C. do.
Scholes, Shadrack, Fall River, Ms.
*Scott, Mrs. Elizabeth, Minot, Me.
Scudder, Mrs. Sarah L., Boston, Ms.
Seabury, Rev. E., Newcastle, Me.
*Searle, Rev. Joseph, Harrison, Me.
Sears, Rev. Reuben, Dracut, Ms.
Seccumb, Ebenezer, New Orleans, La.
*Secumb, Ebenezer, Salem, Ms.
Severance, Col. Asa, Shelburne, Ms.
Sewall, Rev. Jotham, Jr., Bluehill, Me.
Sewall, Mrs. Rachel C. do.
Sewall, Levi, Rockport, Ms.
Sewall, Stephen, Winthrop, Me.
Seward, Rev. John, Aurora, O.
Seymour, Rev. Henry, Deerfield, Ms.
Shailer, Rev. William H. Brookline, Ms.
Sharp, Mrs. Daniel, Boston, Ms.
Shattuck, Miss Clarissa B. do.
Shaw, Calvin H. North Abington, Ms.
Shaw, Miss Annis W. do.
Shaw, Miss Anna, do.
Shaw, Miss Polly, do.
Shearer, L. B. Hadley, Ms.
Shedd, Rev. Marshall, Willsboro', N. Y.
Shedd, Mrs. Mary, Abington, Ms.
Sheldon, Rev. David N. Waterville, Me.
Sheldon, Rev. Luther, Easton, Ms.
Shepard, Rev. George, Bangor, Me.
Shepard, Mrs. George, do.
*Shepard, Rev. Samuel, D. D. Lenox, Ms.
Shepard, Mrs. Sarah W. Bristol, R. I.
Shepherd, S. Nashua Village, N. H.
Shepley, Rev. David, North Yarmouth, Me.
Shepley, Rev. Samuel H. do.
Sherrill, Rev. Mr., Eaton, Lower Canada.
Shober, Rev. Gottlieb, Salem, N. C.
Shorey, John, Seekonk, Ms.
*Shumway, Rev. Columbus.
Shurtleff, Rev. Roswell, D. D. Hanover, N. H.
Silliman, Rev. Jonathan, New Kent, Va.
Simonds, Alvan, Boston, Ms.
Simmons, Mrs. Elizabeth, Boston, Ms.
Simpson, Paul, Newburyport, Ms.
Skinner, Edmund, Shelburne, Ms.
Smalley, Mrs. Elam, Worcester, Ms.
Smead, Sylvanus A. Greenfield, Ms.
Smith, Alvan, Enfield, Ms.
Smith, Cornelia, do.
Smith, Eli, do.
Smith, Isabella, do.
Smith, David, Jr. do.
Smith, Jane, do.
Smith, Samuel, do.
Smith, Rev. B. W. Montpelier, Vt.
Smith, Rev. Charles, Warren, Ms.
Smith, Daniel, Newburyport, Ms.
Smith, Rev. David P. Newfield, Me.
Smith, Mrs. David P. do.
Smith, Dudley, Hadley, Ms.
Smith, Rev. Eli, Hollis, N. H.
Smith, Mrs. Eli, do.
Smith, Rev. Elihu, Chesterfield, N. H.
Smith, Mrs. Clarissa, do.
Smith, Mrs. Betsey G. Keene, N. H. (in part $10)
Smith, Elihu, Sunderland, Ms.
Smith, Enos, Dover, Ill.
Smith, Mrs. Eliza S. East Hampton, Ms.
Smith, Edward P. do.
Smith, Henry M. do.
Smith, Henry, Jericho, Vt.
Smith, Rev. Hervey, Westhampton, Ms.
*Smith, Mrs. Arua L. do.
*Smith, Miss Elizabeth Irene, do.
*Smith, Miss Irene Lucina, do.
Smith, Mrs. Elenora Lorain, do.
Smith, Lyman M. do.
Smith, Henry Hervey, do.
Smith, Horace, West Springfield, Ms.
Smith, Mrs. Grata, do.
Smith, Rev. John, Elizabethtown, N. J.
Smith, Mrs. Esther M. do.
Smith, Rev. Levi, East Windsor, Ct.
Smith, Mrs. Lydia, do.
Smith, Rev. Noah, Southbury, Ct.
Smith, Olivia, East Granby, Ms.
Smith, Rev. Preserved, Carlisle, Ms.
Smith, Mrs. Susan, Hanover, N. H.
Smith, Rev. S. S. Westminster, Ms.
Smith, Mrs. Lucretia B. do.
Smith, Rev. Thomas M.
Smith, Timothy, Amherst, Ms.
Smith, Samuel M. do.
Smith, Rev. Worthington, St. Albans, Vt.
Smith, W. S. Charleston, S. C.
Snell, Prof. Ebenezer S. Amherst, Ms.
Snell, Rev. Thomas, D. D. North Brookfield, Ms.
Snow, Miss S. C. H. Boston, Ms.
Snow, Miss Elizabeth P. do.
Snowden, Samuel B. Nashville, Tenn.
Snowman, Mrs. Elizabeth, Boston, Ms.
Soden, Sarah D. Saxonville, Ms.
Somers, Rev. Alvan, New Haven, Ct.
Soule, Rev. Charles, Norway, Me.
Soule, Mrs. Phebe V. do (in part $10)
Soule, Gideon L. Exeter, N. H.
Southworth, Nelson E. L., West Springfield, Ms. (in part $10)
*Southmayd, Rev. Daniel S. Harrisburg, Texas.
Sparhawk, Miss Marietta, Greenfield, Ms.
Spaulding, Rev. Alvah, Cornish, N. H.
Spaulding, Mrs. Ambra T. do. (in part $11 25)
Spaulding, Rev. Samuel J. Salmon Falls, N. H.
Spencer, Mrs. Ichabod S. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sperry, Rev. Ebenezer P. Wenham, Ms.
Spofford, Rev. Luke A. Chilmark, Ms.
Sprague, Rev. William B., D. D. Albany, N. Y.
Spurr, Mrs. Sarah F. Charlton, Ms.
Stark, Rev. Jedediah L. West Brattleboro', Vt.
Starkweather, Ezra, Worthington, Ms.

Starr, Rev. Robert C. New Gloucester, Ms.
Stearns, Rev. Jonathan F. Newburyport, Ms.
Stearns, Mrs. Anna S. do.
*Stearns, Rev. Samuel, Bedford, Ms.
*Stearns, Rev. Samuel H. Boston, Ms.
*Stearns, Rev. Silas, Bath, Me.
Stearns, Mrs. W. A. Cambridgeport, Ms.
Stebbins, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Northampton, Ms.
Stebbins, Laura A. Alna, Me.
Stebbins, Sally, Ireland, Ms.
Stedman, Miss Henrietta, Boston, Ms.
Steele, Rev. Julius, East Bloomfield, N. Y.
Stetson, Everett, Walpole, Ms.
Stetson, Miss Lydia, East Abington, Ms.
Stevens, Josiah, Claremont, N. H.
Stickney, Rev. Moses P. Lowell, Ms.
Stickney, Ruth, Newburyport, Ms.
Stickney, William, Hallowell, Me.
Stockbridge, Mrs. Mary Ferguson, Whately, Ms.
Stoddard, Charles A. Boston, Ms.
Stoddard, Rev. David T. Persia.
Stoddard, Solomon, Northampton, Ms.
Stoddard, Mrs. Sarah, do.
Stoddard, William H. do.
Stoddard, Mrs. F. B. do.
Stoddard, W. B. do.
Stone, Mrs. Attosa, Bombay Mission.
Stone, Rev. Benjamin F., Franklin, N. H.
Stone, Mrs. Aphia, do.
Stone, Rev. Levi H., Barton, Vt.
Stone, Rev. Samuel M., Chester, Vt.
Stone, Rev. Micah, Brookfield, Ms.
Stone, Rev. Cyrus, Harwich, Ms.
Stone, Mrs. Abigail K. do.
Stone, Richard, Lyndon, Vt.
Stone, Rev. Samuel, York, Me.
Stone, Samuel, Jr. Townsend, Ms.
Stone, Mrs. William W. Boston, Ms.
Stone, William F. do.
*Stone, John G. do.
Storrs, Mrs. C. W. Montpelier, Vt.
Storrs, Rev. Richard S., D. D., Braintree, Ms.
Stoughton, Mrs. Ira, Gill, Ms.
Stow, John, Westfield, Ms.
Stowell, Rev. David, Fitzwilliam, N. H.
Strong, Rev. Eliphalet, Hinsdale, N. H.
*Strong, Rev. Joseph, D. D. Norwich, Ct.
Stuart, Rev. William K. Clarksville, Tenn.
Sutherland, Rev. D. Bath, N. H.
Swallow, Peter, Dunstable, Ms.
Swan, Richard W. Exeter, N. H.
Sweetser, John H. Amherst, Ms.
Sweetser, Sarah, Newbury, Ms.
Swett, Mrs. Samuel S. Dedham, Ms.
Swett, Henry J. Brighton, Ms.
Sylvester, Joseph W., Vinalhaven, Me.
Talbot, Rev. Samuel, Alna, Me.
Talbot, Rev. W. K. Parishville, N. Y.
Tallmadge, Hon Benjamin, Litchfield, Ct.
Tallmadge, Mrs. Maria, do.
Tallman, Mrs. Eleanor, Bath, Me.
Tallman, Ann Maria McKown, do.
Tallman, Julia M. Bath, Me. (in part $10)
Tappan, Rev. Benjamin, D. D., Augusta, Me.
Tappan, Mrs Benjamin, do.
Tappan, Miss Elizabeth T. do.
Tappan, Miss Jane W. do.
Tappan, Miss Mary A. do.
Tappan, Miss Catharine W. do.
Tappan, Miss Anna W. do.
*Tappan, Dr. Enoch S. do.
Tappan, Rev. B. Jr. Hampden, Me.
Tappan, Rev. Daniel D. North Marshfield, Ms. (in part $5)
Tappan, Mrs. Hannah, Boston, Ms.
Tappan, Rev. Samuel S. Tisbury, Ms.
Tarbox, Rev. Increase N. Framingham, Ms.
Tarbox, Mrs. Increase N. do.
Taylor, Edward, Andover, Ms.
Taylor, Isaac, Dunstable, Ms.
*Taylor, Rev. James, Sunderland, Ms.
Taylor, Rev. L. Springfield, Vt.
Taylor, Rev. Oliver A. Manchester, Ms.
Taylor, Rev. Timothy A. Slatersville, R. I.
Taylor, Mrs. Caroline H. do.
Temple, Rev. Daniel, East Vienna, N. Y.
Temple, Mrs. Martha E. do.
Ten Broeck, Rev. Petrus S. Danvers, Ms.
Tenney, Rev. Erdix, Lyme, N. H.
*Tenney, Mrs. Mary L. do.
Tenney, Mrs. Erdix, do.
Tenney, Richard, Georgetown, Ms.
Tenney, Samuel N. Boston, Ms.
Tenney, Mrs. Samuel N. do.
Tenney, Rev. Thomas, Standish, Me.
Tenny, Rev. Asa P. Concord, N. H.
*Tenny, Asa, Jr. Newbury, Vt.
*Tenny, Rev. Caleb J., D. D., Northampton, Ms.
Tewksbury, Ms. Cong. S. school, (in part $14 65)
Thacher, Rev. Moses, Franklin, N. Y.
Thacher, Rev. Isaiah C. Mattapoisett, Ms.
Thaxter, Gridley, Abington, Ms.
Thaxter, Mrs. Sarah, Worcester, Ms.
Thayer, Mrs. A. S. Sandwich, Ms.
Thayer, Lucius F. Westfield, Ms.
Thayer, Solomon, Lubec, Me.
Thayer, William, East Randolph, Ms.
Thayer, Mrs. Relief, do.
Thayer, Miss Relief, do.
*Thomas, Rev. Daniel, Abington, Ms.
*Thomas, Isaiah, Worcester, Ms.
Thompson, Mrs. Abigail, Boston, Ms.
Thompson, Miss Louisa, do.
Thompson, George, England.
Thompson, Mrs. Sarah, Newburyport, Ms.
*Thorndike, Mrs. Israel, Boston, Ms.
Thurston, Mrs. Clara M. B. Searsport, Me.
Thurston, Mrs. D. P. C. Newbury, Ms. (in part $10)
Thurston, Rev. David, Winthrop, Me.
Thurston, Mrs. Prudence B. do.
Thurston, Mrs. Eli, Hallowell, Me.
Thurston, Rev. Richard B. Waterville, Me.
*Thurston, William, Boston, Ms.
Tileston, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Charlemont, Ms. (in part $10 46)
*Tileston, Otis, Boston, Ms.
*Tinker, Orsamus, Ashby, Ms.
Titcomb, Michael, Newburyport, Ms.
Titcomb, Mrs. Jemima G. Newburyport, Ms.
Tolman, Rev. Samuel H. Dunstable, Ms.
Tolman, Thomas F. Portland, Me.
Tomb, Rev. Samuel, Salem, Wash. Co. N. Y.
*Tomlinson, Rev. Daniel, Oakham, Ms.
*Tompkins, Rev. Isaac East Haverhill, Ms.
Torrey, Rev. Joseph, Burlington, Vt.
Torrey, Joseph, Salem, Ms.
Torrey, Mrs. Sarah, North Bridgewater, Ms.
Torrey, Ziba, Abington, Ms.
Torrey, Harvey, do.
Towne, Rev. Joseph H. Lowell, Ms.
Towne, Rev. Josiah, Hanover, N. H.
Towne, Mrs. Charlotte, do.
Townsend, Rev. Luther, Troy, N.H. (in part $10)
Tracy, Rev. Caleb F. Petersham, Ms.
Tracy, Rev. H. A. Sutton, Ms.
Tracy, Miss Helen, Newburyport, Ms.
Tracy, Rev. Joseph, Boston, Ms.
Trafton, Mrs. Abigail G., South Berwick, Me. (in part $10)
Trask, Rev. George, Fitchburg, Ms.
Trask, Richard, Manchester, Ms.
Trask, Mrs. Abby H. do.
Trow, Dr. N. G. Buckland, Ms.
Trowt, Mrs. Adaline F. Wenham, Ms.
Tucker, Miss Delia M. Boston, Ms.
Tucker, Rev. Ed. Richard, Defiance, O.
Tucker, Miss Elizabeth, Newburyport, Ms.
Tucker, Rev. Josiah, Milton, Ms.
Tucker, Rev. Mark, D. D., Wethersfield, Ct.
Tucker, Rev. Elijah W. Chatham, Ms.
*Tufts, Rev. James, Wardsboro', Vt.
Tupper, Rev. Martyn, East Longmeadow, Ms.
Twombly, Alexander H. Boston, Ms.
Tyler, Mrs. Bennett, East Windsor, Ct.
Tyler, Jeremiah, Pelham, N. H.

Tyler, Jeremiah H. C. Pelham, N. H.
Tyler, Mrs. Thankful C. do.
Tyler, Hannah F. do.
Tyler, Rev. William, Northampton, Ms.
Underwood, Rev. A. West Woodstock, Ct.
Vaill, Mrs. A. S. Osage Mission, Ark.
Vaill, Rev. Joseph, Somers, Ct.
Vaill, Mrs. Nancy, do.
Vaill, Rev. William F. Crawford, C. H. Ark.
Valentine, Miss Sarah E. Cambridgeport, Ms.
Vining, George W. Plainfield, Ms.
Vining, Richard, Abington, Ms.
Vinton, Rev. John A. Bristol, Me.
Virgin, Miss Hannah, Boston, Ms.
Vose, John, Pembroke, N. H.
*Wadsworth, Rev. Benjamin, D. D. Danvers, Ms.
Waite, Joshua, Freeport, Me. (in part $10)
Waitt, Rev. Aaron J. Goshen, N. H.
Waldo, Rev. Horatio, Portage, N. Y.
*Waldo, Miss Rebecca, Worcester, Ms.
Waldo, Miss Sarah, do.
*Waldo, Miss Elizabeth, do.
Walker, Rev. Charles, Pittsford, Vt.
*Walker, Rev. Charles, Danvers, Ms.
Walker, Mrs. Charles, do.
Walker, Rev. Horace D. East Abington, Ms.
Walker, Mrs. Mercy A. M. do.
Walker, Rev. Joseph, Paris, Me.
Walker, Mrs. Joseph, do.
Walker, Rev. Samuel, Danvers, Ms.
Walker, Timothy, East Medway, Ms.
Walley, Samuel H. Boston, Ms.
Ward, Asa, do.
Ward, Rev. Jonathan, Brentwood, N. H.
*Ward, Mrs. Hetta L. H. Abington, Ms.
Ward, Rev. Stephen D. Machias, Me.
Ware, Miss Hannah, Acworth, N. H.
Ware, John, Conway, Ms.
Ware, Rev. Samuel, South Deerfield, Ms.
Warren, John C., Boston, Ms.
Warren, Mrs Lydia, India.
Warren, Mrs. Mary H. Windham, Me.
*Warren, Rev. Moses, Wilbraham, Ms.
Warner, Oliver, Hadley, Ms.
Warner, Mrs. Oliver, do.
Washburn, Charles, Worcester, Ms.
Washburn, Mrs. H. P. Amherst, Ms.
Washburn, John H. do.
Washburn, Ichabod, Worcester, Ms.
Washburn, Mrs. Ann G. do.
Washburn, Miss Eliza Ann, do.
Washburn, Miss Lucy P. do.
Washburn, Mrs. Sally, Royalton, Vt.
Waters, Rev. Isaiah, Albany, N. Y.
Webster, Mrs. A. P. Boscawen, N. H.
Webster, Miss Ann R. East Boscawen, N. H. (in part $1)
Webster, Daniel, Boston, Ms.
Webster, Rev. John C. Hopkinton, Ms.
Webster, Moses, West Haverhill, Ms.
Webster, Joseph, do.
*Webster, Rev. Josiah, Hampton, N. H.
Webster, Mrs Mary P. Haverhill, N. H.
Weeks, Mrs. Louisa P. Greenland, N. H.
Weeks, Miss Nancy, do.
Welch, Miss Jane K. Northampton, Ms.
Welch, Rev. Moses, West Gloucester, Ms.
Wells, Rev. Elias, Edgecomb, Me.
Wells, Rev. E. M. P. Boston, Ms.
Wells, Rev. Moses H. Pittsfield, Ms.
Wellman, Miss Eliza, Cornish, N. H.
Wellman, Rev. J. Cavendish, Vt.
Wellman, Laura Bliss, Springfield, Ms.
Wellman, Emma Lucretia, do.
Weston, Rev Isaac, Cumberland, Me.
Weston, Rev. James, Lebanon, Me.
Wheatly, Mrs. Lydia, Brookfield, Vt.
*Wheaton, Dr. Jesse, Dedham, Ms.
Wheaton, Levi, Warwick, Ms.
Wheeler, Rev. Abraham, Candia, N. H.
Wheeler, Rev. John, D. D. Burlington, Vt.
*Wheeler, Mrs. Sarah Ann, do.
Wheeler, Rev. M. G. Auburn, Ms.
*Wheelock, Rev. James R. Canterbury, Ct.
Wheelock, Henry M. Slatersville, R. I.
Wheelwright, Ebenezer, Newburyport, Ms.
Whidden, Rendol, Calais, Me.
Whipple, Charles, Newburyport, Ms.
*Whipple, Mrs. Mary, do.
Whipple, Mrs. Rebecca, do.
Whipple, Sarah K. do.
*Whipple, Henry, do.
Whipple, George, do.
Whipple, Henry, Salem, Ms.
Whipple, Mrs. Henry, do.
Whipple, James K. Boston, Ms.
Whipple, Charles K. do.
Whipple, Samuel K. do.
Whipple, Miss Sophia, Uxbridge, Ms.
White, Rev. Broughton, Putney, Vt.
White, Rev. Levi, Sandisfield, Ms.
White, Rev. Jacob, East Orleans, Ms.
White, Rev. Joseph R. Barnet, Vt.
White, Rev. Seneca, Marshfield, Ms.
White, Alfred, West Brookfield, Ms.
Whiting, Mrs. Sophia E. Lawrence, Ms.
Whiting, Mrs. H. L. Boston, Ms.
Whitman, Rev. Alphonso, East Brewer, Me.
Whitmarsh, Joshua, Abington, Ms.
Whitney, Charles H. Nelson, N. H.
Whitney, Mrs. Bethia, Marlboro', N. H.
Whitney, Mrs. Mary A. Waltham, Ms.
Whiton, Mrs. Eunice, Enfield, Ms.
Whiton, Rev. John M. Antrim, N. H.
Whitmore, Rev. Roswell, Killingly, Ct.
Whitmore, Rev. Zolva, Heath, Ms.
Whittemore, Benjamin F. Boston, Ms.
Whittemore, Mrs. Benj. F. do.
Whittemore, Benj. F. Jr. do.
Whittemore, George A. Bennington, N. H.
Whittemore, Mrs. George A. do.
Whittemore, John J. do.
Whittemore, Mrs. John J. do.
Whittemore, Amos, do.
Whittemore, Mrs. Amos, do.
Whittemore, Timothy C. Hancock, N. H.
Whittemore, Frances H. do.
*Whittelsey, Newton, Claremont, N. H.
Whittlesey, Mrs. Maria S. Berlin, Ct.
*Whittlesey, Rev. Samuel, New York city.
Whyte, Robert, Nashville, Tenn.
Wickes, Eliphalet, Jamaica, L. I.
Wight, Ann Maria, Boston, Ms.
Wight, Rev. Daniel, Jr. North Scituate, Ms.
Wilbur, Asa, Boston, Ms.
Wilcox, Joseph, Newport, N. H.
Wild, Rev. Daniel, Brookfield, Vt.
Wilde, Rev. John, Conway, N. H.
Wilder, Azel, Keene, N. H.
*Wilder, Rev. John, Cambridgeport, Ms.
Wilder, Miss Martha, Keene, N. H.
Wilder, Thomas, Boston, Ms.
Willard, Miss Mary, Charlestown, N. H.
Willey, Phebe M. Farmington, N. H.
Williams, Miss Harriet S. Augusta, Me.
*Williams, Rev. Joshua L. Middletown, Ct.
Williams, Mrs. Martha Ann, Conway, Ms.
Williams, Rev. Samuel, Brewster, Ms.
*Williams, Rev. Samuel P. Newburyport, Ms.
Williams, Mrs. Sarah P. do.
*Williams, Rev. Solomon, Northampton, Ms.
Williams, William, Salem, Ms.
Williams, Mrs. William, do.
Williams, William O. do.
Williamson, Miss Jane S. Adams co. O.
Willis, Nathaniel, Boston, Ms.
Williston, Mrs. John P. Northampton, Ms.
Williston, Samuel, Easthampton, Ms.
Williston, Rev. Payson, do.
Williston, Mrs. Payson, do.
Williston, Rev. Seth, D. D., Lexington, N. Y.
Wing, Mrs. Eliza G. Sandwich, Ms.
Wilson, Rev. H. B. Cumberland co. Pa.
Wilson, Mainard, Harrisville, N. H. (in part $5)
Winslow, Rev. Hubbard, Boston, Ms.
Winslow, Mrs. Hubbard, do.

Winslow, Mrs. Catharine G. Troy, N. Y.
Winslow, Miss Phebe, Boston, Ms.
Winslow, Luther, Sunderland, Ms.
Winslow, Rev. Miron, Ceylon.
*Winthrop, Thomas L. Boston, Ms.
*Wisner, Rev. Benj. B., D. D. do.
Wisner, Mrs. B. B. Andover, Ms.
Withington, Mrs. Elizabeth, Dorchester, Ms. (in part $6)
Witt, Mrs. Lucretia, South Hadley, Ms.
Wolcott, Rev. Calvin.
*Wolcott, Mrs. Catharine E. Boston, Ms.
Worcester, Rev. Leonard, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
*Worcester, Rev. Samuel, D. D., Salem, Ms.
Worcester, Mrs. Samuel, do.
*Worcester, Rev. Thomas, Salisbury, N. H.
Worth, Rev. Edmund, Fisherville, N. H.
Wood, Rev. Benjamin, Upton, Ms.
Wood, Rev. Henry, Concord, N. H.
*Wood, Rev. Samuel, D. D. Boscawen, N. H.
Wood, Mrs. Samuel, do.
Wood, Samuel, Lebanon, N. H. (in part $5)
*Wood, Rev. Thomas H. Halifax, Vt.
Wood, Abigail M. Amherst, Ms. ($25)
Woods, Aaron, Enfield, Ms.
*Woods, Mrs Achsah, Newport, N. H.
Woods, Mrs. Joanna, do.
*Woodbridge, Rev. Benjamin R. Norwich, Ms.
Woodbridge, Rev. John, D. D. Hadley, Ms.
Woodbridge, Mrs. Mary Ann, do.
Woodbury, Rev. Benjamin, Falmouth, Ms.
Woodhull, Rev. Richard, Thomaston, Me.
Woodman, Rev. Henry A. Newburyport, Ms.
Woodruff, Ephraim T. Wayne, Ashtabula co. O.
Woodward, Lucy M. Worcester, Ms.
*Woodward, Susan, Keene, N. H.
Woodward, Lydia F. do.
Woodward, Mary, do.
Woodward, Elizabeth W. do.
Woodward, Sarah E. do.
Woodward, Elizabeth, do.
Wooster, Rev. Benjamin, Fairfield, Vt.
Wright, Rev. E. S. Acworth, N. H.
*Wright, Rev. Chester, Hardwick, Vt.
Wright, Mrs. Charlotte C. Montpelier, Vt.
Wright, Rev. Ebenezer B. Norwich, Ms.
Wright, Rev. Henry C. Newburyport, Ms.
Wright, Mrs. Elizabeth, do.
Wright, Rev. Joel, Dana, Ms.
Wyatt, Benjamin, Bristol, R. I.
Yale, Rev. Calvin, Charlotte, Vt.
Young, Ira, Hanover, N. H.
Young, Rev. J. K. Meredith Bridge, N. H.

NOTICE.

☞ In the preceding list of Life Members, corrections have been made so far as information has been received. So frequent changes occur, that it is not presumed to be wholly correct; and any corrections of existing errors, will be gratefully received at the Society's Rooms, No. 28 Cornhill.

DEPOSITORIES.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE FOLLOWING DEPOSITORIES.

MAINE.

Augusta, J. G. Holcomb.
Bangor, W. Lewis.
Bath, Henry Hyde.
Brunswick, Miss D. Giddings.
Calais, Dennis Garland.
Eastport, Peabody & Stevens.
Portland, Hyde, Lord & Duren.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Dover, Edmund J. Lane.
Exeter, Joseph Boardman.
Hanover, William A. Ruggles.
Keene, Abijah Kingsbury.
Newport, Rev. John Woods.
Plymouth, Jonathan Cummings.

VERMONT.

Brattleboro', Joseph Steen.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, J. S. and C. Adams.
Greenfield, William Elliot.
Ipswich, Rev. Daniel Fitz.
Lowell, M. Bonney.
New Bedford, Nath'l Nelson.
Newburyport, W. Snell.
Northampton, J. H. Butler.
Salem, Henry Whipple.
Springfield, Samuel C. Ray.
Taunton, William Reed.
Worcester, S. A. Howland.

LOWER CANADA.

Stanstead, William Ritchie, Esq.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

GENERAL AND OCCASIONAL SERIES OF 12MO TRACTS IN ENGLISH.

VOL. I.

No.		Pages.
1.	Address of Exec. Com.	28
2.	Work of the Holy Spirit,	20
3.	Friendly Visit to a House of Mourning. By Cecil,	24
4.	Without Holiness no Man shall see the Lord,	4
5.	The Warning Voice,	12
6.	The One Thing Needful,	4
7.	The Happy Negro,	4
8.	On the Lord's Day,	4
9.	The Dairyman's Daughter,	32
10.	The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,	28
11.	'Tis all for the Best,	20
12.	Profane Swearing,	4
*13.	Condition of Females in Pagan countries,	20
14.	Peace to the Troubled,	4
15.	Downward Course of Sin,	12
16.	Pious Resolutions,	4
17.	Parley the Porter,	16
18.	On Family Worship,	16
19.	The Moral Man Tried,	20
20.	"Remember the Sabbath Day,"	4
21.	A Closet Companion, or Help to Self-Examination,	12
22.	Repentance and Happy Death of Earl Rochester,	4
23.	God a Refuge,	12
24.	On Keeping the Heart,	16
*25.	Effects of Ardent Spirits. By Dr. Rush,	12
26.	Sin no Trifle,	4
27.	Parental Duties,	16
*28.	The Spoiled Child,	28
29.	Child's Guide to Prayer,	12
30.	Benevolence of God,	16
*31.	Knocking at the Door,	20
32.	Day of Judgment,	16
33.	Redemption. By Gurney,	36

VOL. II.

No.		Pages.
34.	A Sabbath at Home,	16
35.	The Widow's Son,	24
36.	The Village Funeral,	16
37.	The Sabbath a Blessing to Mankind. By Dr. Spring,	20
38.	Dinah Doudney,	24
39.	Duties of Children,	16
*40.	How Sin appears in Heav.	8
41.	Persuasive to Pub. Worsh.	12
42.	On Speaking Truth,	12
*43.	Sleeping in Church,	4
44.	The Heart claimed,	16
45.	The Christian Atonement,	16
46.	Subjects for Consideration	12
47.	To the Afflicted,	12
48.	To the Aged,	12
49.	Life of Rev. John Cowper,	20
50.	The Swearer's Prayer,	4
51.	Preservative against the Sins and Follies of Youth,	24
52.	A Dying Mother's Counsel,	4
53.	The African Servant,	20
*54.	Conviction at Judg't Day,	4
55.	The Well-Spent Day,	16
56.	Blind Ellen,	12
57.	Duties to Relatives,	12
*58.	Blaspheming Sailor reclaimed,	8
59.	To Mourners. By Flavel,	40
60.	Growth in Grace,	16
61.	On Purifying the Heart,	16
*62.	Twenty-two Reasons for not being a Rom. Catholic,	28
63.	The Cottager's Wife,	28
*64.	Conversa'n with an Infidel,	8
65.	To a Youth at School,	4
66.	On Spiritual Declension,	20
67.	To a Married Couple,	32

* *New Tracts.*

VOL. III.

No.		Pages.
68.	Poor Joseph,	4
69.	Religion of the Closet,	20
70.	Doctrines and Duties, in Language of the Bible,	24
71.	The Bible above all Price,	20
72.	Sixteen Short Sermons,	24
*73.	Fashionable Amusements	16
*74.	Great Effects from Little Causes. By Dr. E. Porter,	16
75.	Life of William Kelly,	20
76.	To-day,	12
77.	History of a Bible,	16
78.	Abigail Hutchinson,	12
79.	The Young Cottager,	40
80.	The Danger of Delay,	16
81.	The Seaman's Spy-Glass,	20
82.	Sin and Danger of Despising a Preached Gospel,	12
83.	Eliza Cunningham,	20
84.	On the Lord's Supper,	28
85.	Watchmaker and Family,	20
*86.	Am I Self-Deceived?	4
87.	Conversation in a Boat,	28
88.	The Shipmates,	24
89.	The Dairyman,	20
90.	A Word in Season,	12
91.	Christian in View of Death,	8
92.	The Forgiving African,	4
93.	Great Question Answered	20

VOL. IV.

No.		Pages.
94.	History of Mrs. Tooly,	12
*95.	Now or Never,	20
96.	The Sailor's Friend,	12
97.	Parting Address to a Sabbath School Child,	12
98.	The New Birth,	16
99.	Sanctified Afflictions,	20
*100.	The Wedding Garment,	8
101.	True Believer Bountiful,	16
102.	Pay-Night. A Dialogue,	16
103.	Every Man the Friend or the Enemy of Christ,	12
*104.	Anecdotes of Tracts,	32
105.	Happy Waterman; or Honesty the best Policy,	12
106.	Pause and Think, Am I a Christian?	28
107.	Little Henry and Bearer,	36
108.	True Prophecies,	16
109.	James Covey,	4
*110.	Conversion of John Price,	4
111.	Sinner Directed to the Saviour. By Rev. J. Flavel,	12
112.	A Plantation in Ruins,	16
113.	Questions and Counsel,	4
114.	Serious Tho'ts on Eternity	12
115.	Decay of Spiritual Affections. By Rev. J. Owen,	12
116.	Sabbath Occupation,	16
117.	Important Questions,	16
118.	Friendly Conversation,	4
119.	A Strange Thing,	16
120.	Heaven Lost. From Baxter's Saints' Rest,	20
121.	On the Lord's Prayer,	12
122.	The Criminal Court,	12
123.	Leslie's Meth. with Deists	24
124.	A Traveler's Farewell,	4
*125.	Traffic in Ardent Spirits,	32
126.	Susan Ward,	16
127.	To a Guardian,	12

VOL. V.

No.		Pages.
128.	Poor Sarah; or the Indian Woman,	12
129.	The Two Apprentices,	12
130.	Theatrical Exhibitions,	16
131.	Walking by Faith. By Rev. Andrew Fuller,	20
132.	The Progress of Grace. By Rev. John Newton,	20
133.	Conversion of Mrs. Eleanor Emerson,	24
134.	Future Punishment Endless. By Rev. A. Fuller,	12
135.	Life of Col. J. Gardiner,	24
136.	The Two Old Men,	20
137.	The Church Safe,	20
138.	Conversion of the World,	24
139.	Content in Humble Life,	20
140.	The Seaman's Chart. By E. Payson, D. D.	16
141.	The Sabbath at Sea,	32

No.		Pages.
142.	The Last Hours of Hon. Francis Newport	20
143.	Early Religious Education	20
144.	Conv. of Pres't Edwards	20
145.	On Hearing the Word of God. By Rev. Rob't Hall	20
146.	Helps to Self-Examination	12
147.	The Gospel Ministry Entitled to Support	24
148.	The Barren Fig-Tree	12
149.	Christ formed in the Soul	20
150.	Mem. of Wm. Churchman	16
151.	Important Discovery	12
152.	Sin and Danger of Neglecting the Saviour	20
153.	The End of Time	16
154.	Memoir of Dr. Bateman	16
155.	On Universalism	12

VOL. VI.

156.	Search the Scriptures	12
157.	To Parents of Sabbath School Children	4
158.	Examine your Hopes for Eternity	12
159.	Rewards of Drunkenness	4
160.	Two Ends, and Two Ways	4
161.	To the Keeper of a Turnpike Gate	12
162.	Common Errors	16
163.	History of Thos. Brown	4
164.	Bethel, or Flag Unfurled	20
165.	True and False Conversions Distinguished	16
166.	Christ the Only Refuge	12
167.	Single Talent Improved	4
168.	To a Person engaged in a Lawsuit. By a Lawyer	12
169.	Mem. of Mrs. H. Newell	28
170.	Simplicity in Dress	4
171.	Parental Faithfulness	16
172.	A Time to Dance	4
173.	The Cross of Christ	20
174.	Quench not the Spirit	4
175.	To Mothers	12
176.	Well-conducted Farm	16
177.	Institution and Observance of the Sabbath	20
178.	Joy in Heaven over the Penitent	16
179.	The Way to be Saved	16
180.	The Swiss Peasant	16
181.	Dur. of Future Punishment	16
182.	Inh. of New Settlements	16
183.	On Repentance	12
184.	The Chimney-Sweeper	12
185.	Doctrine of the Trinity	28
186.	The Worth of the Soul	12
187.	Sabbath School Teachers' Address to Parents	12
188.	A Word to Mothers	4
189.	A Word in the Ear of the Professed Christian	4
190.	Death of Hume and Finley Compared	16
191.	Warning to Sabbath-Breakers	4
192.	Bible of Divine Origin	36
193.	Village in the Mountains	24
194.	Christian Education	16

VOL. VII.

195.	The Seventh Command't. By Rev. Dr. Dwight	16
196.	Advice to Young Converts By Pres't Edwards	4
197.	Letters on Christian Education. By a Mother	36
198.	Scriptural Morality	12
199.	Village Prayer-Meeting	4
200.	Ruinous consequences of Gambling	20
201.	Friendly Hints to Young	12
202.	Importance of Consideration	12
203.	Conversat'n with a Young Traveller	12
204.	A Scripture Help	28
205.	A Strange Incident	4
206.	Conversion of Sinners, a Common Christian Duty	20
207.	The Praying Mother	12
208.	Worth of a Dollar	4
209.	Feeble Means and Great Effects	16
210.	John Brown the Bargeman	16
211.	To Parents	20
212.	A Serious Inquiry	12
213.	Sinner Forewarned	12
214.	Hundred Arguments for Divinity of Christ	32
215.	Importance of Salvation	12
216.	A Word for the Bible	4
217.	History of Amelia Gale	12
218.	Life of Rev. John Bunyan	16
219.	John Robins the Sailor	12
220.	Bible the best of Books	4
221.	Kittredge's Address on Effects of Ardent Spirits	24
222.	A Sermon for the whole World	12
223.	The Sanctuary	16
224.	The Missing Disciple,	4
225.	Do you want a Friend?	4
226.	Female Influence and Obligations	16

VOL. VIII.

227.	Will you be saved?	4
228.	Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise	24
229.	Self-Communion	16
230.	The Domestic Altar	20
231.	Use of Bible in Schools	16
232.	Do I grow in Grace?	12
233.	Dickinson's Appeal to Am. Youth on Temperance	16
234.	Advantages of Prayer	16
235.	Honest Waterman	24
236.	Memoir of Lydia W——	4
237.	Spiritual Religion	16
238.	Disappointed Hope	12
239.	Alarm to Distillers	12
240.	Putnam and the Wolf	24
241.	Hope of Fut. Repentance	4
242.	Hitchcock on Manufacture of Ardent Spirits	28
243.	A Voice from Heaven	4
244.	M'Ilvaine's Address to Young Men on Temp.	24
245.	Children of the Forest	20
246.	Joseph Archer, the converted Sailor	16
247.	Who slew all these?	4
248.	Zuinglius, the Swiss Reformer	36
249.	Sewall on Intemperance	24
250.	The Scape-Goat	12
251.	Peter Bayssiere	32
252.	Necessity of Repentance	4
253.	Appeal to the Patriot	32

VOL. IX.

254	The Mountain Miller	24
255.	Romanism Contradictory to the Bible	40
256.	Poor Swaizeland	12
257.	Life from the Dead	12
258.	Three Queries to the Rejecters of Christianity	12
259.	Evidences of Christianity	4
260.	For Ever!	4
261.	Catharine Yates	16
262.	To those Commencing a Religious Life	12
263.	Indecision in Religion	16
264.	George Lovell	16
265.	Duties of Church Members	16
266.	Blind Betsey	16
267.	I am an Infidel	4
268.	To the Confident, the Diffident, and the Careless	12
269.	Shall I come to the Lord's Supper?	12
270.	Traveller at the end of her Journey	12
271.	Prayer	28
272.	Advantage of S. Schools	16
273.	The Lost Soul	4
274.	The Scotsman's Fireside	8
275.	Amiable Louisa	8
276.	Scripture Argument for Temperance	20
277.	Eternal Misery of Hell	8
278.	Means of a Revival	8
279.	What have I Done?	16
280.	Don't unchain the Tiger	4
281.	The Almost Christian	20
282.	David Baldwin; or the Miller's Son	16
283.	Alarm to the Careless	8
284.	Lydia Sturtevant; or the Fatal Resolution	8
285.	What is a Call to the Ministry?	20
286.	Dying Testimony of Believers and Unbelievers	32
287.	The General's Widow	32
288.	Four Reasons against the use of Alcoholic Liquors	16

VOL. X.

289.	To a Lady in Fash. Life	8
290.	The Bold Blasphemer	8
291.	Horrors of Heathenism	20
292.	Are you Ready?	4
293.	Eliza, the Indian Sorceress	8
294.	Marks of Saving Faith	16
295.	Marks of True Repentance	16
296.	Mistakes of Parents	20
297.	The World's Conversion	20
298.	A whole Family in Heav'n	4
299.	Where is He?	4
300.	Debates of Conscience on Ardent Spirits	20
301.	Aged Penitent	8
302.	The Harvest Past	8
303.	Great Alternative	16
304.	What art Thou?	4
305.	Barnes on Traffic in Ardent Spirit	24
306.	John De Long	8
307.	Harvest Perishing. By Dr. Scudder	20
308.	The Fool's Pence	8
309.	Mischiefs of Slander	16
310.	Striking Fulfilment of Prophecy	8
311.	Visiting on the Sabbath	4
312.	My Father's Prayer	8
313.	Poor Man's House Rep'rd	16
314.	David Ronge	4
315.	"Strive to enter in at the Strait Gate"	8

No.		Pages.
316.	I will Give Liberally	8
317.	Call and Qualifications for the Christian Ministry	24
318.	The Apostate	4
319.	Corporal Murray	16
320.	I've no thought of dying so	4
321.	Where did He get that Law?	4
322.	Motives to Early Piety	4
323.	The Bible an Inspir'd Book	8
324.	Last Days of Rev. Dr. Payson	8
325.	"My Spirit shall not always Strive"	4
326.	Children to be Educated for Christ	20
327.	The World to Come	4
328.	The Christian Traveller	8
329.	What must I Do?	8
330.	Infidel Objections	20

VOL. XI.

331.	Parental Examples	8
332.	Conv'n of Rama Chundra	4
333.	Lovest thou Me?	4
334.	Don't Break the Sabbath	20
335.	The Voice of Time	4
336.	Do your Children Reverence the Sabbath?	4
337.	The Gain is Loss	8
338.	It is the Last Time	4
339.	Obstacles to Conversion	4
340.	Secret Prayer	4
341.	Hints for Visitors and Travellers	4
342.	The Christian's Duty	4
343.	The Anxious Servant	4
344.	Bob the Cabin-Boy	4
345.	Land Tacks Aboard	16
346.	Jamie; or a Word from Ireland for Temperance	16
347.	Prepare to meet thy God	4
348.	The Pequot of a Hundred Years	4
349.	The Sinner's Friend	20
350.	Future Punishment	32
351.	The Infidel Reclaimed	8
352.	The Sabbath	4
353.	Marks of Religious Declension	4
354.	The Mother's Last Prayer	8
355.	The Ringleader	8
356.	The Act of Faith	4
357.	What is it to believe on Christ?	4
358.	The Wonderful Escape	4
359.	The Child an Hundred Years old	16
360.	Rom. Cath. Fem. Schools	8
361.	Atoning Blood	16
362.	Universalism unscriptural and absurd	8
363.	A Cry from Siberia	8
364.	How to make the most of Life	4
365.	The Island Planter	8
366.	The Beginnings of Evil	8
367.	Live for the World	8
368.	Don't put it Off	4
369.	The Time not Come	8
370.	Dr. John D. Godman	20
371.	Sinner his own Destroyer	8
372.	Joy in Sorrow	4
373.	Declarations of a Deist	8
374.	Short Method with Sceptics	4
375.	A few Thoughts	32
376.	The Infidel's Creed	8
377.	Fifty Reasons for attending Public Worship	4

No.		Pages.
378.	A False Hope	4
379.	Edward Lee	16
380.	The Spirit Grieved	4
381.	We are all Here	4
382.	Have me Excused	8
383.	Conver'n of an aged Deist	8

VOL. XII.

384.	The Day of Trial	4
385.	Convictions Stifled	4
386.	Harriet Patterson	4
387.	All in the Ark	16
388.	Convers'n of Dr. Capadose	28
389.	Do you Forgive all your Enemies?	4
390.	To the Neglecter of Religion	8
391.	"I am no Hypocrite"	4
392.	Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ	8
393.	Justification by Faith	24
394.	Christian Liberality Explained and Enforced	52
395.	Eventful Twelve Hours	20
396.	Are You a Sabbath School Teacher?	4
397.	Do You Pray in Your Family?	4
398.	Lost Mechanic Restored	4
399.	Dialogue between the Bible and a Sinner	4
400.	Do Thyself no Harm	4
401.	The Temptations of Young Men	20
402.	Counsels to a Young Man	20
403.	"If any man thirst, let him Come unto Me and Drink"	4
404.	I Have not Time	4
405.	Cut it Down	4
406.	Private Devotion	4
407.	Self-Dedication to God	4
408.	I must Pray in Secret	4
409.	The Christian abroad on a Summer Excursion	16
410.	Anna Mary Adams	8
411.	The First Prayer in the Family	4
412.	The Sinner Condemned Already	4
413.	The Russian Nurse	8
414.	Your Best Friend	4
415.	How to Spend the Lord's Day	8
416.	A Prayer-meeting of Forty Years	4
417.	Do You Love God?	4
418.	Will it Ever be Known?	4
419.	The Logic of the Life	4
420.	The Inquiring-Meeting	40
421.	All-sufficiency of Christ	4
422.	Reform. of Drunkards	4
423.	My Wife's Gold Ring	4
424.	Eternal Life or Death	4
425.	Can You Die Tranquil?	24
426.	The Yorkshire Weaver	4
427.	Gift for Aged (*large type*)	28
428.	Word to a Gamester	4

VOL. XIII.

429.	Plea for Sacred Music	20
430.	Fatal Delusions	4
431.	The Life-Preserver	4
432.	False Claims of the Pope	36
433.	Promises to the Liberal	4
434.	A Benevolent Husbandry	8
435.	Why do We sit still?	4

No.		Pages.
436.	The Wrath to Come	4
437.	The New Year	4
438.	The Weaver's Daughter	20
439.	Consecration to Christ	4
440.	The First Voyage	4
441.	Daniel Murray	4
442.	The Slumberer Aroused	8
443.	Tom Starboard, a Nautical Temperance Dialogue	24
444.	Domestic Happiness	16
445.	The Holy Ghost Resisted	4
446.	The Stricken Bride	4
447.	Why Study the Bible?	4
448.	Why sit ye here Idle?	4
449.	Would you be Happy?	4
450.	The Heart Opened	4
451.	"Ye shall not surely Die"	4
452.	The Sinner and Saviour	4
453.	The Sinner Believing	4
454.	A Convenient Season	4
455.	Thoughts for Catholics	4
456.	The Blacksmith's Wife	4
457.	The Bible the Word of God	4
458.	"A Man Overboard"	4
459.	The Eyes Opened	4
460.	Inquisition at Madrid	4
461.	The Missionary's Father	4
462.	Sinners Welcome to come to Jesus Christ	20
463.	Mother of St. Augustine	12
464.	Counsel to the Convicted	4
465.	Believest Thou?	4
466.	The Way to Heaven	4
467.	Lost Convictions	4
468.	Hints to Emigrants	8
469.	Prayer for Ministers	4
470.	Nature and Season of Repentance. By Dr. Chalmers	24
471.	Memoir of S. F. Bradbury	8
472.	Esau	8
473.	The Aged Sailor	8
474.	We Must Live	20
475.	The Ox Sermon	8
476.	Missionary Legacy	4
477.	Napoleon's Argument	8
478.	Don't be Offended	4
479.	Training Children for the Conversion of the World	28
480.	Prayer for Colleges	8
481.	Why are you not a Christian?	4
482.	The Hiding-Place	4
483.	Why yet Impenitent?	4
484.	Infidel Restored	4
485.	Divine Counsels	4

VOL. XIV.

486.	The Navy Surgeon	28
487.	Col. David Mack	24
488.	Divine Grace Illustrated	4
489.	Three Words	4
490.	Procrastination	4
491.	Dancing as a Social Amusement	20
492.	Poor William	4
493.	Beware of Bad Books	4
494.	The Spirit of Christ exemplified	24
495.	The Horrors of Remorse	4
496.	Why will ye Die?	4
497.	Cars Ready	4
498.	The Aurora Borealis	4
499.	The Hay Mow	4
500.	The Door was Shut	28
501.	The Infidel's Confession	4
502.	Schmucker on the Sabbath	20
503.	Christian and Hopeful, or True Conversion	8

NEW SERIES OF 18mo TRACTS, LARGE TYPE, ILLUSTRATED.

No.		Pages.
1.	Colporteur and Farmer	24
2.	Colporteur and Aged Man	24
3.	Colporteur and Rom. Cath.	84
4.	Conversations on Training the Young	52
5.	Poor Man's Guide and Friend	28
6.	Poor Joseph	12
7.	Colporteur and Cottager	28

OCCASIONAL TRACTS.

No.		Pages.
1.	Ships' Stores	40
2.	Prayers for Female Schools	20
3.	Prisoner's Companion	32
4.	Appeal on Cholera	8
5.	Instruction for Young Inquirers	56
6.	Sailing Vessels out of Port on the Sabbath	16
7.	City of Refuge	20
8.	Scripture Compared	12
9.	Cecil's Advice to Servants	12
10.	Testimonies of Rabbinical Writers	16
11.	Letters to Students	36
12.	Andrew Dunn	52
13.	"Her feet go down to Death"	4
14.	Duty of Christians in respect to War	20
15.	The Dead are there	4
16.	To a Lawyer	4
17.	The Stated Reading of the Scriptures	4
18.	Publishing and Circulation of Books	4
19.	On the objections urged against the Bible	

TRACTS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

GERMAN.

VOL. I.

No.		Pages.
1.	African Servant	20
2.	Remember the Sab. Day	4
3.	Swearer's Prayer	4
4.	Rewards of Drunkenness	4
5.	Jesus on Golgotha	16
6.	Search the Scriptures	12
7.	Christ the only Refuge	12
8.	Common Errors	20
9.	Serious Thoughts on Eternity	12
10.	Corporal and Soldier	16
11.	Sixteen short Sermons	28
12.	Dialogue between two Seamen after a Storm	16
13.	The Dairyman's Daughter	36
14.	The Young Cottager	44
15.	Sin no Trifle	4
16.	James Covey	12
17.	Well-Conducted Farm	16
18.	To Mothers	12
19.	Day of Judgment	16
20.	Great Question Answered	24
21.	Barren Fig-Tree	12
22.	Convers. of Pres. Edwards	20
23.	True & False Conversions	16
24.	Sabbath Occupations	16
25.	Choice Drop of Honey from the Rock Christ	32
26.	Josephine Fressinet	20
27.	Village Prayers	12
28.	Life of Philip P——	16
29.	Last Hours of Hon. Francis Newport	12
30.	Rich Believer Bountiful	20

VOL. II.

No.		Pages.
31.	Ye shall Not surely Die	16
32.	To all who would be Saved	4
33.	Last hours of Rev. J. Cowper	16
34.	Jesus the Friend of Sinners	24
35.	Subjects for Consideration	12
36.	The Chimney-Sweeper	12
37.	Jonathan Brown	16
38.	Dinah Doudney	28
39.	Worth of the Soul	12
40.	Warning to Sabbath-Breakers	4
41.	To-Day	12
42.	Worth of a Dollar	4
43.	Do you want a Friend?	4
44.	History of Old Bridget	12
45.	Persuasive to Pub. Worship	12
46.	Kittredge's Address on Intemperance	28
47.	Without Holiness no Man shall see the Lord	4
48.	Two Ends and Two Ways	4
49.	On the Lord's Day	4
50.	'Tis all for the Best	20
51.	Sinner Directed to Saviour	12
52.	On Early Rel. Education	20
53.	Duration of Future Punishment. By Dr. Dwight	20
54.	Who slew all these?	4
55.	A strange Incident	4
56.	The Mountain Miller	28
57.	Reasons against Universal Salvation	76
58.	The Bible above all price	20
59.	A Word for the Bible	4
60.	A Voice from Heaven	4
61.	Bible the best of Books	4
62.	Putnam and the Wolf	28
63.	Profane Swearing	4
64.	Mary La Fleur	4

VOL. III.

No.		Pages.
65.	On Speaking the Truth	12
66.	On the Lord's Supper	28
67.	Blind Betsey	20
68.	The Fool's Pence	8
69.	Happiness of a Believer	20
70.	One Thing Needful	20
71.	Christianity according to Christ and Apostles	20
72.	Watchmaker and Family	24
73.	The Poor Man's House repaired	16
74.	Reading the Scripture	8
75.	Quench not the Spirit	4
76.	I've no thought of Dying so	4
77.	Where did he get that Law?	4
78.	The Christian Traveller	8
79.	Bold Blasphemer	8
80.	John De Long	8
81.	David Baldwin	20
82.	Village in the Mountains	28
83.	Conv. of Peter Bayssiere	36
84.	On Worshipping Saints and Relics	20
85.	On Purgatory, Infallibility, &c.	28
86.	A Religion without a Holy Spirit	20
87.	Grieve not the Holy Spirit	4
88.	The Outcast	4
89.	What is it to Believe in Christ?	4
90.	Way to be Saved	16
91.	Conversion of an Aged Deist	8
92.	I am an Infidel	4
93.	Hope of Future Repentance	4
94.	Hints to Visitors and Travellers	4
95.	My Mother's Gold Ring	16
96.	The Sinner's return to God	20
97	Hufeland on Intemperance	8
98.	The Ox wont to Push	16

VOL. IV.

No.		Pages.
99.	Fritz Hazel	32
100.	Instructions for Reading the Scriptures	8
101.	The Logic of the Life	4
102.	Paul not a man after our Days	20
103.	Letter from a Jew; or the Words of Love	32
104.	Teaching of the Holy Spirit. By Martin Luther	16
105.	A Time to Dance	4
106.	The Weaver's Daughter	24
107.	Conv. of Dr. Capadose	32
108.	The Worship of Christ	20
109.	Growth in Grace	32
110.	Concerning the New Birth	24
111.	Remember the Sabbath Day	8
112.	The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain	32
113.	Conversion of Luther	20
114.	Behold He Cometh	8
115.	Proof from the Prophets of Christ's Messiahship	24
116.	The Children of the Forest	24
117.	Conversation between Two Friends	16
118.	Pious Moses	4
119.	The Infidel Physician	16
120.	Grace reigns through Righteousness	8
121.	Repentance	16
122.	Swiss Peasant	20
123.	Bob the Cabin-Boy	8
124.	William Churchman	16

VOL. V.

No.		Pages.
125.	Poor Joseph	4
126.	Leslie's Method, &c.	28
127.	The Penny Tract	20
128.	Be not Conformed to this World	8
129.	Concerning the New Birth	8
130.	Downward Course of Sin	8
131.	Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans	20
132.	The Infidel Reclaimed	16
133.	Fulfilment of Prophecy	12
134.	The Church in the House	20
135.	The Brazen Serpent	4
136.	The New Creature	4
137.	The Pharisee and Publican	4
138.	Why should I read the Bible?	4
139.	Concerning Repentance	4
140.	What am I doing?	4

No.		Pages.
141.	Faithfulness of the Good Shepherd	12
142.	Lame Frederick	16

German Children's Tracts.

Each 32 pp. 32mo, price 2 cts.

1. Simple Truths.
2. Life of Pious Children.
3. Jan Harmsen.
4. Biography of Children.
5. Way of Salvation.
6. Sermon for Children.
7. Christ's Love to Children.
8. Catharine Haldane.
9. First Instructions.
10. Image Boys.
11. Two Pious Children.
12. New Heart the Best Portion.
13. John Hands.
14. Little William.
15. Christ our Pattern.
16. My Father.
17. Farmer and Soldier.
18. The Lambs of Christ's Flock.
19. The Orphans.
20. Louisa's Tenderness to Little Birds.

FRENCH.

VOL. I.

1.	The Cross of Christ	16
2.	The Dairyman's Daughter	20
3.	The Poor Watchmaker	24
4.	Poor Joseph	4
5.	What is it to be Born again?	16
6.	Mem. of Wm. Churchman	8
7.	The African Servant	20
8.	The Chimney-Sweeper	8
9.	The Swiss Peasant	16
10.	The Veteran	16
11.	The Lottery	16
12.	The Cabin-Boy	8
13.	The Orphan	16
14.	Conversation between two Friends	20
15.	Journey in a Stage-coach	8
16.	The Two Ways	4
17.	Great Effects from Little Causes	16
18.	Common Errors	16
19.	The two Old Men	20
20.	Village in the Mountains	28
21.	Do you want a Friend?	4
22.	History of Amelia Gale	8
23.	Traveller's Farewell	4
24.	Great Question Answered	24
25.	The Poor Man	20
26.	On the Misery of Man	8
27.	Shepherd of Salisbury Plain	36
28.	Domestic Altar	16
29.	Message from God unto thee	8
30.	To Mothers	8
31.	Walk in envir. of Loeche	8
32.	The Baron of Dyhern	16
33.	James Covey	4
34.	Bible above all Price	20

VOL. II.

No.		Pages.
35.	Col. Gardiner	24
36.	Conv. of Peter Bayssiere	36
37.	Persuasive to Pub. Worship	8
38.	Ten Commandments	16
39.	Leslie's Meth. with Deists	28
40.	Infidel convinced by Child	8
41.	Mountain Miller	28
42.	The Incomparable Friend	20
43.	The Converted Sailor	8
44.	Gregory's Letters	28
45.	The Return from Fishing	20
46.	The Two Families	28
47.	The Saviour's Appeal	20
48.	Simple Counsels to Parents	20
49.	Serious Thoughts on Eternity	8
50.	Where are you Going?	20
51.	Napoleon	8
52.	The Steamboat	4
53.	The Widow of Sarepta	8
54.	The Bible and the Sinner	4
55.	The Four Obstacles	4
56.	Is this Prayer?	4
57.	Indecision in Religion	8
58.	Meditations of Chancellor D'Aguesseau on Jesus Christ	12
59.	The Three Errors	16
60.	The Cottage of Nan Bourant	4

New French Series, 18mo.

1.	Why does the Priest forbid you to read the Bible?	1	ct.	16
2.	The Lost Path	2	cts.	36
3.	Book of Books	2	"	30
4.	The Railroad	2	"	36
5.	The Ten Virgins	2	"	28
6.	What is the Bible?	1½	"	20
7.	One is not Born a Christian	1	"	16
8.	Christian Catholic	2	"	32
9.	The Soldier and Blind Man	2	"	24
10.	Best and Only Way	2	"	20
11.	The Dining Table	2	"	28
12.	Jesus our Strength	2	"	40
13.	The Virgin and the Saints	2	"	28
14.	Jesus and the Jesuit	2	"	24
15.	What do Protestants Believe?	2	"	24
16.	On Purgatory	1	ct.	12
17.	Whom are we to Believe? with Answers from the Church	2	cts.	44
18.	History of a Piece of Wood (an Image)	1	ct.	12
19.	Why am I not a Roman Catholic?	2	cts.	24
20.	God is Infinitely Good	2	"	20

Broadsheet in French.

The Ten Commandments.

SPANISH.

No.		Pages.
1.	Cross of Christ	20
2.	Shepherd of Salisbury Plain	32
3.	Subjects for Consideration	8
4.	Serious Tho'ts on Eternity	8
5.	Serious Examination	8
6.	On the Lord's Day	4
7.	To the Afflicted	8
8.	Search the Scriptures	8
9.	Leslie's Meth. with Deists	28
10.	On the Lord's Prayer	8
11.	Parable of the Prodigal Son	8
12.	Scripture Extracts	24
13.	Life and Writings of St. Peter	36
14.	James Covey	4
15.	Poor Joseph	4
16.	Dairyman's Daughter	32
17.	Watchmaker and Family	20
18.	Last Hours of Hon. Francis Newport	20
19.	African Servant	20
20.	Life of Col. Gardiner	24
21.	A few words to the Wise on reading the Bible	16
22.	Do you want a Friend?	4
23.	Letter of Pope Pius VI.	8
24.	Virgin Mary	8
25.	Advantages of Drunkenness	8
26.	The Ten Commandments	8
27.	On Lying	8
28.	The Lawyer	4
	Dairyman's Daughter (Spanish and English)	64

Spanish Series, 18mo.

1.	Theophilus & Sophia	3	cts.	54
2.	Young Cottager	5	"	102
3.	Swiss Peasant	2	"	22
4.	I shall soon be ten years old	2	"	16
5.	Honesty the Best Policy	2	"	16
6.	Little Henry and Bearer	3	"	72
7.	Miracles of Jesus Christ	2	"	36
8.	Peep of Day, 18mo			72
9.	Why does the Priest forbid you to Read the Bible?	1	ct.	12
10.	Portrait of the Virgin Mary in Heaven	2	cts.	24
11.	The Religion of Money	2	"	36

Spanish Series, 64mo.

1.	My Father	16
2.	The Image Boys	16
3.	The Wishing-Cap	16

Broadsheets in Spanish.

1. The Ten Commandments.
2. Advantages of Drunkenness.

ITALIAN.

1.	The Bible above all price.	20
2.	Life of Col. Gardiner	24
3.	Subjects for Consideration	8

Broadsheet in Italian.

The Ten Commandments.

PORTUGUESE.

1.	The Ten Commandments	8
2.	Friendly Conversation	4
3.	Serious Tho'ts on Eternity	8
4.	Dialogue between a Brother and Sister	4
5.	Poor Joseph	4
6.	On the Sabbath	4
7.	A Traveller's Farewell	4
8.	What is it to Believe in Christ?	4
9.	Excellency of the Holy Scriptures	20
10.	The End of Time	12
11.	The Importance of Prayer	12
12.	Christ weeping over Jerusalem	8
13.	Doctrines and Duties, in language of the Bible	32

Portuguese Series, 18mo.

The Lord's Prayer, 18mo	1	ct.	16
Miracles of Jesus Christ 18mo	3	"	36
Peep of Day, 18mo— Parts 1 and 2	10	"	127

WELSH.

No.		Pages.
1.	Cross of Christ	20
2.	Without Holiness no Man shall see the Lord	4
3.	Rewards of Drunkenness	4
4.	The Swearer's Prayer	4
5.	Common Errors	16
6.	Serious Thoughts on Eternity	8
7.	James Covey	8
8.	Amelia Gale	4
9.	Poor Joseph	4
10.	The Great Difference	8
11.	Honesty the Best Policy	8
12.	Gracious Invit. to Christ	16
13.	The Way to Heaven	4
14.	My Own Way	16
15.	The Act of Faith	4
16.	The Infidel Reclaimed	8
17.	A Strange Thing	16
18.	Quench not the Spirit	4

DANISH.

No.		Pages.
1.	Do you want a Friend?	4
2.	The End of Time	16
3.	The Way to Heaven	4
4.	The Swearer's Prayer	4
5.	Summary of the Bible	4
6.	The Sailor's Friend	12
7.	John Robins	12
8.	James Covey	4
9.	Great Question Answered	20
10.	Amiable Louisa	8
11.	Joseph Archer	16
12.	Four Reasons against the Use of Alcoholic Liquors	8
13.	Lovest thou Me?	4
14.	Sinners Return to God	20
15.	On Prayer	16
16.	Search the Scriptures	8
17.	What is the Sabbath of the New Testament?	20
18.	Instruct'ns for Family Life	16
	First Lessons, 18mo, 3 cts.	18

SWEDISH.

No.		Pages.
1.	Summary of the Bible	4
2.	The Way to Heaven	4
3.	The Swearer's Prayer	4
4.	Do you want a Friend?	4
5.	James Covey	4
6.	The Sailor's Friend	8
7.	John Robins	8
8.	What do you think of the Bible?	12
9.	End of Time	12
10.	Fool's Pence	8
11.	Great Question Answered	24
12.	Amiable Louisa	12
13.	To-Day	8
14.	Poor Joseph	4
15.	Rewards of Drunkenness	8
16.	What is True Christianity?	12
17.	Exhortation to Seamen	12
18.	Concerning True Conversion	8

DUTCH.

No.		Pages.
1.	The Sinner directed to the Saviour	8
2.	James Covey	8
3.	The Lost Soul	4
4.	The Last Call	4
5.	Appeal to Youth	4
6.	Serious Thoughts on Eternity	8
7.	Who Slew all these?	4
8.	Hopes for the Future	4

CHILDREN'S TRACTS, BROADSHEETS, AND HANDBILLS.

NEW SERIES I.

16 PAGES, 48MO.

VOL. I.

1. Ann Lively and her Bible.
2. Little Verses for Good Children.
3. Traveller's Wonders.
4. New Picture Book.
5. The Shepherd Boy.
6. The Pleasing Instructor.
7. A Pretty Picture Book.
8. The Twelve Months of the year
9. The Fourth Commandment.
10. Examples for Good Children.
11. Tom Steady; a Pretty History.
12. The Cowslip Gatherers.
13. Ripe Cherries; or William and Jane.
14. Little George and the Apple-Tree.
15. History of Beasts.
16. History of Harry Heedless.

VOL. II.

17. The Four Seasons.
18. Pretty Stories for Good Children.
19. Alphabet of Lessons for Children.
20. Good Child's Soliloquy.
21. The Journey.
22. The Hymn Book.
23. Morning and Evening.
24. The Child's Devotions.
25. Dialogue between Brother and Sister.
26. The Boat.
27. The Wanderer.
28. The Sower.
29. Reading the Bible.
30. Mary Scott.
31. Little Martha.
32. The Bird's Nest.

NEW SERIES II.

16 PAGES, 32MO.

VOL. I.

1. Address to a Child.
2. Goodness of Providence.
3. The Vine.
4. The Orphan.
5. A Child's Catechism in Verse.
6. The Christian Drummer.
7. Wonderful Cure of Naaman.
8. The African Widow.
9. Mary Jones; or the Soldier's Daughter.
10. Anne Walsh the Irish Girl.
11. Bible Happiness.
12. Honesty the Best Policy.
13. The Farmer and Soldier.
14. Louisa and the Little Birds.
15. Advice to Sabbath School Children.
16. Bread the Staff of Life.

VOL. II.

17. John S. Sutphen.
18. Boyer Smith.
19. The Tickets.
20. Select Verses for Children.
21. My Father.
22. The Image Boys.
23. The Lord's Prayer.
24. The May-Bee.
25. The Wishing-Cap.
26. Eyes and No Eyes.
27. Little William.
28. Memoir of Miriam Warner.
29. The Wreath.
30. Little Sally; or the Sabbath School.
31. To Children. By Cecil.
32. Christ our Example; or History of Dorothea.

VOL. III.

33. James M'Corkle.
34. Life of Christ.

NEW SERIES III.

16 PAGES, 18MO.

VOL. I.

1. Jane C. Judson.
2. Orphan Girl.
3. Peter Thompson.
4. Profane Swearing.
5. Remember the Sabbath Day.
6. Jenny Hickling.
7. Good Boys.
8. Howard F. Randolph.
9. Thomas W. Hughes.
10. Andrew Underhill.
11. The Premium.
12. Catharine Haldane.
13. Lady Jane Grey.
14. John Harmsen.
15. Elizabeth Vermeule.
16. Eliza Van Wyck.

VOL. II.

17. Eliza Thornton.
18. Catharine Helfenstein.

NEW SERIES IV.

36 PAGES, 18MO.

VOL. I.

1. Memoir of Thomas H. Paton.
2. History of Lucy Jackson.
3. History of Honest Roger.
4. History of the English Bible.
5. History of John Wise.
6. History of Jacob Newman.
7. The Cottage Girl.
8. Amelia Chapman.
9. Little Ann.

VOL. II.

10. The Simple Flower.
11. Village School.
12. The Penny Tract.
13. Catherine Warden.
14. Memoir of David Acheson, Jr.
15. Catechism on the Ten Commandments.
16. Child's Scripture Catechism.
17. Elizabeth Davidson.
18. Anna Emery.

VOL. III.

19. Ellen Gray and S. K. Kollock.
20. Mary Ann Clapp.
21. Tommy Wellwood.
22. Dialogue on Ardent Spirits.
23. Elspeth Sutherland.

24. Little Willy.
25. Theophilus and Sophia.
26. Happy Mute.
27. Hymns for Children.

QUARTO BROADSHEETS.

SIZE OF ONE QUARTER OF A SHEET. PRICE ½ OF A CENT.

1. An Appeal for the Sabbath.
2. What is to be Done To-day?
3. Rules for Christian Mechanics and Merchants.
4. Charity and Benevolence.

HANDBILLS.

SIZE OF ONE TRACT PAGE. PRICE 1 MILL, OR 10 CENTS PER HUNDRED.

1. Testimonies respecting the Bible.
2. The Saviour's Invitation.
3. An Appeal to Reason.
4. The Contrast.
5. The Swearer's Prayer.
6. Death.
7. The Grave.
8. Heaven.
9. Hell.
10. Eternity.
11. What am I?—Where am I?—Whither am I going?
12. Are you prepared to Die?
13. A question.
14. How old art thou?
15. A Problem.
16. A hundred years hence.
17. Yet lackest thou one Thing.
18. Important Questions.
19. The Soul a precious Jewel.
20. A wonder in three Worlds.
21. Reader.
22. Where are you going?
23. A Caution.
24. Time is short.
25. Worth of the Soul.
26. Things to think on.
27. An Appeal.
28. Set down that Glass.
29. Reasons for Total Abstinence.
30 A strange thing.
31. The Bible no Cheat.
32. "I hope to be saved."
33. "God is merciful."
34. To Venders of Ardent Spirits.
35. "Is it not a little thing?"
36. "Repent ye."
37. The Theatre, the Circus, and the Horse-Race.
38. A good Bargain.
39. All is well that ends well.
40. Six Considerations for Sunday School Teachers.
41. Six Reasons for going to a Sunday School.
42. Ten Reasons why I love to go to my Sunday School.
43. The Good Sunday Scholar.
44. Warning to Blasphemers.
45. To Buyers and Sellers on the Sabbath Day.
46. O Reader!
47. Portrait of a modern Infidel.
48. Why should I not be saved?
49. To-morrow.
50. "One Glass more."
51. A Word to the Aged—to the Active—to the Young.
52. A Word to the Slothful.
53. The Ten Commandments.
54. Questions to Christians.
55. To Retailer of Ardent Spirits.
56. The Sabbath.
57. Lord's Prayer Illustrated.
58. Confession of Rousseau.
59. Rules for Visitors and Travellers. By Dr. Bedell.
60. "Remember the Sabbath Day."
61. Proof of the Existence of God.
62. Quench not the Spirit.
63. "Not Now."
64. How to Spend the Sabbath.
65. Look to Jesus.
66. Who are Blessed.
67. Sign the Pledge.
68. Mary the Servant Girl.
69. Scripture Texts.
70. The Christian and his Echo.

CARDS.

PRICE 1 MILL, OR 10 CENTS PER HUNDRED.

1. To Gentlemen.
2. Hear ye the Word of the Lord.
3. A Command of God.

SCRIPTURE HANDBILLS IN SPANISH.

1. Selections from Sermon on the Mount.
2. Conversion of the Jailer.
3. The Prodigal Son.
4. The Lord's Supper.
5. Conversion of Paul.
6. The Crucifixion.
7. Proof of the Existence of God.
8. Do. do. do.

HANDBILLS IN WELSH.

1. The Sabbath Day.
2. A Secret to a Sabbath Stroller.
3. Eternity.
4. The Contrast.
5. Eight Reasons for not going to Plays, etc.
6. Scripture Admonitions.
7. Remember the Sabbath Day.
8. The Soul a precious Jewel.
9. Christian, Remember, etc.
10. Art thou prepared to Die?
11. Yet Lackest thou one Thing.
12. Facts on Intemperance.

EVANGELICAL FAMILY LIBRARY.

ABOUT 400 PAGES 18MO, WITH STEEL-PLATE FRONTISPIECES. PRICE, $6 00 A SET OF 15 VOLUMES.

Vol.
1. Doddridge's Rise and Progress.
2. Wilberforce's Practical View, with Portrait; and Flavel's Touchstone.
3. Edwards on the Affections, with Portrait; and Alleine's Alarm.
4. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with Engravings.
5. Baxter's Saints' Rest.
6. Baxter's Call, Dying Thoughts, and Life.
7. Memoir of David Brainerd, with Engravings; and Flavel on Keeping the Heart.
8. Memoir of Henry Martyn, with Portrait.

Vol.
9. Edwards' History of Redemption.
10. Pike's Persuasives to Early Piety, with Frontispiece.
11. Pike's Guide for Young Disciples, with Frontispiece.
12. Memoir of Rev. Dr. Payson, with Portrait.
13. Nevins' Practical Thoughts, and Thoughts on Popery, with Frontispiece.
14. Evidences of Christianity. By Jenyns, Leslie, Lyttelton, Watson, and others.
15. Memoir of James Brainerd Taylor, with Portrait.

VOLUMES SOLD SEPARATELY.

The publications marked † have steel-plate Portraits or other steel engravings. Those marked ‡ have engravings on wood, many of them highly finished. Those marked § have been abridged.

VOLUMES 12MO.

	Pages.	Cloth.	Cloth gilt.	Paper.
†D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, a new translation revised by the Author, 4 vols., of 450 pp.	1823	1,75	..	..
Baxter's Saints' Rest, *large type*,	540	60	80	..
Jay's Morning Exercises,	604	75	..	..
§ Flavel's Fountain of Life,	559	55	75	..
§ Flavel's Method of Grace,	560	55	75	..
§ Mason's Spiritual Treasury,	528	55	75	..
Hall's Scripture History,	516	55	75	..
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,	480	..	..	..
Gregory's Letters on Infidelity	480	55	75	..

	Pages.	cl'th.	gilt.	pap.
President Edwards on Revivals,	446	50	70	..
Bp. Hopkins on Ten Command'ts.,	442	50	70	..
Memoir of Mrs. Graham,	440	50	70	..
Paley's Natural Theology,	440	50	70	..
Venn's Complete Duty of Man,	430	50	70	..
§ Owen on Forgiveness, Ps. 130,	429	50	70	..
† Mem. of Mrs. Sarah L. H. Smith,	396	50	70	..
† Abbott's Young Christian, §	395	..	70	..
Sacred Songs, (Hymns and Tunes,)	380	55	..	..
Do. (Patent Notes,)	380	55	..	..
Nelson on Infidelity,	352	45	60	..
Dr. Spring's Bible Not of Man,	319	45	60	..

VOLUMES 18MO.

	Pages.	cl'h.	gilt.	pap.
† Memoir of Dr. Payson,	486	40	55	
† Memoir of Mrs. H. L. Winslow,	480	40	55	
† Memoir of James B. Taylor,	444	40	55	
§ Memoir of Rev. Dr. Buchanan,	478	40	55	
§ Guide to Young Disciples,	465	40	55	
‡ Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,	464	40	55	
Elijah the Tishbite,	458	40	55	
Volume on Infidelity,	456	40	55	
Doddridge's Rise and Progress,	452	40	55	
† Life of Martyn,	444	40	55	
Baxter's Saints' Rest,	444	40	55	
Edwards' History of Redemption,	446	40	55	
Pike's Persuasives to Early Piety,	438	40	55	
Reformation in Europe,	432	40	55	
Practical Piety, by Hannah More,	412	40	55	
Anecdotes for the Family Circle,	408	40	55	
‡ Spirit of Popery, (12 engravings,)	378	40	55	
Jay's Christian Contemplated,	380	35	45	
† § Wilberforce's Practical View,	375	35	45	
‡ § Life of David Brainerd,	360	30	40	
Melvill's Bible Thoughts,	354	30	40	
Sabbath Manual. By Dr. Edwards,	318	25	35	15
Do. Parts 1 and 3, General Claims of the Sabbath, and its Relation to the Family Institution,	132			5
Do. Part 4, Mode of Keeping the Sabbath,	136			5
Mammon. Prize Essay by Harris,	291	25	35	
† Life of Samuel Pearce,	288	25	35	
† § Edwards on the Affections,	276	25	35	
Universalism not of God,	258	25	35	15
Memoir of Matthew Henry,				
† Memoir of Hannah Hobbie,	252	25	35	
Bogue's Evidences of Christianity,	252	25	35	
Religion and Eternal Life,	250	25	35	
Life of John Newton,	244	25	35	

	Pages.	cl'h.	gilt.	pap.
Gurney on Love to God,	242	25	35	
† Memoir of H. Page,	230	25	35	15
† Nevins' Practical Thoughts,	230	25	35	15
Dibble's Thoughts on Missions,	225	25	35	15
Nevins' Thoughts on Popery,	216	25	35	15
Morison's Counsels to Young Men,	201	25	35	
James' Anxious Inquirer,	199	20	30	10
Mason on Self-Knowledge,	191	20	30	
James' Young Man from Home,	187	20	30	
† Abbott's Mother at Home,	177	20	30	10
§ Alleine's Alarm,	190	15	25	10
Baxter's Call,	177	15	25	10
Sherman's Guide to Acquaintance with God,	173	15	25	10
Henry on Meekness,	158	15	25	10
† Life of Rev. Samuel Kilpin,	156	15	25	10
‡ § Keith's Evidences of Prophecy,	144	15	25	10
Baxter's Life, chiefly by himself,	144	15	25	
Life of Archbishop Leighton,	142	15	25	10
Baxter's Dying Thoughts,	132	15	25	
Andrew Fuller's Backslider,	122	15	25	5
Redeemer's Last Command,	112	15	20	5
Beecher on Intemperance,	108	10	15	5
Life of Rev. C. F. Schwartz,	106	10	15	5
§ Flavel on Keeping the Heart,	108	10	15	5
§ Flavel's Touchstone,	96	10	15	5
Temper. Manual. By Dr. Edwards,	90	10	15	5
Colporteur and Roman Catholic,	84	10	15	5
The Bible True. By Dr. Plumer,	79	10	15	5
Memoir of Normand Smith,	72	10	15	5
Self-Deception,	72	10	15	5
The Withered Branch Revived,	72	10	15	5
Scudder's Appeal to Mothers,	65	10	15	5
Social Hymns, (large 32mo,)	468	25		
Hymns to S. Songs, (large 32mo,)	304	20		

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Gallaudet's Scripture Biography—
Price $1 75 a set of seven vols.

‡ Vol. 1, Adam to Jacob,	200	25		
‡ Vol. 2, Life of Joseph,	210	25		
‡ Vol. 3, Life of Moses, Part 1,	216	25		
‡ Vol. 4, Life of Moses, Part 2,	268	25		
‡ Vol. 5, Joshua, Judges,	288	25		
‡ Vol. 6, Ruth and Samuel,	198	25		
‡ Vol. 7, Life of David,	299	25		
‡ Gallaudet's Youth's Book of Natural Theology,	231	25	35	
‡ Peep of Day, (for Young Children)	228	25	35	15
‡ Line upon Line, do.	258	25	35	15
‡ Precept upon Precept, do.	256	25	35	15
Child's Book on the Sabbath,	201	20	30	10
‡ Dairyman's Daughter, etc.,	185	20	30	10
† Abbott's Child at Home,	173	20	30	10
Gallaudet's History of Jonah,	156	20	30	10
† do. Child's Book on Repentance,	147	20	30	10
† Mem. of Nathan W. Dickerman,	140	15	25	10
† Memoir of Henry Obookiah,	124	15	25	10
† Memoir of John Mooney Mead,	118	15	25	10
‡ Spoiled Child, David Baldwin, etc.	117	15	25	10
‡ Village in the Mountains, etc.,	108	15	20	10
‡ Little Henry and his Bearer, etc.,	108	15	20	10
‡ The Widow's Son, etc.,	108	15	20	10
‡ Eliza Cunningham, etc.,	108	15	20	10
† Memoir of Mary Lothrop,	108	15	20	10
† Gallaudet's Life of Josiah,	108	15	20	10
Memoir of Charles L. Winslow,	107	15	20	5
‡ Amelia, the Pastor's Daughter,	100	15	20	5
‡ Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, etc.,	98	15	20	5
Memoir of Clementine Cuvier,	96	15	20	5
‡ Fool's Pence, etc.,	94	15	20	5
‡ Elizabeth Bales. By J. A. James,	89	15	20	5
‡ Newton's Letters to an Adopted Daughter,	86	15	20	5
Raising of Lazarus,	80	10	15	5
Foster's Appeal to the Young,	69	10	15	5
‡ Emily Maria,	72	10	15	5
Memoir of Caroline Hyde,	72	10	15	5
Memoir of Rolls Plumbe,	72	10	15	5

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

‡ Trees, Fruits, and Flowers of the Bible, (9 cuts,)	120	20	30	10
‡ Scripture Animals, (16 cuts,)	98	20	30	10
The Illustrated Tract Primer,	108	15		10
‡ Letters to Little Children, (13 cuts,)	108	15	20	10
Great Truths in Simple Words,	94	15	20	10
‡ Peet's Scripture Lessons, (cuts)	72	15	20	10
‡ Gallaudet's Child's Book of Bible Stories, (10 cuts,)	72	15	20	5
‡ Children of the Bible, (8 cuts,)	52	15	20	
‡ The Child's Hymn Book, (32mo,)	209	15	20	10
‡ Amos Armfield, (10 cuts,) “	141		20	
Dr. Watts' Catechisms for the Young,				
‡ Watts' Divine and Moral Songs, (32mo,)	64			3

VOLUMES OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED.

‡ Books for Small Children, 2 vols., 32mo. (New Series I,)		20	25
‡ Books for Children, 2 vols., 32mo. (New Series II,)		25	30
‡ Books for the Young, 1 vol. 18mo. (New Series III,)		30	40
‡ Books for the Young, 3 vols., 18mo. (New Series IV,)		30	40

POCKET MANUALS, 32MO.

	Page.	cl'h.	glt.	pap.
Clarke's Scripture Promises,	280	20	25	
Daily Scripture Expositor,	286	20	25	
‡ Cecil and Flavel's Gift for Mourners,	124		15	
‡ Bean and Venn's Advice to a Married Couple,	96			Silk. 20
Book of Proverbs,	90	10	15	
Cecil's Reasons of Repose, (on Infidelity)	64	10	15	

	Pages.	cloth.	gilt.	M.tk.
Book of Psalms, (48mo,)	318	20	25	35

POCKET MANUALS, 64MO.

Diary, (Daily Texts interleaved,)	256	15	20	30
Gems of Sacred Poetry,	256	15	20	30
Daily Food for Christians,	192	10	15	25
Mason's Crumbs,	176	10	15	25
Heavenly Manna,	128	10	15	25
Daily Texts,	128	10	15	25
Milk for Babes,	128	10	15	25
Dew-Drops, a daily text, (128mo,)	128		10	20

MISCELLANEOUS.

VOLUMES 12MO.

	Pages.	cloth.	paper.
‡ The Series of 12mo Tracts, 12 vols., 400 pp. each, with Index to the set,		45	
Temperance Volume,	278	40	
Tracts on Romanism,	252		15
Boatswain's Mate,	152	25	
Burder's Sermons to the Aged,	148		10

VOLUMES IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

GERMAN, 12MO.

		Sheep or cloth.	pap.
Elijah the Tishbite,	707	75	
Doddridge's Rise and Progress,	441	50	
Nelson's Cause and Cure,	360	45	
Arndt's True Christianity,			
German Tracts, 4 vols., each,	400	40	

GERMAN VOLUMES, 18MO.

Baxter's Saints' Rest,	480	40	
Bogue's Evidences of Christianity,	338	30	
Memoir of Harlan Page,	269	25	15
Nevins' Practical Thoughts,	262	25	15
‡ Keith's Evidences of Prophecy,	244	25	15
‡ Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,	232	25	
Bp. Watson's Reply to Thomas Paine,	232	25	
† Abbott's Mother at Home,	163	20	10
Baxter's Call,	199	15	10
Hollatz's Method of Grace,	188	15	10
Edwards' Sabbath Manual—Parts 1 and 2,	160	15	10
Beecher on Intemperance,	118	15	5
Lyttelton's Conversion of Paul,	108	10	5
Temperance Manual,	106	10	5
Luther on the Lord's Prayer,	104	10	5
Andrew Dunn,	84	10	5
The Primitive Catholicism,			
Thirza, (a converted Jewess,)	72	10	5
False Claims of the Pope,	72	10	5
Life of Colonel Gardiner,	52	10	5
Threefold Cord, (Daily Texts, 32mo,)	176	15	

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

‡ Barth's 104 Bible Stories,	273	25	15
† Abbott's Child at Home,	189	20	10
Peep of Day, (Scripture Narratives,)	184	20	10
‡ Scripture Alphabet of Animals,	108	20	
Memoir of Mary Lothrop,	104	10	
Little Henry, etc.,	72	10	5
Theophilus and Sophia,	68	10	5

FRENCH VOLUMES, 18MO.

Baxter's Saints' Rest,	220	25	
" Call,	191	20	10
The Bible Man's Book, (Colporteur Biblique.) By Dr. De Felice,	178	15	10
Teachings of Rome compared with Scripture,	160	15	10
Death of the Eldest Son,	105	15	5
Edwards' Sabbath Manual, Part I,	86		5
Farewell to Rome,	76		5
The Primitive Catholicism,	71		5
Do you Wish to Die Happy?	64		5
The True Cross. By Dr. Malan,	64		5
French Tracts, 12mo, 1 vol.,	400	40	

WELSH VOLUMES.

Baxter's Saints' Rest, 12mo,	431	50	
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 12mo,	383	45	
James' Anxious Inquirer, 18mo.	201	20	15
Baxter's Call to Unconverted, 18mo,	166	15	10

SPANISH VOLUMES, 18MO

Edwards' Sabbath Manual, Part I,	48		5
Bogue's Evidences of Christianity,	272	25	

DANISH VOLUME.

Baxter's Call to the Unconverted,	208		

PACKETS OF TRACTS.

EACH CONTAINING 376 PAGES, AT 25 CENTS. *Prepared to assist distributers in selecting, and merchants and others in making sales.*

1.–5. For general distribution; comprising 188 Tracts, selected from the first 430 in the order of the series.
6. Elegant Narratives.
7. Awakening and Alarming.
8. For the Destitute, Vicious, etc.
9. For the Christian.
10. For the Family.
11. On Intemperance.
12. For Seamen.
13. Late Tracts.

EIGHT PACKETS OF CHILDREN'S TRACTS.

Each containing from nine to sixteen books, illustrated with superbly beautiful engravings. Price from 15 to 25 cents.

☞ The above prices are without discount, except to Branches which are subjected to expense for freight, rent, and agency in sustaining Depositories; or to Booksellers and Traders who buy to sell again.

A
COURSE
OF
FAMILY PRAYER,
FOR
EACH DAY IN THE WEEK.

BY THE REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY,
Late Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devon.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I, in the midst of them. . . . . MATTH. XVIII. 20.

Praying in the Holy Ghost. . . . . JUDE XX.

And the smoke of the incense, which came up with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God, out of the angels' hand. . . REV. VIII. 4.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS G. BANGS.
1817.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"IT is presumed, this little manual of devotion, taken from the manuscript papers of our author, will not be unacceptable to the public, because it is set forth as a form of prayer. Amongst the many unnecessary disputes in the Christian department, a question has been often propounded—Whether a person can present himself at the footstool of the Divine Majesty, using the words of another, and be a sincere worshipper; certainly in our private or recluse devotions, it is not improper to come before God, and pour out in simplicity and sincerity, the immediate solicitation, that we are in need of, expecting our imperfect aspirations to be accepted only through the mediation of the Lord Jesus.

But some indiscreet captious individuals have prematurely censured those, who have adopted a premeditated course of prayer in their families, or in public assemblies, as the quintessence of hypocrisy and the apathy of formality. By this criterion, may not the same suggestions be urged against the universality of singing psalms or hymns?

If such poetic compositions, which consist of prayer and thanksgiving, are used as a form, wherein can be the impropriety or inconsistency of a devout supplicant offering the same in prose? How assuming must it be in any person to take upon himself the iniquisitorial part of prejudging the uprightness of another, and bearing down the honest efforts of a humble mind, before that period arrives, when the secrets of all hearts will be made known. Let us in the interval anticipate that eventful crisis, when we shall enter upon that state, where there will be nothing to pray for, but every thing to be thankful for, where mental imperfections will be absorbed in the lustre of uncreated perfection, and every thing give place to unmingled and unalloyed adorations to God and the Lamb forever."

Such were the judicious observations of the English Editor of Mr. Toplady's works, and I can join with him, most cordially, though when I first engaged the ministry, from perceiving so much formality among Christians, I thought too lightly of precomposed forms of prayer, and perhaps it is common for young

Christians, in the fervour of devotion, to suppose that we stand in need of no such help. But many days of darkness teach us, that we ought to be thankful for every means of keeping alive our devotion, lest we should restrain prayer before God. If we had no other proof that God accepted premeditated prayers, the case of the Prodigal would be sufficient; it is certainly possible for persons in the most spiritual exercise of their minds, to use words composed by others, or our Saviour would never have commanded his disciples to pray after the manner which he prescribed.

How many dying martyrs, have adopted the words of our Saviour, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do!" And how many Saints have departed this life, saying, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit!".

Where persons are not properly qualified to lead the devotions of others, it would be better for those who are guided by them, if they would use a Scriptural form of prayer. In this way prayers would be introduced into families, that now neglect calling on God for his divine forgiveness, where children and servants are never taught their dependance on a Divine Providence, and the necessity of a divine pardon.

Many persons who attempt to pray, trusting to their own abilities, or gifts are frequently so inconsistent and tedious in their supplications that persons are disgusted with their performances, while they are themselves elated and filled with pride at their supposed fervency and spiritual mindedness.

Let us not dispise the means which God has given us, to assist our devotions and to recommend the worship of God to others. I have used these prayers in my own family and sincerely recommend them to the use of all heads of families, praying that God may pour out upon us the Spirit of Grace and Supplication, that we may not draw nigh to Him with our lips while our hearts are far from Him. If this publication should promote a consistent spirit of devotion I shall be abundantly satisfied and return praise to the God of all mercies, who will not say to the seeking seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain.

AMANA.

Boston, March 22, 1817.

A COURSE OF

FAMILY PRAYER.

SUNDAY MORNING.

THROUGH the riches of thy mercy, and by the power of thy sustaining goodness, we are brought in safety, to see the light of another day, even the light of a new Lord's day, the best of days, the type of that glorious rest, which remaineth for the people of God. Lord, send forth, and send down thy Holy Spirit into our hearts; and make thy sabbath, a sabbath day, indeed, to each of our souls; a day of spiritual improvement, heavenly consolation, and near communion with thee: O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that right soon; so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our lives. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us at this time; bless us to all the means of grace, whether public or private, in the use of which we wait for thy salvation: O let them not be as wells without water; but make them channels of divine influence, and effectual to the end for which thou hast appointed them. We desire to begin the Lord's day with the Lord, and to hallow it by the word of God and by prayer. Enable us, O thou Father of mercies, to keep it holy unto thee, and to enjoy saving communion with thee, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

We thank thee, gracious God, for the return of the morning light, and for causing the day-spring to know its time and place. O may the day-star from on high, visit our benighted souls; and may that Saviour, who is the bright and morning star, arise and shine within us with healing in his wings: glory be to thy goodness, that the light we see is the Lord's that this is the day which thou hast made for thyself, and set apart for thy name. May this sabbath-day be an high day to our souls; a day of spiritual feasting and heavenly joy; bring us, O blessed Spirit, into thy banqueting house, and let thy banner over us be love. Blessed be thy name, that we see so many of the days of the Son of man; that we enjoy so many precious opportunities of worshipping thee in the beauty of holiness, and of paying our vows unto thee publickly, in the presence of thy people. May we be in the Spirit on the Lord's day; and call the sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord and honourable. May we cease from our own works, as God on the seventh day ceased from his; and abound only in the work of the Lord. Especially make it to us a sabbath of rest from sin, and a sabbath of rest in God, We are, indeed, utterly unworthy of the honour, and unable for the work of a fellowship, with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ; but we come unto thee, O blessed Lamb of God, in thy own adorable name, who alone art worthy; and depend on the strength and supply of thy good Spirit, to work all our works in us, and to ordain peace for us. Bless all thy ministering servants throughout the whole world, may they obtain mercy of the Lord to be faithful; faithful to thee, faithful to truth, and faithful to the souls entrusted to their care. Particularly, vouchsafe to be with all those who are this day to stand up in thy name, and preach the gospel of thy grace. May they be mighty through thee, to convince the unconvinced, to convert the unconverted, to heal them that are of a contrite heart, and to build up believers on their most holy faith. Enable them to preach thy truths with power, and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; thou thyself graciously working with them, and confirming the work with signs following: Be in the midst of all thy worshipping people, who shall assemble in thy name to-day. Have mercy on those who shall be unwillingly detained from thy house, by sickness, or any other providential impediment; comfort them in secret, sanctify their absence by granting them much of thy inward presence. Let them that tarry at home, divide the spoil; and, as they are excluded from the stream, give them to drink the deeper at the fountain head. Lord, assist us, thy unworthy servants, in the religious services of this day. Make us joyful in the house of prayer; when we wait upon thee for a renewal of our strength, may we find our strength indeed renewed; may we inwardly experience the grace of the means, while we attend on the means of grace; and enjoy a saving intercourse with the God of ordinance, in frequenting the ordinances of God. Vouchsafe to take us and ours into thy gracious protection. Bless and preserve us in our going out and coming in. Support and strengthen, direct and guard us; pardon our innumerable sins, the depravity of our nature, and the offences of our lives: and sanctify us to thyself a peculiar people, zealous of good works, and seal us thine in body, soul and spirit, to the day of the Lord Jesus. This day, gracious Lord, keep us in thy fear: let us not find our own pleasure, nor do our own ways, nor speak our own words; but live entirely to thee, converse with thee, know more of thee, and grow up into a greater fitness for thy kingdom and glory. All we beg, O gracious Father, is, for thy mercy's sake, in Jesus Christ, our Saviour: for whom we bless thee, and to whom, with thyself and the Holy Ghost, we desire to ascribe, all might, majesty, and praise, for ever and ever.

The Lord bless us and keep us; the Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious to us, and give us peace, this day and ever more.—Amen.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Receive us graciously, O thou God of all mercy, though we be not cleansed according to the purification of the sanctuary: we trust we can say, that our whole dependence is fixed on him, on that ever blessed Mediator, between God and men, in whom thou hast declared thyself well pleased. Vouchsafe to cloath us with his righteousness, and to sprinkle both our hearts and our performances with his precious blood, which speaketh better things, than that of Abel. Smile upon us, and be gracious to us, in this our private audience; may our petitions be received with favor at the throne of grace, and may an answer of peace be sealed in our hearts. In this, and all other our doings, may we be enabled to look unto thee for a blessing, and to receive the blessing at thy hand, through Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come. Thou art the Lord, by whom we escape death, and enjoy all things pertaining to life and godliness. Thine we are, and thee we ought to serve. Thou hast holden us up, ever since we were born: may our praise be always of thee. We thank thee for thy care over us, and thy favour toward us, this day, both in a way of providence, and in a way of grace. Less than the least of all thy mercies, we are continually favoured with the greatest: we, who deserve justly to be forsaken of thee, and to be cast out of the sight of thine eyes, are yet spared hitherto, to be monuments of thy goodness, and of the love that passeth knowledge. Dearest Father, impress our hearts with a lively and lasting sense of what thou hast done for us; and do thou crown all, by working in us that which is well-pleasing in thy sight. Give us unfeigned repentance toward God, and saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Sprinkle us with his precious blood, from all the guilt of our sins, both original and actual; cloath us with his righteousness, unto justification; and grant us that sanctification of thy spirit, without which, no man can see the Lord. We desire to be humbled in thy glorious presence, for the sins of this day; for the iniquity of our holy things; for our short-comings, and our mis-doings. Surely, all our personal righteousnesses are as filthy rags, in the eyes of thine infinite holiness; and our best performances, if brought to the test of thy perfect law, would but add to our condemnation, and enhance our punishment. But thou art a God gracious and merciful, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, through the ransom thou hast found, and the Lamb which thou hast provided for a burnt offering. Give us to see, that our guilt was transferred to him; that his obedience is imputed to us; and that we are, through grace, interested in all the blessings of the everlasting covenant. To the care and protection of thy almighty providence would we humbly commend ourselves this night. Take charge of us and our's, O thou Keeper of Israel, who never slumberest nor sleepest, watch over us for good. When we sleep, let our hearts wake, and our souls lie open to the influence of thy blessed Spirit: keep us without sin, by the power of thy grace. If we have received any spiritual improvement to-day, Lord grant that it may abide with us, and increase with us ever more and more. Let it not be as the morning-dew, that quickly passes away; but fasten thy word upon our hearts, as a nail in a sure place. Cherish every motion of thy good spirit; begin the work of grace, where it is not yet begun; and carry it on with power, where it is. May our penitence be deep and lasting; may our faith be strong, lively and fervent; and build us up into living habitations of thee the living God. Sanctify and seal us thine, in body, soul, and spirit. Sprinkle, according to thy own most gracious promise, clean water upon us, that we may be clean; from all our filthiness, and from all our idols do thou cleanse us: a new heart also do thou give unto us, and a new spirit do thou put within us: take, O take away the stony heart out of our flesh, and give us hearts of flesh: put thy spirit within us, and cause us to walk in thy statutes, and to keep thy judgments and do them. May we, from principles of faith in thee, and love to thee, be careful to maintain good works; and go on from strength to strength, until we are called to appear before the God of gods in Sion: there to celebrate that never-ending Sabbath, which angels and archangels, with the spirits of just men made perfect, are now enjoying before the throne. With them, may we see thee as thou art; with them, may we cast our crowns before thee; and sing the praises of the great Three one, of the Father who loved us, of the Son who washed us from our sins in his own blood, and of the eternal Spirit who sanctified us by his grace, and preserved us to the day of Christ. Whatever we ask, we ask it at thy hand, for the merit's sake of thy dear Son, our only Lord and Saviour.—AMEN.

MONDAY MORNING.

OPEN our eyes, O Lord, that we may discern the wonders of thy law; and rejoice our hearts with the knowledge of thy love. Take away our iniquities, and receive us graciously. Be light to our darkness, wisdom to our folly, and manifest thy strength in our weakness. Remember us according to the favour which thou bearest to thy own people; stir us up to seek thy face, and to lay hold on thy covenant; and make us find that it is indeed good for us to draw nigh unto thee, and to wait upon thee, in and through the name and merits of Jesus Christ our only Mediator and Advocate.

Gracious and glorious Lord, the eyes of all wait upon thee; thou art the hope of all the ends of the earth. In thee we live and move and have our being; thou givest us life and breath, and all things. Still thou takest care of us, and watchest over us; even in the hour of sleep, when we are unable to care for ourselves. And thy mercies are daily renewed; thy goodness is repeated every morning; yea, every moment, dost thou give us fresh occasion of praise and thanksgiving. Blessed be thy name, for the peace, rest, and safety of the night past. Enable us, in the strength of thy grace and of thy gifts, to love thee truly, to serve thee faithfully, and to depend on thee without wavering. In all our ways, may we acknowledge thee; and be thou graciously pleased to establish our goings, and to direct our path. We desire to put ourselves under thy gracious conduct and thy fatherly protection. We beg the heavenly guidance, blessing, and assistance of thy good spirit, to choose our inheritance for us, and to dispose of us, and all that concerns us, to the glory of thy great name. O Lord, withdraw not thy tender mercies from us, neither shut up thy loving kindness in displeasure. Though we deserve to lose thy favour and thy presence, yet grant us the comfort of thy help, and the joy of thy salvation, and uphold us with thy free spirit. Punish not our past offences, by leaving us to ourselves, and giving us up to the dominion of our sins; but give us penitent hearts for all the evil committed by us, and thy merciful discharge from all the guilt that lies upon us. And grant us, O good Lord, the comfortable sense and apprehension of thy free acceptance of us, and of thy gracious intentions towards us, in the Son of thy love, the lover of our souls; that our hearts may bless thee, and all that is within us may praise thy holy name.—Lord, keep us from sin this day. Subdue, as well as pardon, our iniquities: and herein may we exercise ourselves, to have always a conscience void of offence, both towards God and towards man.—Whilst upon earth, grant us a due supply of all things needful for us in the house of our pilgrimage. Sanctify to us our enjoyments and our employments, our comforts and our crosses, every condition we are to be in, and every event that shall befal us. Enable us to live to thy honour and glory: and make us to pass through things temporal, as neither to lose nor forget the things eternal. If thou enlighten us not, we shall run into error; if thou prevent not, we shall relapse into sin; if thou preserve us not, we shall fall into dangers. O let thy good providence be our defence and security; and thy Holy Spirit be our comforter, guide, and counsellor, in all our ways; until, through the merits of thy Son, and the multitude of thy mercies, we are called away, to be forever with the Lord.—AMEN.

MONDAY EVENING.

TEACH us, O Lord, the way of thy Statutes, and make us keep it unto the end. Incline our hearts to thy testimonies, and cause us to go in the path of thy commandments, for therein is our desire. May the law of thy mouth be dearer unto us, than thousands of gold and silver; and let thy Holy Spirit accompany thy word with saving power to our souls, through Jesus Chirst our Lord.

Infinitely great, and infinitely gracious God, thy glory exceeds our utmost thoughts, and thy mercies are over all thy works. We, thy sinful creatures, have particular reason to admire and adore, not only thy patience, which bears with us, notwithstanding all that we have done against thee; but likewise thy never ceasing bounty, by which our comforts are continued, and our wants supplied. We desire to approach thee, as our kind and merciful Father in Jesus Christ: humbly beseeching thee, to wash away cur sins in his most precious blood; and to give us a sufficient measure of thy grace and Holy Spirit, to enable us against them. Thou didst create man, O Lord, after thy own blessed image; but we have destroyed ourselves, and come short of thy glory: the crown is fallen from our heads, and woe unto us, for we have sinned both by nature and by practice: justly mightest thou swear in thy wrath, that we shall not enter into thy rest. Yet suffer us, and enable us, to plead, in faith, thy gracious promise, that whosoever trusteth in the Saviour thou hast provided, and come unto thee by him, shall never perish, nor fall into condemnation, but have everlasting life for his sake. Lord, we would believe; O help our unbelief! and work in us that unfeigned repentance towards God, and that right faith in our Lord Jesus Chirst, that we may be of the number of them that do indeed repent and believe to the saving of the soul. Save us, O good Lord, from our sinful selves; and from the love of the present evil world; and from every thing that opposes thy grace, and tends to hurt our souls. Stablish us in thy love; strengthen us to perform thy will; and settle our faith on Christ, the rock of ages.—To thy mercy in him we would humbly commit ourselves this night. Be our sun, to enlighten us; be our shield, to defend us. Grant us, if it please thee, rest of body, and peace of mind. Let the voice of joy, health, and safety, be heard in our dwelling: make our walls salvation; and our gates praise.—Comfort all, who want the comforts we enjoy, and grant suitable supplies of mercy, both spiritual and temporal, to all the afflicted, wheresoever they are, and howsoever tried.—Remember, with the favour that thou bearest to thy people, all our absent friends and relations: be thou a friend to them, and may they stand in a covenant relation to thee. Make them and us such as thou wouldest have us, and as such as thou wilt accept of in Christ Jesus, here to thy gracious favour, and hereafter to thy glorious kingdom. Hear us, O God of the spirits of all flesh! Hear us, in behalf of ourselves and others; hear others, in behalf of themselves and us: and convert those, who pray neither for others nor themselves. Above all, hear the Son of thy love, the lover of our souls, who intercedes, we trust, for us, at thy right hand. For him, and to him, with thyself, and the blessed spirit, enable us to ascribe everlasting praise and glory.—AMEN.

TUESDAY MORNING.

ALMIGHTY GOD, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; vouchsafe, at this time, to cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit; that we may perfectly love thee, worthily magnify thy holy name, and offer thee a sacrifice in righteousness, acceptable to thy glorious Majesty, in and through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Blessed Lord, thine we are, and thee we ought to serve. The obligations of thy law, and the endearments of thy love, render it our indispensable duty to be faithful in the covenant, and to abound in the work of the Lord. But, alas! we are unprofitable servants, and worse than unprofitable; for we have drank in iniquity like water, our provocations against thee are increased, and our trespasses are grown up unto the heavens. We have lived to ourselves, instead of living unto him who died for us and rose again; we have not, as we should, glorified thee in our bodies and in our spirits, which are thine.—And since it is not in man to recover and save himself, O enable us to look unto thee, in whom alone our help lies. We thank thee, for laying help upon one that is mighty; for committing thy people, and the work of their salvation, to the hands of him who hath finished transgression, made reconciliation for the iniquity of them that believe, and wrought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness, for their justification. In his name, we come to thy throne of grace, hoping to obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need: for his sake, we humbly intreat thy favour and the light of thy countenance; begging thee to be reconciled to us, and be at peace with us, as a Father of mercies, and a God of consolation. And, Lord, enable us to walk as becomes those upon whom thy name is called. May we be followers of Christ, as dear children, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. O circumcise our hearts to love the Lord our God: and may thy Almighty Spirit so write the law of holiness upon our minds, that it may be our meat and our drink to do thy will; that we may hate all iniquity, and every false way; and resemble the blessed Jesus, as our pattern, while we trust in his merits as our propitiation. Lord, make our service acceptable to thee, while we live; and our souls ready for thee, when we die. As long as we are in the world, keep us from the evil of it, and from the snares and dangers, to which we are continually exposed, in our passage through it. O make our pilgrimage safe and sure through all the troubles, changes, and temptations of this mortal life, to the unchangeable glories and felicities of the life everlasting. Be merciful to us this day. Keep us in all our ways, bless all our lawful undertakings, and grant that we may take nothing in hand, but what is warranted by thy word, and agreeable to thy will concerning us. Set thy fear before our eyes, all the day long ; and put thy love into our hearts, that we may not depart from thee. Bless and preserve us in our going out and coming in. May the angel of thy presence, save us from all sin and danger Hear and answer us, O Lord, for the sake of him who hath loved and redeemed us, even the Lord our righteousness, to whom be ascribed the kingdom, and power, and glory.

The blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be with us, and all that belong to us, this day, and evermore.—Amen.

TUESDAY EVENING.

O Lord, thou art good unto them that wait for thee, and to the soul that seeketh thee. We desire, at this time, to wait for thee, and to wait upon thee ; and to seek thee in the way of thy appointment. Give us a token for good, and an answer of peace, while we draw near unto thee in the name of Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Redeemer.

How excellent is thy mercy, O God ! and what encouragement dost thou give us to put our trust under the shadow of thy wings ! thou art the bountiful giver of the good that our souls desire, and the merciful withholder of the evil that our sins deserve. From thee comes all our help ; and in thee make us repose all our hope. We acknowledge thy great and daily goodness to us ; and our own absolute unworthiness of the least of all thy mercies. We desire to take shame and confusion to ourselves, that we have so little improved, and so greatly abused, thy patience with us, and the various instances of thy bounty towards us. Thy very mercies help to aggravate the heavy reckoning of our offences; because we have done so much against thee, after all the great things thou hast done, and are continually doing, for us. We would, O Lord, be penitent and humbled for our sins; and intreat thy gracious favour in Jesus Christ for the pardon of them. Forgive us, we pray thee, for his blood and righteousness sake; absolve us from all the evil, of which we stand guilty before thee; and, being justified by faith, grant us peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. And as we pray, that thou wilt be to us a Father of mercies, and a God of consolation; so also that thou wouldst make us followers of thee, as dear children. Work in us, by thy Holy Spirit, that which is well pleasing in thy sight. Lord, thou knowest our weakness, and the temptations to which we are exposed: our danger from the enemy of souls; and from the present world, which is full of snares; and, above all, from the enemy within, our vile flesh and deceitful hearts, so apt to betray us into sin. We pray, therefore, that thou wilt arm us with the whole armour of God; and uphold us with thy free spirit; and watch over us for good evermore. O make us experience the strongest aids of thy heavenly grace; that we may never fall a prey to the spiritual adversary that seeks to devour us. And seeing thou art yet pleased to hold our souls in life, and to make us find and feel, by every day's experience, how gracious and merciful thou art; give us hearts more sensible of thy love to us, more enflamed with love to thee, and more thankful for the blessings which thou art pleased to multiply upon us. And cause us to shew forth thy praise, not only by speaking good of thy name, but by ordering our conversations as becomes the gospel of Christ. To thy mercy in him do we humbly commend ourselves and ours this night: beseeching thee to visit us with thy salvation, and to preserve us, in soul and body, from all evils and dangers to which the weakness of our frame, and the greatness of our sins, expose us.

May our repose be holy, safe, and refreshing; that we may rise again better fitted and enabled to serve thee according to thy will, in the duties of the following day, if it should be thy pleasure to make addition of another day to our lives. And as thou addest days and mercies, add repentance and amendment to our days; that, in proportion as we draw nearer to the grave, our souls may grow fitter for heaven. And for all the good things that we have had, and still have, and yet hope for at thy hands, to thy adorable name be all the praise, O Father, Son, and Spirit, world without end.—AMEN.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

UNTO thee do we lift up our eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens. Have respect, we humbly beseech thee, both to us and to our offerings, for the sake of him who offered up himself for our offences, and rose again for our justification. Meet us with a blessing, who desire to meet thee in prayer; and make thy throne a throne of grace to us, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Lord God, bountiful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; thou keepest mercy for thousands, thou pardonest iniquity, transgression and sin; neither dost thou retain thy anger forever, because thou delightest in mercy. Look down, O Lord, upon us, who would now be looking up to thee; and be favourable to us, as thou usest to be unto those that fear thy name. Look not upon the sin of our nature; nor the sins of our hearts and lives; which are more than we can number, and greater than we can express. O sprinkle us from an evil conscience, by the application of the blessed Redeemer's blood which cleanseth from all sin. And, seeing there is, in him, an infinite fulness of all that ever we can want, or wish, to render us holy, and to make us happy; grant us to receive, out of his fulness, grace sufficient for us; grace to pardon our sins, and subdue our iniquities; to justify our persons, and to sanctify our souls. Begin, or carry on, the new creation within; advance in us that saving change of heart, which may, by the power of thy spirit, more and more transform us into thy blessed image, and make us meet to be partakers of the saints in light. And now, that we are entered upon another day, we beseech thee to carry us through it in thy fear and favour. Order all our steps in thy word, and, let no wickedness have dominion over us. Teach us to use the world, without abusing it; and may that portion of it which thou hast and shall assign us, be sanctified to us, by the word of God, and by prayer; and by the right employment and improvement of it to thy glory. Whatever we are without, O leave us not destitute of the things that accompany salvation; but satisfy us with the sense of thy favour, and adorn us with the graces of thy Holy Spirit. Blessed be thy rich goodness, which has renewed our lives and thy mercies to us this morning. Lord, grant that all our comforts may flow to us in the channel of covenant love; and revert to the praise and glory of the gracious giver. Be with, protect, and bless us, in our going out and coming in. May the angel of thy presence save us, and the God of angels be our shield and exceeding great reward. Make us desire, resolve, and endeavour, to live in the obedience of thy holy will, and to the honour of thy blessed name. O restrain us from the evils and follies, into which we are prone to fall; and quicken us to the offices and duties we ought to perform. Grant that we may think and speak, will and do, the things that are well-pleasing in thy sight; and have the strong consolation of acceptance with thee. So visit us with thy salvation, sanctify us by thy grace, and so carry us through life, that thy name may have the praise, and our souls the comfort, in the hour of death, and in the great day of our Lord Jesus Christ.—AMEN.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

PREVENT us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with the continual help; that, in this, and all other our works begun, continued and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name; offer thee acceptable service; and finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Enable us, gracious God, to desire thee, as our chiefest good; and to come to thee, as our merciful Father in the Son of thy love. In his great name, and prevailing mediation, alone, it is, that we, who have multiplied our offences against thee, are encouraged still to present our persons and our prayers before thee. We are utterly unworthy to approach they foot-stool, and to enjoy the privilege of intercourse with thee. We durst not appear in the presence of thy holy, glorious Majesty, in our own names, or trusting in our own sinful righteousness; our guilt is so great, and our iniquities so grievous, that we might justly be ashamed to come before thy face, and to tremble for fear of thy judgments. We would therefore fly for refuge to the merits of him, who we trust, has fully satisfied thy justice for our sins, and is now interceding at thy right hand for our souls: whom thou delightest to honour, in sparing, accepting, and saving poor unworthy sinners, upon his account. Deliver us, most gracious Lord, for his sake, from all those transgressions, for which our hearts condemn us; and from all, of which thou that art greater than our hearts, knowest us to be guilty: and seal to us a full pardon in his most precious blood, which speaketh better things on our behalf, than we are able to do for ourselves in all our prayers. And may the time past of our lives suffice to have lived to ourselves, and to have served our own corrupt wills. O put an end to all our presumptuous and treacherous dealings with thy heavenly all-seeing Majesty: and create in us new and clean, humble and contrite hearts, to tremble at thy word and presence, and to hate and abandon all our foolish and sinful misdoings. Command thy blessing, and thy saving grace, to descend and rest upon the souls here before thee. Cause us to know the joyful sound of thy gospel, not only by the hearing of the ear, but in the channel of heavenly experience. O take possession of our hearts, and, by the power of thy spirit, draw up our affections to thy blessed self. Grant us union and communion with thee; such a sight and sense of sin and of our lost state by nature, as may render Christ and his righteousness precious to us; and such comfortable views of our justification through him, as may enlarge our hearts with joy, fill our lips with praise, and influence us to live unto him that died for us and rose again.—Lord, guide and keep us; make us wise and faithful in our several duties, and blessed and prosperous in the event. Sanctify our respective conditions to us, and fit us for whatever thou shalt please to call us to.—And now, O Lord, we beseech thee to accept our evening sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for the mercies of the day past, and for thy unwearied goodness which has followed us all the days of our lives. Go on to abound toward us in lovingkindness and tender mercies; passing by our innumerable sins, and supplying our every want. Take charge of us to night. Hide us in thy pavilion, and compass us about with songs of deliverance. Whether we sleep or wake, keep us safe under thy wings, and may our hearts be occupied in thy statutes. Bring us, at the appointed season, to the heavenly city, where there is no darkness, but the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And for all thy patience with us, thy care over us, and thy continual mercy to us, blessed be thy name, O Lord, Father, Son, and Spirit.—Amen.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Thou, O God, art praised in Zion. Angels and archangels, saints below and saints above, the whole family of thy elect, both in heaven and earth, worship thee, the fountain of all blessedness, and the giver of all good. We, likewise, the chief, but not the least favoured, of sinners, desire to join the company of thy redeemed, and to offer up our spiritual sacrifices. Accept, great God, the mite we bring; pardon the iniquity that cleaves to our duties; meet us with a blessing; and receive us graciously, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

O thou, who hast borne so long with us, and done so much for us; of whom alone cometh our salvation, and by whom we escape death! moved by the sense of our own necessities, and encouraged by the daily experience of thy mercies, we desire still to shelter ourselves under the shadow of thy wings, and to continue our supplications at the throne of thy grace; most humbly intreating thee, who fashionest the hearts of the sons of men, that thou wouldst prepare our hearts to come into thy sacred presence, and to call upon thy blessed name. O pour down upon us the spirit of grace and of supplications; yea, let thy good spirit help our infirmities, and teach us how to pray. We, who are but poor worms, and sinful dust and ashes, have taken upon us to speak to thee, the Sovereign Majesty of heaven and earth: we, who have too much cause to fear, lest our great and manifold sins might provoke thee to hide thy face from us, and to shut up thy loving kindness in displeasure against us. Lord, be merciful to us sinners; for the sake of him whom thou hast exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto his people, and forgiveness of sins. Heal our souls, which have greatly sinned against thee: heal our backslidings, and love us freely; take away our ungodlines, and thou shalt find none. Renew us daily, unto repentance; establish our hearts in thy faith and fear; and hold up our goings in thy paths, that our foot-steps slip not. Make us, in the strength of grace, go on from conquering to conquer, all the enemies of our souls, and all the hinderances of our salvation, until thou hast bruised Satan under our feet.

We bless thee for the mercies of the night. We laid us down to sleep, and have risen again, for thou hast sustained us, and made us to dwell in safety. May we ever experience the comfort of thy protection, and the help of thy salvation ! may we find thee to be indeed a God of pardon, a God of sanctification, and a God of preservation !—Dispose of us, we beseech thee, and of all that concerns us, this day, to the glory of thy name. Keep us, at all times, in all places, and in all companies, from the evil of sin, and from all other evils to which the greatness of our sins make us liable. And take thou, O heavenly Father, the charge, guidance, and government of us ; lead us by thy counsel, until thou hast brought us to thy kingdom and glory ; and, in the mean while, sanctify to us all thy dealings with us, and seal us thine to the day of redemption for the sake of thy tender mercies, and the abundant merits of Jesus Christ, our blessed Mediator and Redeemer.—AMEN.

THURSDAY EVENING.

ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid ; vouchsafe, at this time, to cleanse the thoughts of our hearts, by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit ; that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Christ our Lord.

O Lord, the infinite, incomprehensible God ; thou hast heaven for thy throne, and earth for thy footstool ; and all things are in thy sight, and at thy disposal. Thou art the searcher of our hearts and the overseer of our lives, here and every where present. Thou compassest our path and our lying down, and art acquainted with all our ways. Lord, put our hearts into an holy frame, fit to attend upon thy glorious, all-seeing Majesty. Work in us, by the power of thy grace, that change, which we cannot work in ourselves: for, of ourselves, we are equally vile and helpless. We were born sinners, and sinners we have lived and continued, and, by continually adding sin to sin, we have made ourselves still more the children of wrath, than we even were by nature. Justly mightest thou withdraw thy tender mercies from us, and pour out thy wrath and indignation upon us to the uttermost; making us to find and feel, by woeful experience, what an evil and bitter thing it is, to depart from thee the living God: but thy patience is wonderful, thy goodness is infinite, and, as is thy Majesty, so is thy mercy. We therefore humbly beseech thee to stretch forth the hand of thy power and grace, which alone is able to set us at liberty, who are tied and bound with the chain of our sins. Call us effectually, and we shall come unto thee; draw us, and we shall run after thee. Cause us to feel, to abhor, and to forsake our iniquities: and, Oh! give us a well-grounded apprehension, and a comfortable persuasion, of our being justified freely by thy grace through the redemption that is in Jesus.—And for his sake, vouchsafe us the sanctification of thy spirit, to transform us into thy image, by the renewing of our minds, and to enable us for all the duties of thy service. Perfect, O Lord, that which concerneth us: and make us such, both in our hearts and lives, that we may enjoy thy peace below, and be meet for the inheritance of thy heavenly glory above. Satisfy us with thy favour; and grant us the reviving sense of thy gracious acceptance of us, and of thy merciful intentions toward us. Speak peace to our conciences; say, to each of our souls, "I am thy salvation:" that we may rejoice in thee as our God, and rest upon thee as our reconciled Father in Jesus Christ. And as thou hast been good and kind to us through the day past (for which, and for the mercies of all our days, we would thankfully admire thy love, and bless thy name); so we beg that we may experience the continuance of thy gracious goodness to us, and of thy fatherly care over us, this present night. Preserve and defend, bless and keep us, that no evil may happen to us, nor any plague come nigh our dwelling. Do thou, who givest, unto thy beloved sleep, vouchsafe to favour us with such needful repose, as may refresh and strengthen us for thy service and our respective duties. Prepare us, great God, for the final sleep of death, and for the account we must shortly give at the judgment seat of Christ. When our souls are required of us, and we are uncloathed of the body, grant that we may not be found spiritually naked: unsprinkled with the blood of thy Son, uncloathed with the robe of his justifying righteousness, nor unadorned with the graces of thy sanctifying spirit. O cause us, in this our day (the day of life, the only season of preparation) to know, and to follow after, the things pertaining to our everlasting peace, before they are hid from our eyes, and ere death makes us wise too late. Accomplish the work of thy grace upon our hearts, and cause us to finish the work thou hast given us to do: that whenever thou shalt be pleased to send for us away, we may have nothing to do, but to depart in peace, according to thy word, to fly at the signal—to quit the body, with cheerfulness—and with faith, and, without dread, resign our spirits into thy gracious hands; trusting in the riches of thy grace, and the saving merits of thy blessed Son. And, for all that he has so wonderfully effected to recover us, and to obtain eternal redemption for us; for whatever good thou hast wrought in us, and for the hope of glory thou hast given us: to thy name, O blessed God of our salvation, be the praise and honour, now and for ever—AMEN.

FRIDAY MORNING.

BY thee, O Lord, alone, it is, that we laid us down in peace, and are risen in safety. May the lives, which thy goodness renews every morning and thy providence preserves every moment, be devoted to thee; and, as a Father spareth his own Son that serveth him, so may the Lord, our God, continue to have mercy upon us, through Jesus Christ, our blessed mediator and redeemer.

O Lord, we desire to adore thy name, which is excellent in all the earth, and whose glory is above the heavens. Thou art the Maker and disposer of all things: and for thy sovereign pleasure it is, that they still exist, and were at first created. Thy hands have made and fashioned us: and all that we enjoy comes from thee. As we are the workmanship of thy power, O make us likewise thy spiritual workmanship, created a new in Christ Jesus, unto holiness and true righteousness. Give proof that thou hast formed us for thyself, by causing us to shew forth thy praise; and by making us live to thy glory, as we do every day live upon thy bounty. But, Lord, we have not yielded thee that glory which thou hast made us capable of, and so many ways obliged us to. We are prone to forget thee, who art never unmindful of us; and to disobey thee, whose goodness to us is unwearied. For these things, O Lord, for the sinfulness of our nature and of our lives, we desire to pour out our hearts, and to humble our guilty selves before thee: entreating thee, for the sake of thy dear Son, and of thy mercies in him, to work in us true repentance, and to grant us full and free forgiveness. Strengthen us, O Lord, with might, by thy spirit, in the inner man, to make us watchful against, and victorious over, the corruptions of our hearts, the temptations of Satan, and the sinful cares and allurements of the world. O destroy in us every root of bitterness, every plant which thy grace hath not planted; exterminate every vicious habit and rebellious motion, which exalts itself against the knowledge of God, and against the obedience of our Lord Jesus Christ. Increase and confirm in us, more and more, thy faith, and fear, and love. Let not one grace of thy Holy Spirit be wanting: let not one be weak: but grant us such manifestations of thyself, and so conform us to the image of thy holiness, that our lives may be comfortable to ourselves, profitable to others, and bring glory to thy great name. May we still be found in the way of duty, fearing God and working righteousness; making it evident unto all, that we have indeed been with Jesus; that we have learned of him; that we are influenced by his spirit; guided by his example; and are pressing forward to his kingdom. Day by day would we magnify thee, O Lord, and worship thy name for ever, world without end; who crownest every day with thy tender mercies. We bless thee for the rest, protection, and preservation, of the last night. O cause us to hear of thy loving kindness in the morning, for in thee do we trust: make us to know the way wherein we should go, for we lift up our souls unto thee. Cast us not away from thy presence; take not thy Holy Spirit from us: but direct our hearts into thy love, and our feet into the way of thy testimonies. Whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do, may we do all to the glory of God, and walk, as seeing him that is invisible.—Command thy angels to encamp around us, and to bear us in their hands: and may their God and our's be the strength of our hearts, the guide of our goings, and our portion for ever and ever—AMEN.

FRIDAY EVENING.

BLESSED are they, O Lord, who dwell in thy house, and blessed is the house where thou dwellest: blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, and in whose heart are thy ways. May that blessedness be our's, and may the Lord, whom we seek, visit us with his presence, and rejoice us with the tokens of his love, in and through his adorable Son, and our adorable Saviour, Jesus Christ.

O Lord, we desire to seek thy face, and to wait upon thee in the duties of thy worship. To whom should we make our applications, but unto thee, the father of mercies, and the fountain of all goodness, who art able to do exceeding abundantly for us, even above all that we are able to ask or think : O let our prayer be set forth in thy sight as incense; and may the lifting up of our hands and hearts be a spiritual evening sacrifice, acceptable to thee, in the Son of thy love. It is in his blessed name alone, that we dare to request of thee all that thou knowest to be needful and expedient for us: seeing that there is in us no good thing to recommend us to thy favour and acceptance; but, on the contrary, a proneness and inclination to what is displeasing unto thee, and destructive to our souls. For, besides that we are, by nature, children of wrath, and a seed of evil doers; we have been daily adding to the heavy score of our offences against thee. There is nothing in us, O Lord, but what may provoke thee to reject us; for all our very righteousness themselves are filthy rags : but there is enough, in thy beloved Son, of all grace and goodness, to make thee well-pleased with us for his sake. He, who knew no sin, bore our sins, and was made a sin offering, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us near unto thee. For his sake, blot out our manifold transgressions, apply the benefits of thy salvation to our consciences, that we may be enabled to walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance : hasten thy coming and kingdom, that we, with all thy redeemed, may join in ascribing songs of praise to a triune God, for ever and ever. To the care and protection of thy almighty providence we would humbly recommend ourselves this night. Take charge of us and our's, O thou Keeper of Israel, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, watch over us for good. When we sleep, let our hearts wake : and our souls lie open to the influence of thy blessed spirit; keep us without sin by the power of thy grace : gracious Lord, shower down thy blessings upon us, the unworthy family now before thee : let the voice of joy and health be heard in this dwelling : let thy peace be within these walls, and the plenteousness of thy salvation within those gates; make this an house of prayer, and every soul within it a living temple of thee, the living God, through Jesus Christ, our only mediator and advocate.—AMEN.

* * *

SATURDAY MORNING.

BLESSED Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning. Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks: yea unto thee will we give thanks, because thy name also is so nigh, and that do thy wonderous works declare. We beseech thee, gracious God, to hear us mercifully at this time, pardon our manifold sinfulness, and supply our manifold wants. Write the law of thankfulness upon our hearts for the experience we have already had of thy goodness, and kindly go on to be nigh unto us, in all that we call upon thee for. Wash away the sins of the last night, and those of this day hitherto, who can tell how oft we offend, none but thou that knowest all things. O cleanse thou us from our secret faults, and from our original depravity, the source of all; may we be justified fully, freely, and finally, by thy grace, through the redemption, that is in Jesus, and sanctified by the renewing efficacy of thy blessed spirit. Bless us in this our private waiting upon thee, we are gathered together, in thy name, at the footstool of thy grace; Lord Jesus, be in the midst of us, and give unto us a comfortable view of our interest in thy precious merits. Thy righteousness, bloodshedding, and intercession, are the altar which sanctifiies every sacrifice of prayer and praise which we offer up. Thou makest both the persons and the performances of thy people acceptable to the Father, mingle our addresses with the incense of thy intercession, and then they will go up as a memorial before God. O thou risen and ascended Saviour, may our hearts and affections tend upwards, to thy throne in heaven, that by faith in thy adorable person and infinite merits, and by the exercise of continual obedience and deadness to the world, we may safely hope to be with thee, where thou art, there to behold thy glory. O thou uncreated majesty, we acknowledge that all the blessings of a spiritual and temporal cast, that we have received, from our existence to this day, are of thy free and unmerited goodness; was the distributions of thy favours, to be regulated by our deservings, they would soon be withdrawn. Therefore, not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise and the glory ascribed. Hear us, O God of our salvation, and do more for us than we are able to ask or think, for the sake of thy Son, our Redeemer; to whom, with thee, and the Holy Ghost, three co-equal persons, in the unity of one Godhead, be ascribed all glory and adoration, by the Church above and the Church below, for ever and ever.—AMEN.

SATURDAY EVENING.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy: forgiving us those things, whereof our consciences are afraid; and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, much less to receive, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, our Lord, in whom we desire to be found, and in his name do we now approach the throne of thy grace, and make mention of his righteousness, only as the ground of our justification in the sight of our heavenly Father: to whom with the blessed Spirit, be ascribed all honour and dominion, world without end.

Wherewith shall we come before thee, O Lord: or bow ourselves in thy presence, O thou most high God. Cause us to come unto thee in faith; mentioning no other name, pleading no other righteousness, and trusting in no other atonement, than the name, righteousness and atonement of thy blessed Son, and our adorable mediator Jesus Christ. In him we desire to be found; through him we hope for favour with thee, and acceptance in thy sight. Blessed be thy goodness for the mercies of the day, for the blessings of thy providence, the comforts of thy spirit, and the privileges we enjoy.—We thank thee, that we have been protected from danger, and above all, if we have been, in any measure, withheld by grace from sinning against thee. Sinners we are, and sinned against thee we have, even at the best of times, and in the best of frames; but Lord, make us thankful for the desire which thou hast given us, of living unto thee; and oh! make our desires effectual through the mighty working of thy Spirit, who is able to subdue even our rebellious hearts to himself: Lord, wash out the transgressions of this day, and of this week now nearly closing. Look upon the covenant of thy grace; and through the blood of the covenant, forgive us all our sins, and cancel the hand-writing that is against us, and nail it to the cross. Purge us with hysop, and we shall be clean; wash us, and we shall be whiter than snow. Shouldest thou lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, shouldest thou deal with us after our sins, or reward us according to our deserts, or if thou wast to enter into judgment with us, upon the footing of our best performances, alas! we could not stand in thy presence, nor be justified in thy sight. Our prayers, our praises, our alms-deeds, and all we are and do, if weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, and brought to the test of thy perfect law, would be found not only deplorably deficient, but altogether lighter than vanity itself—yet, though we are vile, thou art gracious:

We bless thee for that rich provision of grace and glory which thou hast made for thy penitent people, in the righteousness, sacrifice, and intercession of him who is their advocate with the Father, and the propitiation for their sins. Thou hast delivered thy redeemed from going down into the pit, by contriving, finding, and accepting a ransom for them. O certify us, by thy blessed spirit, and by the tokens of grace, that we are of the happy number; that we are loved by thee with an everlasting love, interested in the sure mercies of David. Continue thy goodness towards us to-night; may we, as the beloved of the Lord, dwell in safety by him. Make us rest under thy defence O thou Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Thy mercies to us have been, equally great, numerous, and unmerited; may we ever experience thee to be a God of love. Perfect, O Lord, that which concerneth us, and forsake not the work of thine own hands. Bless us with thy presence, thy grace, and thy protection. Suffer not the enemy to have any advantage over us; neither let the son of wickedness approach to hurt us.

Be with all thine every where. Visit them, in particular, with thy salvation, whom we desire to bear upon our hearts before thee. May those who are near and dear to us, be near and dear to God: and, whatever separation thy good providence may make upon earth, O grant that we and they may meet with joy at thy right hand, in the hour of death and in the day of judgment.——Bless the sinful nations, of which we are a sinful part. Maintain the cause of thy truth, and enlarge the kingdom of thy Son, amongst us. Remember for good thy faithful people of every denomination; more especially regard with thy choicest favour, and defend with thy mighty power, the Church to which we belong; the gospel vine which thy own right hand hath planted; and which by thy gracious providence, hath taken root in the land. May she extend her boughs from sea to sea, until they have filled the whole earth! may we abide by her doctrines, and walk worthy of the holy vocation with which we are called.—May all orders and degrees of men, from the highest to the lowest, be fearers of God, lovers of truth, and workers of righteousness, strengthen and relieve those who labour under any affliction in mind, body, or estate; and make all work together for their good. Preserved by thy gracious mercy we are coming near to the end of another week, many of our fellow creatures since the commencement thereof, have left this scene, and have entered upon an eternal state. O God most holy, O God most mighty, grant that, before our eyes close in death, we may be enabled to embrace the Lord's Christ in the arms of our faith and under the shinings of thy countenance, and in the unclouded prospect of thy celestial abode, saying, Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation; carry us holy, peaceably, and safely, through the ensuing Sabbath. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us, and may our comforts be neither few nor small. In all the duties that are before us, may we look to the spirit of grace, for willingness and power to serve thee faithfully, and may our entire dependance be upon the merits of Jesus Christ the righteous, to render our defective, polluted services, such as thou wilt mercifully accept in him. Be thou on to-morrow present in the worshipping assemblies of thy saints; meet them that desire to meet with thee, and visit them with thy salvation, who mean to visit and wait on thee in the ordinances of thy appointment; may such as seek thee be joyful and glad in thee; and may they find by happy experience, that one day in thy courts is better than a thousand elsewhere, and that thy house is indeed the house of God, and the gate of heaven. Be with all thy faithful stewards of thy mysteries in every place, who shall administer in thy name. Enable them rightly to divide the word of truth, giving both to saints and sinners their portion. Pardon the unworthiness of ministers and people, and vouchsafe to own thy glorious gospel, by making it effectual to the salvation of them that hear; every spiritual and temporal mercy, we request, for the alone sake of Jesus Christ the righteous.—AMEN.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

1.

'TIS not too arduous an essay,
To tread, resolv'd, the gospel way,
The sensual instinct to controul,
And warm with purer fire the soul.
Nature may raise her fleshly strife,
Reluctant to the heavenly life:
Loath in a Saviour's death to share,
Her daily cross compell'd to bear.
But grace omnipotent at length,
Shall arm the saint with saving strength;
Thro' the sharp war with aids attend,
And his long conflict sweetly end.

2.

Act but the infant's gentle part;
Give up to love thy willing heart:
No fondest parent's melting breast,
Yearns, like thy God's to make thee blest:
Taught its dear mother soon to know
The tenderest babe his love can show,
Bid thy base servile fear retire;
This task no labour will require.

3.

The Sov'reign Father; good and kind,
Wants but to have his child resign'd:
Wants but thy yielding heart, (no more!)
With his large gifts of grace to store.
He to thy soul no anguish brings,
From thy own stubborn will it springs:
That foe but crucify (thy bane!)
Nought shalt thou know of frowns or pain.

MR. TOPLADY'S HYMN,

"ON THE ASSURANCE OF FAITH."

1

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring:
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2.

The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea, and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3.

My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase:
Imprest on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heav'n.

ERRATA.

In the third line from the bottom, of the first page of the Advertisement, for "*engaged the ministry*," read "*engaged* in *the ministry*."

SERMONS

ON

EDUCATION.

FROM

THE GERMAN OF THE

REV. GEORGE JOACHIM ZOLLIKOFER.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS B. WAIT & Co.
COURT-STREET.
....
1809.

SERMON I.

ON THE FORMATION OF THE MINDS OF CHILDREN.

O GOD, thou hast endowed us with understanding and reason, and thereby granted us great prerogatives over the other inhabitants of the earth. Yes, thou hast thus made us capable of elevating our minds to the knowledge of thee, and of being hereafter admitted to the society of superior spirits. Thou wilt that we should here cultivate our understanding and our reason, as far as the imperfections and infirmities of our present condition allow, and learn to employ them in such manner as to become wise and happy. Oh preserve us from degrading our souls, from disregarding our prerogatives and leaving our faculties unemployed; from debasing ourselves, by an entirely sensual and carnal life, to a level with the brute creation, and thereby rendering ourselves unqualified for being and becoming what, according to the designs of thy wisdom and benignity, we ought to be and to become. Teach us rather to recognise the dignity of our nature, and to act consistently with it. Grant that we may faithfully use all the means and opportunities for becoming more intelligent and wise, and for making farther progress in the knowledge of truth. But grant us also the grace to be as useful to our brethren, in this respect, as we at all times can be, every one according to his station and calling. Vouchsafe especially to those among us, to whom thou hast committed the culture of the minds and the hearts of children, such a portion of light, of zeal and fidelity, as is necessary to the discharge of the duties incumbent upon them. Give them a clear perception of the importance of their office, that they may contend with the utmost prudence and resolution against the difficulties attendant on it. Bless, to this end, the instruction we are now about to receive on this head, and hearken to our prayer, for the sake of thy son, our saviour, in whose name we farther address thee, saying: Our father, &c.

PROV. XXII. 6.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.

PARENTAL affection being so natural and so powerful an instinct; parents so readily consenting to sacrifice their own happiness to that of their children, and in some measure to live rather for them than for themselves: it is really surprising, that they are not more concerned about their education, or that they fall into so many and such grand mistakes in respect to it. Doubtless the reason of this lies not so much in the want of tenderness and affection, as in the wrong and incompetent notions generally entertained of education. That is, this duty is but too often confined to the care of providing for the life and the health of the children; of teaching them some mechanical works and arts; loading their memory with a multitude of words which they do not understand; instructing them in the rules of external propriety of behaviour and politeness; warning them of the grosser enormities which are followed by punishment and disgrace; divesting them of their natural simplicity and openness of heart, and instilling into them the arts of reserve, dissimulation and flattery; communicating to them a few notions, for the most part false, of the occupations, the pleasures and advantages of social life; and rendering them dexterous in some method of gaining a livelihood, or managing their hereditary estates and maintaining their rank. In these respects the generality of parents are not wanting either in pains or expense for promoting what they term the benefit of their children, and in fact they thus do contribute much to their welfare. May we not therefore have reason to hope that even this might be done in a still more profitable manner, if men had juster conceptions of what belongs to education? It is this that has moved me to shew you, in several discourses, what is peculiarly requisite in the education of children, and how we are to set about it. It principally consists in the forming of their minds and their hearts, and in the best method of leading them to religion and to christianity. To-day I shall confine myself to the first head, and discourse of the forming of the minds of children in general, and without regard to religion and christianity.

Probably the observations I intend to make on this subject, may appear too dry and unentertaining to many. Probably others will deem them fitter for the lecture of a philosophical than that of a christian teacher. The attentive hearer, with whom useful instruction is of more account than fleeting amusement, will easily obviate the former of these objections; and the latter is founded altogether on a prejudice, to which we shall pay no regard if we are rationally devoted to religion and virtue. Christian faith and christian virtue presuppose the proper, the best use of our natural capacities and endowments. All that promotes and facilitates the latter, promotes and facilitates the former likewise; and certainly neither infidelity nor vice would commit such ravages among mankind, if more pains had been bestowed in their infancy and childhood on the due forming of their mind and heart. We will therefore pass on to the subject itself without farther hesitation.

To form the understanding or the mind of children, implies, to give them right notions of things, and to habituate them to such a way of thinking and judging, as is consonant to truth, and by which they may become wise. Man by means of his intellect can represent to himself as well what passes within him, as what is and happens without him; he can judge of the nature of these things, associate them, separate them, and by comparing and contrasting them together, can collect new images which may be augmented without end. But he is not so constituted by nature that he must necessarily figure to himself the objects he may know as they actually are, or so as that he cannot err in the judgment he passes on them, in the comparison he makes between them, in the agreement or incongruity he perceives among them. He may represent to himself all the things that surround him on several sides, or only on one; as greater or less, better or worse, more profitable or more detrimental than in reality they are. He may connect things together which do not belong to one another, and arbitrarily divide asunder what were connected by an indissoluble tie; he may take one fact for the effect or for the cause of another, which has nothing at all in common with it; and the less he has employed the faculties of his mind, the more negligently and carelessly he has used them, the oftener must he fall into such errors in thinking, in judging and in determining. Of how great consequence then must it be for him, at the time when he is beginning to exert and to employ these faculties, to be guided in the right application of them, to learn how most justly and properly to use them! And in this it is that the forming of the minds of children consists. They stand in need of a prudent and experienced guide on the way by which we attain to the knowledge of truth, who shall not only warn them of all the turnings and by-paths on it, and, as often as they inadvertently strike into them, bring them back, but teach them also how to avoid all circuitous paths and mazes and to pursue their object without deviation. Their understanding must not only be exercised in general, and stored with various kinds of knowledge; but it must likewise be so exercised as by degrees to acquire the habit of examining and judging of themselves what they are desirous of knowing, of readily distinguishing the true from the false, and in these investigations and judgments of constantly following the safest rules, and taking the shortest way. This, however, is not so well effected by instructing them in these rules of thinking, or by imprinting them on their memory, as by teaching them to observe on all occasions whether and wherefore they have justly or unjustly reflected and determined; and by thinking, considering, investigating, and remaining doubtful or decided, with them, in a sociable and familiar manner proportionate to their age. By this means we make them gradually attentive to the operations of their own mind, and acquainted with the principles and rules upon which it proceeds, and teach them by their own experience to mark the obstructions which impede it in its operations, and the advantages which assist it in its process.

But I perceive my discourse, by thus insisting on generals, to be growing abstruse. I will endeavour to render it more easy of comprehension, by calling your attention successively to the different parts of the subject. The business of which I am speaking is likewise extremely arduous, my friends; the best precepts are not sufficient for meeting all the difficulties that occur in it; and practice in this respect likewise is undoubtedly the ablest instructress. At the same time, I think you may greatly alleviate your task, and labour successfully in forming the minds of your children and pupils, by taking into consideration the following rules.

The first is this: Repress not their curiosity or their inquisitiveness. It is in itself no fault. It is rather a strong impulse and an excellent means to become intelligent and wise. And it generally proceeds from ignorance, or pride, or indolence, or petulance when we authoritatively impose silence on children that ask questions, and chide them for impertinence and idle curiosity, if they are not satisfied with the first answer we give them. Indeed children should learn to behave with modesty, and particularly when in the company with strangers, who are not present on their account, but on that of their parents. But their parents, their guardians and tutors, will lose the best opportunities for instructing them, if they constantly require them to be dumb in their presence, and only to remain silent hearers. No, it is their duty, and if they love their children or their pupils, it will be their pleasure, not to answer their questions with a testy Yes or No, but to answer them in such a manner as shall amply instruct them in what they wanted to know, and at the same time be entertaining to them. Nay they will eagerly seize on these opportunities for exercising the reflection of the child or the youth, and by continued questions to make them the discoverers of what they did not know before. And even should their questions be of such a nature that their parents or their preceptors cannot answer them, instead of being angry at it, they will confess their own ignorance, or excuse themselves on the imperfection of human knowledge in general, or endeavour to make the inquirer understand, that the answering of his question presupposes knowledge which he has not and cannot have yet, but which hereafter will amply requite his industry if he do but persist in acquiring it.

A second rule for forming the mind is this: Accustom your children or your pupils to the use of their senses; teach them to apprehend justly. The impression which outward objects make upon us by means of the senses, and the ideas that thence arise in our mind, are the materials as it were which our mind works up, and on which at length is founded all the knowledge and science of mankind. The more various, the more just, the more complete these ideas are, so much the more able is the mind to exercise itself in thought, and the more easily and surely can it ascend to sublimer and more universal knowledge. But, since we acquire a knowledge of sensible things far better from the impressions their presence makes upon us, than from any descriptions of them that can be given us in words; let your children learn what they may see, hear, and apprehend themselves, not barely from books or oral instruction, but shew it them actually, whenever you have an opportunity for it. In this manner let them see and observe the beauties of nature, the wonders of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, the various phænomena of the atmosphere, the magnificence of the starry heavens; and help them by degrees to distinguish and arrange the multiplicity of obscure ideas which from all sides press upon their minds. But let them see all these things with their own eyes, and apprehend them in their own way; and weaken not the impression they hence receive by untimely and far-fetched explanations. Lead them into the habitation and the barns of the countryman, into the work-shops of the artist and the mechanic; point out to them there, how the various productions of the earth are wrought up, how they are prepared for the use, the accommodation and pleasure of mankind; teach them to know the principal implements and tools employed in these occupations, and to have a proper esteem for the persons that follow them. This will furnish their understanding and their reason, as well as their imagination and genius, with abundant sources of useful and agreeable meditation.

Constantly enure them to attention. Attention is the parent of all solid information. Habituate them not to pass too quickly from one object to another, to consider every matter on several sides, and as far as possible on all; to view it not only in the whole, but in its several parts. It is not my meaning however that you should weary their attention in the first years of their education, by forcing them to tarry too long at one and the same object; but I wish you gradually to convince them in a sensible manner of the great utility of a more continued attention. This may be done occasionally even in the most trifling matters. They admire, for instance, and are gratified with the beautiful colours or the delightful odour of a flower. Hence you may take occasion to inform them how many other beauties, how many marks of wisdom and skill, the practised eye of the connoisseur would find in the structure of this flower, in the formation of its leaves, in the construction of its pod, seeds, and the like. Tell them, therefore, how much they might have observed in this or the other object, if they had considered it a little less cursorily, if they had dwelt somewhat longer upon it. This method of exercising and strengthening their attention, will certainly effect more than the most earnest exhortations to duty, and the severest punishment on the neglect of it.

A third rule to be observed in forming the minds of children is this: Beware of giving them false or not sufficiently precise ideas of any matter, though of never so trifling import. It is far better that they should be utterly ignorant of a hundred things, than have wrong notions of one; far better that you absolutely refuse to answer certain questions at all, than answer them in an ambiguous and inadequate manner. In the former case, they still know that they are ignorant on this point, and may supply the defect of their knowledge in time: whereas in the latter they think themselves sufficiently informed on the subject, and ever remain ignorant on that very account. Besides, the first ideas we receive of natural or moral objects are as it were the ground plot of all we afterwards acquire. Are they indeterminate and false, then will their baneful influence extend itself to all the rest. Yet how common it is to err in this respect! It is thought that any answer is good enough to the question of a child or a youth. The imposing a palpable falsehood on them is a matter of no consideration, provided they are reduced to silence by it. We console ourselves with thinking that in time they will learn to understand the matter more truly of themselves. But this expectation is extremely fallacious. First impressions always last the longest, whether they be in conformity with truth, or mislead us into error. And even if a man in riper years find out his mistake, yet must he be ever on his guard lest it slip into his ideas and apprehensions, and deceive him again. Give a child, for example, the false idea, that thunder and lightning are the effects and tokens of divine displeasure, and that they are sent to terrify and to punish the inhabitants of the earth. How deep will this opinion settle itself in his mind! How difficult will it be for him even in a maturer period of life, to take what he has so long considered as an evident proof of divine indignation, for the effect of supreme wisdom and benignity! And even if the youth or the man dismiss that error and adopt this truth, yet how often will the impression which still remains, from the first mode of representation, unconsciously lead him to false conclusions, or overwhelm him with consternation and terror! Is not this fault in education that I am speaking of, the reason why certain kinds of superstition are so hard to be rooted out, that they pursue and persecute even persons who actually perceive the folly of them, during their whole lives?

Another useful precept in forming the minds of children, which is closely connected with the foregoing, is this: Set them to learn nothing which either on account of their tender age, or from the want of other kinds of knowledge necessary to that purpose, they cannot comprehend. Measure not their capacities by yours. Attempt not to instruct them in matters which you yourself can scarcely comprehend, or of which you only in later years have been able to acquire any tolerable notions, after particular exertions of your mental powers. In vain, for example, would you labour, by philosophical argumentation, to certify them of the commencement of the world, of the necessity of a first and eternal cause of it, of the spiritual nature of our soul, &c. By such endeavours you would only make them disgusted with your instruction, and they would waste their time and apply their faculties for nothing. Even their memory would not long retain the feeble impression it received from such matters as they could not comprehend. Only that which we learn from consideration, and wherein our mind or our heart is thoroughly interested, can make an impression on us that is not to be effaced by time. Encumber not their memory then with signs or words, without at the same time augmenting their knowledge with the real information they are intended to convey. On the contrary, allow them in the use of no words to which they annex no signification, or one that is quite different from what should be communicated by them. When you hear them make use of such words and phrases the meaning whereof is probably as yet unknown to them, always ask them, what they understand by such expressions; let them signify to you what it is they want to indicate by them; or, if this does not suit, inquire after the properties and effects of it; help them in tracing them out, make as much as possible these properties, these effects, sensible to them; or, if the matter be of such a nature that you can neither shew it to them nor by any other means adapt it to their comprehension, then caution them at least against the misapplication of such words, and teach them to reckon it a mere sound, the meaning of which they must take time to learn. Would the gift of speech be so much misused by the generality of mankind; should we so frequently hear them talk, in so confident a tone, and with so voluble a tongue, of things which they either do not understand at all, or of which they have very confused ideas, if they had been accustomed in their childhood and youth to think somewhat distinctly at every word, and not barely to attend to the signs, but more to the things signified by them? But how seldom is this rule observed! What is more common than to hear children, still in their lisping state, making use of words it is impossible they should understand; to hear them talking, for instance, of the atmosphere, of the soul, of existence, of spirits, of God, of virtue, without being reminded by any one of their ignorance, or any pains being taken to remove it? And what is the consequence of this? They continue to use these words, sometimes in a proper, and sometimes in an improper manner, as chance or luck directs, imagine they understand them, and yet even in advanced age have either annexed no meaning at all to them, or one very different from the true. Words are signs of the riches of our mind; but these riches are imaginary, and those signs are like counterfeit coin, when we are not acquainted with their meaning.

To these precepts, the observance of which will be of great utility in forming the minds of children, another must be added, by no means of less importance. It is this: Endeavour not only to increase and extend their knowledge, but likewise to render it solid and sure. It is far better for them to know a few things thoroughly, than to have only a superficial acquaintance with many. Beware of the ordinary weakness of parents and tutors on this head. They often consult rather the gratification of their own vanity, than the real advantage of their children and pupils.

If they can talk on many and various subjects with a certain flippancy and confidence, it fills the ignorant hearer with astonishment; if they are employed in the study of several arts and sciences at once; if they already, in their childhood or youth, can answer questions which men both in understanding and years will not venture to decide: their masters are delighted at the great success of their endeavours. And yet it is impossible that the understanding which takes in so much at once, and must direct its attention to such a diversity of matters, should make proper distinctions among them, and acquire a solid knowledge of all. It will rather get the habit of considering every thing with a transient regard, and of investigating nothing. Avoid this mistake, you who have the care of forming and instructing others. Teach them to think profoundly. Teach them, not only that a subject is, and that it has these or the other properties and effects; but teach them likewise, as far as their capacity will allow them to apprehend, why the subject is so and no otherwise, and why it has these properties and effects. Never require them, either from indolence or self-love, to believe every thing you say on your bare word, or to hold your assertions for infallible oracles. Accustom them much rather to ask you the reason of what you say, and to receive your instruction as truth, not so much out of respect for you, as on account of your arguments. Unless you do this, they will become in time either sceptics or servile followers of other men's opinions. They will, properly speaking, know nothing; but will only be able to repeat what others have thought and said before them.

The greatest pains however you can take, to form the mind of your child or your scholar, will be of little real service to him, if you barely conduct him to knowledge, and not at the same time to wisdom, which consists in the right application of it. This gives you occasion for other rules of proceeding, which are these: Shew them, in whatever they learn, the use they may and should make of it to themselves and others. Teach them to consider every thing on its practical side, and actually to bring it into use on all proper occasions. Make it your principal and constant aim to teach them to judge rightly of the value of things. This is true wisdom, which is of far greater value than all the other sciences together, and which can never be obtained too soon, as it is essential to the proper conduct of life. Teach therefore your children to observe the great difference that subsists between outward, transient, perishable goods and advantages, and such as are properly our own, and which we continually retain. Teach them to prize health and strength of body more than riches or a beautiful figure; the approbation of conscience more than the esteem and the applause of men; and virtue and integrity beyond wealth, honour, health, and life. These are doctrines, which are so incontrovertible, and which may be rendered so comprehensible even to children, that it is almost always the fault of their parents or their tutors, when they learn to think otherwise. Does your child, for example, admire the splendor, the richness, the costliness of some person's dress; ask him on the first proper occasion afterwards, whether a bad man who should wear such clothes would be the better for them; whether they could give a sick man health, an infirm person strength, or communicate to an ignorant man understanding and discretion; whether it would not be much nobler to relieve a number of poor, and to go less splendidly clothed, than to be unmerciful, to leave a brother to languish in misery, and to be swoln with pride under borrowed plumage. Does he make too great account of a fine figure; then shew him other children or grown persons, who, with a much less handsome form, are more respected and beloved, as they are more humble, more gentle, more beneficent, and better than they; or tell him of certain persons who by various accidents have lost the elegance of their form, or who, with all their beauty, have been hated and despised, as not having a beautiful soul, as having no real merit. Is he too much captivated with the praises that are bestowed upon him; take the first occasion to shew him, how prodigal and inconsiderate most men are in the distribution of their praises; how often they praise a thing which they do not understand, do not esteem, do not love; how selfish and fickle they are in their judgments, &c. But would you have your children or your pupils learn to judge rightly of these and similar things, O you whom God has appointed to be parents and tutors; then must they never hear any other than right judgments passed upon them by you. If you allow yourselves to be captivated by the lustre of rich apparel, a beautiful figure, and other such outward distinctions, if you yourselves set great store by these objects, and attribute to them a vast importance by the warmth and gravity with which you treat them, if you yourselves shew to persons decorated by such distinctions a particular deference on their account; the very best lessons you can give your children on this article in the hours of instruction, will be of no effect. But treat these things yourself with a certain generous indifference; esteem and honour true merit alone, under whatever form, in whatever dress and station it appears, and your doctrine, supported on your example, will infallibly produce the fairest fruits.

Another rule, arising from the foregoing, is: Guard them from being hasty in forming conclusions, and avail yourself of all opportunities for leading them, by observations, to circumspection and precision in their inferences and judgments. How many mistakes, for example, may a man commit, who precipitately takes two objects, that immediately follow or accompany each other, for effect and cause! How many kinds of superstition, how many errors in natural philosophy as well as in morality, owe their origin and their subsistence merely to this precipitancy! For example, would the good man, who meets with severe misfortunes and afflictions, be so frequently declared a hypocrite, and the sinner, who succeeds in his undertakings, be pronounced the favourite of heaven, were we not so prone to take natural events for necessary consequences of their good or bad conduct, for infallible evidences of divine complacency or displeasure? Should we place the losses, the troubles, the calamities, which the virtuous eventually undergo, and which they must endure, to the account of virtue herself, and represent her under the most disagreeable images, if we were not accustomed to consider all things that happen together or in regular succession, as necessarily belonging to one another? This however is often derived from early education. At least it may be very much prevented by it.

But the time will not allow me to pursue these observations farther. By way of conclusion we will briefly draw a few results from the foregoing precepts, which may induce us to put them in practice.

What a difficult task is this of forming the minds of children! A result which doubtless every attentive hearer of my present discourse has already drawn for himself. And in fact, what attention, what application, what unwearied patience, what condescension, is necessary for teaching a child or a youth to apprehend justly, to think justly, to judge justly! What diversity in the manner of applying these endeavours is requisite to the diversity of human capacities and dispositions! How often does a man find himself obliged to labour an unfruitful soil; and how easily may tares and weeds get the ascendancy even in a good one!

But the more difficult the task, the more is he bound to exert his faculties to the utmost, who has it to perform, that he may accomplish it with success. This is another result from what has been said, which probably some from indolence may have neglected to draw. The greatest difficulties will be at length overcome, if we contend with them as often as they appear, and neglect no advantage that may facilitate the conquest. This is the case with education in general, and with the forming of the minds of children in particular. If you confine this business to certain hours or seasons, and then lose sight of it entirely; if you do not entirely fail in your design, you will certainly accomplish it but very defectively. The mind of the child or the youth, is constantly at work; it is constantly therefore in need of an inspector or guide. If you continually accompany him, as much as possible; if you regard and employ, not only the hours devoted properly to study, but also his pleasures and sports, as means and opportunities for labouring at the formation of his mind; if you turn every accidental circumstance to account for effectuating this design, certainly your endeavours will not be in vain; the fruit of them will frequently surpass your expectations.

Difficult however as this business is, and much diligence as it demands, it is no less noble and delightful. This is a third result we may derive from our foregoing considerations. What can be more becoming a reasonable being, and what should be more pleasant to him, than to facilitate to another being of his own species, with whom he stands in the closest connection, the attainment to that perfection whereof he is capable, to observe the first rays of his dawning intellect, and the various effects of the stronger or weaker effulgence of it, to assist the feeble efforts of his still tottering reason, to communicate or remove whatever may promote or retard its progress, to lend our own experience to one still unexperienced, and our force to one yet impotent, to put aside the impediments he meets with in his way, to warn him of the mistakes we ourselves have committed, and to render him an intelligent votary of truth, a sagacious and judicious, a truly wise man? How much must such an one acquire himself, who does this with earnestness and application; and how much may he thereby contribute, not only to the benefit of the individual, but frequently to that of the whole community!

Lastly, I would recommend you to judge from the whole, my friends, whether it be an indifferent matter, whether it be not rather extremely dangerous to leave children long and frequently to the care and in the company of persons totally uncultivated, and with minds full of prejudices and errors! What will, indeed what can such persons contribute to the forming of their minds? Are they in a condition, even with the best intentions, to observe the rules of circumspection we have delivered above? Can one blind person safely lead another? Will not your children, by frequenting them, get the habit of using words which they do not understand, of forming opinions on matters they are unacquainted with, of connecting truth with falsehood, of preferring the marvellous to the natural, the mysterious to the intelligible, of determining from selfishness and without reason, of maintaining their opinion with obstinacy, and of allowing themselves to be dazzled by every outside shew? And, on the other side, how many opportunities do you not thus lose of instructing them, of admonishing them, of correcting them, of encouraging or restraining them, and of turning to advantage the happy moments wherein you may advance them several steps, when you may free them from some error, or lead them to the knowledge of truth? Oh be jealous of this happiness; and be persuaded, that parents and tutors are never more great and respectable, than when standing beside their children or their pupils, and teaching them wisdom by their lessons and their conduct. This is proper to your vocation; this is well-pleasing to the God of order, who has placed you in this station; and by such behaviour alone may you promise yourselves his blessing in this, and his reward in the future world.

SERMON II.

ON THE FORMATION OF THE HEARTS OF CHILDREN.

O GOD, creator and father of mankind, thou hast not only endowed us with understanding and reason, and thus put us in a condition to distinguish truth from falsehood, good from bad, but thou hast also given us a heart that can feel the true, the beautiful, the good, which is incessantly in pursuit of them, and tastes the purest pleasure in their enjoyment. At the same time, by the œconomy which thou hast established in nature, thou hast adorned virtue with various and powerful attractions, and given vice a despicable and hideous aspect. Thou hast accurately adapted thy commands to our wants and circumstances, and so connected all things together, that the observance of thy commands is attended with peace, content, and happiness, and the transgression of them with disquietude, misery, and sorrow. We thank thee for this unspeakable act of bounty, compassionate Father. We rejoice in these wise and benign institutions of thy condescending love. Grant that we may always so use both the one and the other, as is conformable with thy design and our real benefit. Let us never separate knowledge and virtue, and labour as diligently at the improvement of our hearts and lives, as in the cultivation of our understandings. Teach us to know ourselves, to keep a guard upon our appetites and affections, to turn them to the best and worthiest objects, and to suppress every inordinate motion as it arises within, that it may not gather strength and become a passion. Vouchsafe us the grace to think and act always as rational and moral creatures, and to seek our happiness on the path of duty and virtue. Bestow these thy blessings particularly on such of us as are employed in the formation of juvenile hearts, and furnish them with all the necessary talents and endowments for this arduous and important task. Bless to the furtherance of these aims the considerations in which we are now about to engage, and hear our prayer for the sake of Christ, in whose name we farther call upon thee, saying: Our farther, &c.

PROV. XXII. 6.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.

EVERY superior attainment of mind to which a man can arrive by reflection and practice, all the sagacity and knowledge he may acquire by its means, are only so far estimable as he is enabled thereby to promote his own real happiness and that of other men. This however he can no otherwise do than by willingly and faithfully following the light of his understanding; by not only thinking and judging agreeably to truth, but likewise by acting in conformity with it;

by not only nicely distinguishing between good and ill, but likewise by loving and seeking the good alone, and by detesting and avoiding the ill. His understanding and his will, his sentiments and his behaviour, should therefore be in perfect unison. The knowledge of truth should lead him to the love and the practice of virtue. And this, my friends, should also be the aim of a rational and christian education; which consists, as I lately had occasion to mention, not barely in forming the minds, but likewise in forming the hearts of children, and in training them to religion and to christianity. Of the former, the formation of their minds, we have already discoursed. The second, or the formation of their hearts, shall employ us to-day, and, if it be the will of God, on Sunday next; and the third, namely, their introduction to religion and to christianity, we purpose to take in hand on the first convenient opportunity.

To form the hearts of children, means to direct their appetites and affections to the worthiest objects, to inspire them with a predominant love for all that is true and right and proper, and thereby to render the performance of their duty easy and pleasant to them. The formation of the heart pre-supposes, as every one readily perceives, the formation of the mind; and though the latter be in some measure distinct from the former, and may subsist alone, yet the former can by no means subsist independently of the latter. It is inherent in our nature, that our will, on most occasions, should follow the perceptions and dictates of our understanding. We will only that which we conceive to be good; and we abhor only that which we hold to be bad; and if at times we are indifferent or averse towards the good, and covet and seek the bad, it is that we then consider the good as bad, and the bad as good. The more justly therefore we think and judge, and the more easy and natural this way of thinking and judging is become, so much the juster likewise will be the determinations of our will and the affections and aversions arising from them. Of course then, the more carefully the understanding of a child or a youth is cultivated and formed, the greater success may we promise ourselves in regard to the formation of his heart; which, in fact, for the most part consists only in teaching him to apply the just ideas and judgments that have been communicated to him, or that we have helped him to acquire, to whatever has any reference to his moral conduct and the happiness of himself and others; in endeavouring to facilitate to him this application by a wise use of every favourable circumstance, and by removing or diminishing the inward or outward impediments which stand in his way, or which may make it very difficult for him to follow the lights of his understanding. In this view many practices may and should be adopted, and if I may venture to say so, many artifices used, which are extremely various, according to the diversity of persons we have to do with, and the opportunities that offer. Accordingly, it is not possible, in a discourse that is devoted to the instruction of numbers, to say all that is necessary for every one in particular to know and to observe. We must content ourselves with some general rules of prudent conduct in forming the hearts or the moral characters of children, and leave the closer adaptation of these rules to the discretion of such individuals as are actually employed in the application of them.

The first rule is this: Study to find out their temperament, and conduct yourself according to it. The temperament is, as it were, the soil that is to be cultivated, and the diversity of this soil is not so great but it may soon be discovered. More or less vivacity and quickness of apprehension, more or less sensibility to good and evil, to pleasure and pain, more or less vehemence in the affections, more or less disposition to rest or to activity, in these consists the principal diversity in what may be called the temperament of children. All these various temperaments may equally lead either to the virtues or to the vices. To excite and to promote the former and to prevent the latter, is the principal business of worthy parents and honest tutors. Great vivacity, sensibility, activity, are excellent qualities, when they are directed purely to good and proper objects, and have reason for their guide. You need not therefore stifle or suppress them, but you must spare no pains to give them the best direction, and to keep them within the bounds of moderation. The vivacity of intellect must be employed on important sciences and useful knowledge; the tenderness of heart, expanded to a delicate sensibility to all that is really beautiful, generous, and great; and the activity must be so conducted as to become an officious zeal for being truly serviceable and generally useful. Children and young people who have these qualities, must be frequently and expressly cautioned against the misuse of them, and shewn the evil to themselves and to others that will arise from this misuse. They, on the other hand, who discover greater tardiness in their ideas and actions, who are more disposed to inaction and sloth, and are more difficult to be set in motion, should not be dispirited and stupified by bitter reproaches or harsh treatment. They are naturally timid, and have little confidence in themselves. They require therefore to be handled with greater gentleness and patience; they should be encouraged, be drawn out of the obscurity which they seek, and be placed frequently in such circumstances as are adapted to make stronger impressions upon them, and to give as it were a new impetus to their intellect. Every temper, as I have already observed, may mislead to errors. Every appetite may degenerâte into inordinate passion. Watch carefully over your children, you who have the forming of their hearts, and would conduct them to virtue. Never connive at any failing, and endeavour at its correction as soon as it is discovered. Strive particularly to repress the first evil emotions and desires that spring from their temperament; and let not the faulty or the bad, to which they are constitutionally most prone, ever grow into a habit; and if unhappily this be already the case, then let your constant and utmost endeavour be exerted to conquer it, by representing to them, in the liveliest manner, the impropriety and the mischievous effects of it, by depriving them of all opportunities that may strengthen them in it, and by inducing them to the frequent repetition of those actions which are in direct opposition to it.

Accustom them secondly to act from principle and design, and not by blind impulse or mere self-will.

Make it comprehensible to them, that this is the grand prerogative of the human species over the irrational animals; and that the man who does not make use of this prerogative debases and degrades himself into an inferior class of creatures. Often ask them, not in an authoritative, but in a familiar and friendly way, why they do this, and neglect that; why they eminently esteem and value certain persons or things, and despise and avoid others; why, among several advantages and amusements that they may have, they choose exactly such and no other; what views they have in such or such occupations and exertions, and the like. Endeavour thus to gain their confidence, that they may disclose to you the thoughts of their heart without reserve; and if, at times, they answer your questions merely by saying, "I do not know," or, "I cannot tell why myself," yet let not this incite you to displeasure; but help them to find out the reason of their proceedings, of which they themselves are frequently not clearly conscious; converse frankly with them upon the matter in hand, and on the views one may have in such an act; consult in an amicable manner with them, what were the best to be done in such or such events; how a man may most easily and most surely attain to certain ends; and when it does not relate to too important matters, let them choose themselves, and let them follow their choice without any interference on your part; but remind them afterwards of the mistakes they have made, and of the evil consequences that have arisen from them.—If, farther, you give them particular orders which you will have obeyed; at the same time tell them, if not in all cases, yet you may in most, the true designs and views you have in issuing such orders. Tell them, why you enjoin this and forbid the other; and endeavour to make them comprehend that your reasons and designs are right and proper.—Do they, in short, require of you an account of your own behaviour; do they ask you, why on such occasions you act in such a manner; why you sometimes do what at other times you abstain from? These questions are not uniformly to be rejected, as the effect of a culpable impertinence; nor are you to think, that by answering them you give up any thing of the respect that is due to you; rather shew them, that you constantly endeavour to follow the rules of truth and order, of moderation and justice; and if you would have them to act from sagacity and reason, take great care that they have no cause to suspect that you yourself act without reason, and are merely swayed by caprice.

But thirdly be not satisfied with teaching them to act from reason, as rational creatures; but teach them to act upon the best and noblest principles, and in pure and beneficent views. Beware of setting only their ambition in motion, and of inciting them to application and duty from no other motive than the idea of the judgment that others pass on them, and the good or bad opinion of them they shall cause them to entertain. If once you allow this appetite to become the predominant passion, they are lost to real virtue and to real happiness. For the greater part, the most exalted of the virtues must be practised in secret and without any witness; and he that is only happy in the favourable judgment of mankind, can promise himself but few days perfectly cheerful and pleasant. No, he alone is virtuous, who, independent on the judgment and opinion of mankind, is actuated by an efficacious propensity to whatever is right and good; and he alone can be happy, who can be content with the rectitude of his heart, and the approbation of his conscience. To this virtue and to this happiness, strive to conduct your children or your scholars, you who are employed in the formation of their hearts. Confer with them at times, whether just, equitable, beneficent, magnanimous actions are only rendered by the judgment of the spectators just, equitable, beneficient and magnanimous actions; whether they are not so at all times and in all situations; whether they are not so even when no one is by to judge and to praise them; whether they themselves have ever repented having done some good action in secret, whether they have not even then felt a particular satisfaction in it; whether there be not an extreme and unalterable difference between truth and lies, between order and disorder; whether virtue be not productive of harmony and tranquillity as well in the hearts of men as in social life; and whether vice on the contrary is not attended by confusion and discord in both. Ask them, whether they enjoy the same agreeable sensations, the same satisfaction, when they are praised on account of those qualities and actions which their own conscience disclaims, as when they are commended and applauded for the good they have actually done; and thence teach them to draw this conclusion, that our sentiments and actions must in themselves be either good or bad, proper or improper, let them be judged of as they may by the rest of mankind.

Teach them farther, fourthly, in order to render the subject still more comprehensible to them, to attend to the consequences of their actions or of their behaviour. Teach them duly to prize that inward peace, the satisfaction, the cheerfulness of mind, the health and strength of body, their improvement in knowledge or skill, the esteem and honour, and the other advantages which they have reaped from their honest and proper conduct. Congratulate them on these advantages, and rejoice with them on the occasion. Sympathize, on the other hand, with those who are likely to be deprived of these precious benefits by their own fault, and are only unhappy because they have neglected their duty or acted contrary to it. Let them likewise, however, feel the bad and pernicious effects of their improper behaviour, as far as is needful for their caution and amendment; and take no pains to free them from such feelings till they have confessed and bewailed their rashness and folly. Shew them, one while by their own and at another by extraneous example, what disorder, what pains and sicknesses, what dreadful calamities, intemperance in sensual pleasure, the violence of anger and other passions, the want of diligence and industry, prodigality and avarice, and all sins and vices in general, infallibly draw after them; how by little and little they debase and enfeeble the spirit of man, abate his courage, destroy his health, shorten his life, undermine his outward welfare, reduce him to an unprofitable, contemptible, noxious member of human society, torture his conscience, and bring upon him trouble, wretchedness, and distress in a thousand different forms. But shew them likewise on the other hand, what ample rewards the upright and virtuous man finds, in the approbation of his conscience, in the repose of his heart, in the idea of the utility and the pleasure he procures to his brethren, in the esteem and love he has a right to expect from them, and in the assurance of the divine complacency and favour; how happy he is in acting upon firm and honest principles; how happy that he has learnt to govern himself and to set bounds to his appetites; that he can use the faculties both of his mind and body freely and cheerfully to the ends for which they were given him by his maker; that he has no man to avoid, and no man to fear, because he avoids evil and fears God; that he is never dismayed or dejected at any untoward event; that he knows how to assert his real liberty, and is neither the slave of habit, of vanity, or his own cupidity. Admire this happiness of the virtuous on all occasions and in all its circumstances before your children, your scholars; but do it with a bright and lively countenance, with a sentimental heart; and let them see how much you yourself are penetrated with the value of it, how far you prefer it beyond all riches, all power, all the voluptuousness of the vicious and the vain.

To this rule another is closely united, which is this: Strive to make their duty a pleasure to them. Habituate them to connect duty and pleasure as intimately together in their ideas as they actually are in nature. Shew them, as much by your example as your precepts, that every duty which we heartily and cheerfully fulfil is compensated with satisfaction and pleasure. By your example, in giving yourself up to the emotions of pure delight in their presence on having faithfully completed some duty. Have you, for example, as a trustee or a friend, adjusted the affairs of a widow, of an orphan, of a distressed friend; have you had an opportunity to reclaim one of your acquaintance from the ways of folly and vice, or occasioned him to do some good action; have you been so happy as to comfort and revive some distressed fellowcreature, or to afford some effectual relief to a poor sick person; have you discharged the duties of your office and calling with remarkably good success, or do you perceive it manifestly attended by a blessing; on your return from these generous and delightful occupations, to your children or your scholars, let them participate in your satisfaction and joy, make them acquainted with the reason of it, as far as you can without offence to modesty; and thus shew them how amply a man is rewarded by the consciousness of having acted with honesty and propriety. Shew them the same thing by your instructions, by teaching them to remark and to distinguish the agreeable, the joyful sensations which they themselves experience on similar occasions; at the same time comparing them with the dissatisfaction, the perturbation, the dismay, which glide into our hearts against our will, when we have not done what we should have done, or have not done it as we ought.—When you exhort them to duty, convince them by your manner, that your aim is not to display your power and authority over them, or to cause them unnecessary pains and trouble, but merely to promote their perfection and their welfare. Acquaint them with virtue, not as an austere sovereign, as the enemy of pleasure and joy, but as the best, as the only sure means to substantial happiness. Never say to them, that indeed the vicious man is commonly happier in the world than the virtuous; but notwithstanding this, that we *must* be virtuous, because God has commanded it. No, this statement is false, and can only make pernicious impressions on minds which are yet not fully capable of distinguishing the semblance of happiness from happiness itself. Much rather teach them, that we can only be happy by virtue, and miserable by vice; that God forbids us nothing except what is bad and noxious, and that he requires nothing of us but what is even in this world truly profitable and good; that piety and harmless mirth are not at variance, but cherish and promote each other; and that instances wherein the upright and the pious have particularly much to suffer do not frequently occur.

For facilitating all this to them, for teaching them to act upon principle, to act from the best motives, and to be attentive to the consequences of their actions, and for rendering their duty a pleasure to them, you should accustom them betimes to self-examination, which is the most excellent means for constantly becoming more wise and virtuous. Not that you are to impose self-examination on them as a matter of business, that *must* daily be gone through; such constraint would soon make it hateful and totally useless to them. Here you will not assume so much the style of a severe inquisitor or a sententious monitor, as that of a friend, who takes an interest in all that befalls his friend, who rejoices with him on account of all the good he has done, and manifests a hearty sorrow when he has been so unhappy as to do amiss. And how many opportunities for this practice must needs present themselves to attentive parents and preceptors! For example, when surrounded by your children, at the close of the day or of the week, when they are delighted and happy in your company, when you let them perceive your tender concern and affection, and thence excite emotions in them of gratitude and reciprocal fondness, and have gained their entire confidence; how easy is it then to call their attention to recent transactions and events, and to prompt them to this investigation by some such questions as these: "How have I passed this day, or this week? Have I done any thing this day, this week, learnt any thing, or exercised myself in any thing which gives me real cause of satisfaction and joy, and which may likewise in future be of use to myself or to others? Have I, during this time, so far advanced myself in any art, science, or aptitude, as I might have done? or have I done and spoken any thing of which I should now be ashamed, which probably I may long lament, the hurtful consequences of which I may for a long while feel? Can there be any one who is now sighing on my account, because I have injured him, or given him an affront? Is there any one now suffering pain or hardships because I have denied him the relief and assistance which he implored of me, and which I had it in my power to bestow? Have I said or done any thing that may have caused uneasiness, dissatisfaction, and vexation, to my parents, my teachers, or even to the domestics that attend me?" Happy both you and your children, if you thus accustom them by little and little to self-examination, if at times you animate them therein by your own example, if you are not ashamed to confess and to deplore your faults in their presence, at least such as you have committed before them, to lament the neglect of the good act you might have done, to rejoice with them in reflecting on what you actually have performed; and in this manner to teach them wisdom and virtue by the contemplation of their behaviour and your own!

Teach them, in like manner, to reap benefit from the conduct of other persons. Are you with them in company (and it were to be wished that you were seldom in company without them), take notice of what is said and done in their presence, and afterwards enter into an amicable conversation with them upon it. Do this likewise as often as they return home from company in which you could not attend them. They themselves will furnish you with matter enough for such conversations. Children and young people are commonly more attentive observers of what passes in their presence than persons of riper years. The generality of things have still the charm of novelty for them; and their attention is less interrupted than with us, who often come into company possessed by various cares and intricate concerns. Therefore let your children or your pupils communicate to you the observations they have made on such occasions; and do not prevent them in their judgments by too eagerly obtruding upon them your own. Search out the good or bad impressions the discourse they have heard or the behaviour they have witnessed has left upon them. Endeavour by reason and argument to strengthen the good impressions they have received, and to weaken or obliterate the bad. Caution them against the faults and inadvertencies they have remarked in others. Shew them how injurious these persons thus are to themselves, and how much the charms of society are thus diminished. Hold up to them such as have distinguished themselves for their integrity, discretion, humility, prudence, and philanthropy, as patterns for their imitation; and teach them how respectable and amiable they will thus render themselves to all men. But never allow them to judge their neighbour with ill-natured severity. Accustom them much rather to excuse whatever is excusable, and to consider such actions and speeches as are capable of various interpretations always on the favourable side. Impose it upon them as a duty, never to spread any farther what they have seen faulty or blameable in another, or to laugh and make merry over it; but merely to apply it to their own caution and improvement. By these means you will render their intercourse with others not only harmless to them, but you will make it a useful school of wisdom and virtue.

Finally, to this end call history likewise to your aid. Think not that your children or your scholars are studying history, while they are merely imprinting on their memory a multitude of transactions and events of various degrees of importance, with all their circumstances and effects, that they may be able to repeat them afterwards. The proper end of history is to make us wiser and better; it is there we are to study ourselves and mankind, if we are to reap any real benefit from it. To this purpose however children and young persons should have a guide, as they are not yet sufficiently trained in reflection for seeking and finding this utility without the help of others. But by means of this guidance, history may afford them the same advantage they procure from their own experience; and this benefit they will in fact reap from it in a much easier and less hazardous manner. Ask them therefore frequently, while engaged in this study, what they think of these or those sentiments and actions of mankind; why they pronounce these to be just, reasonable, generous, beneficent; and those on the contrary, unjust, base, cruel, or inhuman; why they contemplate one with pleasure and satisfaction, but the other with consternation and horror; why they take more interest in the fortunes of one person than in those of another? Ask them what they themselves would have done in such or such a predicament; how they would have determined; which party they would have espoused; whether they would have neglected that opportunity of doing right, and whether they could have resisted that inducement to do wrong? Apply all that they read and hear to themselves, and to the particular circumstances in which they are at present, or are likely to be placed hereafter. Teach them constantly to observe their own hearts, to trace out its latent propensities; and if these propensities are irregular and bad, so much the earlier and more valiantly to combat them, since they now so strikingly perceive from what happens to others, to what excesses and enormities these propensities may impel the man who fondly submits to their sway. In this manner will history at once amuse, instruct, and improve them; it will be an excellent means of forming their heart, and of making them morally good.

We should now proceed to the particular virtues to which children and young people are principally to be led, and in which they are constantly to be exercised. But the time already elapsed, and the abundance of the matter, allow me not at present to enter upon that important part of education. This, under favour of God, is what I design for the subject of my next Sunday's discourse.

I shall therefore conclude the present with an observation, the justness whereof no attentive hearer of what I have already advanced on this subject will call into doubt. It is this: If, as we saw in our former discourse, the formation of the minds of children be an arduous task, the formation of their hearts is a no less serious and difficult enterprise. It demands great attention, unremitted industry, and unwearied patience; it demands much circumspection and prudence. Parents and preceptors should keep a constant guard upon themselves no less than upon their children; observe every good or bad affection as it discloses itself to view; use every opportunity for strengthening the one and weakening the other; esteem nothing as trifling that may have an influence on their moral character; blend instruction and practice constantly together, and give force and energy to both by their own example; always act upon the same principles, and immoveably prosecute the same design, though they should every day meet with new obstructions on the way that conducts them to it. He that pursues this business as the amusement of a leisure hour; he who thinks to accomplish every thing by precept and command; he who treats his children or his scholars, not as rational creatures, which are to be enlightened and moved by remonstrance to goodness, but as machines which require only to be jogged and pushed forward; he who does not readily condescend to their weakness, and often mentally put himself in their place, for better adapting his instruction and his discipline to their comprehension and wants; he who proceeds one way to-day, and to-morrow another—to-day with an excessive indulgence, and with as excessive a severity to-morrow; he who allows himself to be deterred by the first difficulties he encounters, by the first unsuccessful attempt, from proceeding with diligence, and has not fortitude enough to work whole years with the same assiduity, though as yet he sees no particular fruit of his labours: he will not indeed advance far in this important and toilsome business; but he has no one to blame except himself, if his too much interrupted, erroneous, and self-destroying labours are almost all in vain. Let me address a word or two to you in particular who have the happiness to be mothers. You may contribute most to the formation of the hearts of your children. You may labour at it daily and hourly, and your tender love alone can overcome the difficulties attendant on it. But if you discharge your duty in this particular in its whole extent, you render yourselves far more useful than our sex, and contribute far more to the happiness of it than all of us can do, whatever office we may fill, in whatever station we may be placed.

SERMON III.

OF TRAINING UP CHILDREN TO THE PRIMARY VIRTUES IN PARTICULAR.

O GOD, how is it possible for us not to perceive, and perceiving not properly to value the eminent endowments which thou hast vouchsafed mankind above the other inhabitants of the earth! Thou hast exalted us far above the beasts of the field, and made us little lower than the angels! While they, the beasts of the field, are entirely sensual, cleave entirely to the ground and are irresistibly drawn by their instincts; we can resist our sensuality, controul its most violent impulses and stimulations, govern ourselves, rise above the terrestrial and visible, ascend even to thee, and do what we perceive to be right and good and fittest for the occasion. If they exist and live only in the present moment, and neither can learn wisdom from reflection on the past, nor derive hope and consolation from prospects into futurity; yet we in our thoughts can connect the past, the present, and the future, and thus multiply our existence and our life, and with perspicuous consciousness rejoice therein. If they in a very short time are and become all that they are able to be and to become: yet thou hast made us capable of becoming always more intelligent, always wiser, always better, always happier, and of always advancing nearer to thee, the fount of intellect, of wisdom, of goodness, of felicity. Yes, we are thy offspring! As thy children we are formed after thy image! We have affinity with the angels, are brethren of Jesus thy first-born son! We are ennobled by reason and liberty! We are capable of an ever increasing, of an infinitely progressive perfection! We are designed for immortality!—And shall we leave our noblest faculties unemployed, or not make the best use of them which we can in our station and position? And shall we content ourselves with any, ever so low a degree of wisdom and virtue, while we can proceed so far, so immensely far in both? What! shall we forget our affinity with superior spirits, and with Jesus Christ their chief, our relation and communion with God, our destination to immortality? No, never will we forget the dignity and the nobleness of our nature, never our origin from thee, the father of spirits, never our blessed connection with thee. No, the thought and the sentiment that we are human beings, that we are formed after the image of God, that we are capable of so great perfection and happiness, shall deter us from every folly, preserve us from every sin, and render us apt and expert in every good work. Support us in these resolutions, O gracious and merciful father, by the genial influences of thy holy spirit, that we may comfortably and conscientiously transact the affairs of life, innocently and cheerfully enjoy its satisfactions, and patiently bear its troubles and afflictions! Grant that we may more and more intimately feel the worth of our high distinctions and be continually more happy in the use and enjoyment of them! These our petitions we offer up unto thee in the name of our saviour Jesus, and conclude our supplications in his words: Our father, &c.

PROV. XXII. 6.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.

HABITS of virtue are of the same nature with dexterity in the mechanical or other arts. Would we acquire this dexterity, we must exercise ourselves early and constantly whether in the virtues or the arts; we must learn to esteem and love them in early youth, and thence they will gradually become so easy and so natural, that at length we shall find it difficult to do any thing contrary to the rules of art, or the precepts of virtue. As little as that man merits the appellation of a good artist, who only now and then produces a good piece; so little does he deserve the name of a virtuous man, who only thinks and acts at times virtuously, as it were by chance, and at the expense of great pains. Hence you may conclude, how necessary it is for us to train up children to virtue with all possible care from their earliest infancy, and continually to exercise them in it, if we would have them truly virtuous persons. And this in fact is one of the most important articles in rational and christian education, and herein the formation of their hearts or their moral character principally consists.

In our last discourse we saw what was in general requisite to this end, and how we are to set about this formation of the hearts of children. Namely, we should find out their temperament, and conduct ourselves accordingly; we should habituate them to act from principle and design, and not from blind impulse, or mere caprice; we should teach them to act upon good, upon the best principles, and to be attentive to the consequences of their actions; we should strive to make their duty their pleasure. For the promotion of these views, we should initiate them in self-examination, and do our utmost to make their intercourse with others, and their study of history, conducive to their improvement.

To these general rules, we will to-day subjoin a few that shall more especially relate to the chief particular virtues to which children and young persons should be trained up by those whose duty it is to form their hearts or their moral characters.

The first of these rules is this: Inure them from their earliest infancy to obedience and submission. He that has not learnt this in his childhood and youth is unhappy for the rest of his life. All of us are occasionally brought into situations where it is necessary for us to submit, where we must comply, if we would not run counter to our duties, or bring harm upon ourselves and others. Either we must avoid human society altogether, renounce all its advantages and pleasures, and take up our abode in the holes of the rock, or the dens of the forest; or we must sacrifice a part of our natural liberty to the security and quiet enjoyment of the rest, subject ourselves to certain restraints, and alternately yield to each other. But how unfit must he be for this, who has, for ten, fifteen, or a greater number of years, unmolestedly followed his own inclinations, who has suffered no opposition, whose wishes for every thing he saw were so many commands uniformly submitted to by the blind indulgence of his parents and tutors, and who now all at once must adopt a quite different course of action! The time is arrived when he must make his entrance into the world. At every step he meets with obstructions. His wishes are scarcely noticed, while he expects to see all men running to fulfil them. They much rather openly oppose his desires and aims. His vanity and arrogance will be offended one while in this manner and then in another; but the disease is too inveterate to admit of a cure. Unfortunate man! Deplorable victim of extreme fondness and indulgence! How often, when once thou comest to reflection, how often wilt thou lament this cruel tenderness! How often wilt thou wish that thy parents, thy preceptors, had exerted their proper authority over thee, and taught thee obedience! O ye parents, would you spare your children these sighs, these complaints, and the miseries that extort them; inure them to discipline, I say, to discipline, for by precept and exhortation alone you will never succeed; exercise them in obedience and submission. Allow yourselves to be easily prevailed on; frequently go before their requests, when they ask for things innocent and good; and shew them by facts how much you have their real satisfaction and their real happiness at heart; but never should they obtain any thing from you by force; never yield to their impetuosity or clamour; let not the tears of stubbornness melt you to an ill-timed compassion. Enjoin them nothing without mature deliberation, without sufficient reason; let the justice, the equity, the indulgence that is due to their age and weakness, be the rule of all your commands; but when once you have delivered them, never think of a repeal, but absolutely insist on the most punctual and unreserved compliance; and let neither headstrong opposition, nor artful flattery, move you to the revocation of them. Beware however of issuing too many, or too different orders at once. You will thereby lay an insupportable yoke on their necks, and in some measure compel them to disobedience; or you will make timid vassals of them, impatiently waiting for the moment when they may misuse their freedom without reproof or observation. Leave therefore to their own option whatever is in itself indifferent and can have no prejudicial influence on their morals; and be content sometimes in furnishing them with useful suggestions and reasons by which they may determine for themselves. Imitate herein the great lawgiver of the universe. Consider how much he has left to our free-agency, and how greatly he has thus facilitated our obedience to his commands! The neglect of this rule, my friends, is the principal cause that so few children learn obedience. If we will be always heaping command upon command, and regulating as it were every posture, every word, every look, every motion of the child, or the youth, by law, we ourselves cannot be attentive to all these commands, and must of necessity pass over many transgressions of our laws in silence;

and by this means the rest of our laws and ordinances, even the weightiest of them, lose their force, and disobedience becomes habitual.

Farther, inspire your children with a predominant love for truth, for sincerity and frankness. These qualities are all natural to them. You need only cherish them. You need only not suppress them. Never therefore laugh at their honest simplicity. Take heed lest by so doing you train them to dissimulation, to falsehood, to flattery. A lamentable necessity will teach them in due time, not to say all they think; but woe to them and to you, if they learn to say the reverse of what they think. The man who has been brought up in his childhood and youth to falsehood, to dissimulation, to flattery, to whom these vices have been recommended as the primary rules of discretion and of polite manners, will almost always become either a noxious or a very troublesome and disagreeable member of society. He will thence inure himself to artifice and deceit, and in his dealings with others will not scruple to make use of every trick and device he can think of which is not expressly forbidden by law. He will be exceedingly fickle in his judgments, and will commend and esteem to-day what yesterday he condemned and despised. He will be liberal in his marks of respect and professions of friendship even to prodigality, and yet think of nothing less than the performance of them, unless stimulated to it by necessity or self-interest. He will never dare to oppose unjust and corrupt undertakings and actions, if originating with persons to whom he is used meanly to crouch and cringe. He will in short be incapable of true friendship, which not only disdains all falsehood, but even dislikes reserve: and what a comfort of life, what pure satisfactions, is he thus kept a stranger to! Do we not even daily complain of the very faults and imperfections of social life which I have just been speaking of? Why then should we propagate them to future generations? Why are they recommended to children and young persons as good qualities and as virtues? Why is it so frequently imputed to them as a crime when they speak the truth, or on any subject disclose the thoughts of their heart? Why praise, why reward them with particular regard and affection, when they artfully admire and repeat whatever they see and hear, for the sake of insinuating themselves into the good graces of others? Oh avoid all these too common faults, you who are parents and tutors. Train up your children, not to be servile sycophants, but to be noble-minded men, who know how to value themselves, who love truth above all things, and never are shy of speaking it whenever their duty or the benefit of others requires it; and be assured, that no upright, sincere, open-hearted man ever lamented that he was upright, sincere, and open-hearted, that he was a foe to all dissimulation and flattery.—On the other hand however seek to preserve your children from prating and babbling. Teach them, in their judgments and discourses, to proceed with caution and consideration. Shew them how much uneasiness we may by this means occasion to ourselves and others; and how disagreeable a man must be to company, when he seems resolved to be the only speaker, and stuns them with all the thoughts and stories he can croud together, whether good or bad, without distinction. Accustom them to secrecy in regard to such things as duty forbids them to reveal. Entrust them at times with a secret; and let the manner of their procedure with it be the rule of the greater or smaller degree of confidence with which you shall afterwards honour them.

Train them thirdly as early as possible, to diligence, to method, and to industry in their affairs. Represent to them how just and reasonable it is, that every one should make the best use of his talents, of his abilities, of his time, and of his property; and how unjust it would be, to require the assistance of so many other persons, without granting them all possible service and help in return. Shew them how intimately all mankind are connected together; how much one man has need of another; and how advantageous it is for each in particular, and for all in general, that they strive with social ardour to promote their mutual welfare. Teach them how much a man facilitates his business by method and regularity; how much esteem and confidence it procures him from others; how richly unabated industry at last repays him; what an excellent means application is for preserving us from sins and follies and from the insupportable burden of a languid mind; and how pure, how great the pleasure of the industrious man, when he reflects on the work he has duly finished, on the difficulties he has overcome in the progress of it, and on the utility he has procured by it to himself and to others. Would you deeply impress these maxims on your children, and at the same time go before them with your example; would you keep them constantly employed in some useful occupation, as much as their age and their powers allow; teach them to adapt every particular to its proper time, and see that all they have to do and to provide for be done and provided for with due precision: the love of order and diligence will by this means become natural to them; they cannot thenceforward be other than orderly and diligent; they will not in future regard the affairs of their calling as a grievous burden, and postpone them to every fleeting amusement; and thus they will be far more securely preserved from indigence and penury, and rendered far more useful members of society, than by your leaving them never so great riches, with contrary dispositions.

Fourthly, be very careful to bring them up to humility and modesty, which are so becoming in all men, and especially in children and young persons, and at the same time are so necessary for the advancement of their perfection and happiness. Praise them not on account of such privileges as they have not themselves acquired, but are indebted for merely to their birth or station; and allow not others to inspire them with high notions of their descent, or of their opulence. Teach them to consider all such as honour and extol them on these accounts as base flatterers, or as ignorant and self-interested people, who either think quite differently from what they speak or are endeavouring by this means to serve their own private ends. Shew them how little real value these outward distinctions have, how easily they may be lost; how much they oblige their possessor to an eminently good and generally useful conduct; and how despicable they render him, if he either misapply them or be still less virtuous and useful than another, who has neither so many means nor so many incitements to it. Neither however must you plume yourselves on such distinctions; despise not the poor and needy, and honour only wisdom and virtue and integrity, whether environed by the glare of prosperity, or accompanied with want and misery. Give them a modest opinion likewise of their natural or acquired endowments, dispositions, abilities, and virtues. Teach them how ignorant and feeble man is in himself; how dependent he is in all respects on the will of the great author of nature; how soon, by a hundred accidents, he may be hurled down from the dangerous height to which he has climbed. Teach them, how imperfect and insignificant the greatest human knowledge and virtue is; how likewise in this respect the major part is obtained from instruction, from education, from outward circumstances, and all ultimately from the providence of the Almighty. Shew them how far they are excelled in all these matters by so many others, who probably have had fewer helps and encouragements; and how much they have still to do, for becoming so wise and good as they may and should become.—Exercise them in meekness, principally whenever they think themselves affronted, or when they have not met with that respect and honour to which they imagine they have a right to pretend. Remind them now of their own infirmities and failings, of their deficiency of all positive merit, of the great candour they themselves stand in need of from others, of the inconsiderateness with which most men speak and act. Make them comprehend, how liable we are, even without any bad intention, without being of a malicious disposition, merely from imprudence and indiscretion, to say or do something that shall displease another, and is susceptible of a very bad interpretation; and ever beware of rendering their little differences of importance, by your taking too great a part in them, and treating them as things that highly deserve attention, or that bring your own honour in question.—Exercise them much rather, on all occasions, in placability and magnanimity. Instead of addressing them, as it but too frequently happens, in such terms as these—"This is what you should never put up with, you should not let that pass unrequited, unfriendly behaviour should be returned with the like"—much rather let this be your advice: "You should be above regarding such trifles; they are not worth your notice, much less your uneasiness; think yourself happy if you are wiser and better than another; and pity such as are less wise and good than you, but hate them not."—In this manner let not your children live long in disagreement with each other or with other persons. Shew them rather how irksome and unpleasant such a situation is, and of how much satisfaction and benefit it deprives them. When any dissention has arisen, bring them together, and represent to them how insignificant the ground of their disagreement is, and how easily they might have seen that themselves, if they had more deeply investigated the matter, and not have taken it up in so much haste. Absolutely forbid them all revenge, even when the object of it is only an animal or some inanimate thing; and teach them, as soon as they are able to comprehend it, that only the sentiment of guilt and weakness suggests revenge; but that conscious innocence and power are displayed in magnanimity.

Endeavour to inspire them fifthly with a sincere affection and hearty good-will towards all mankind, without distinction of rank, of religion, of country, or of outward fortune. Teach them to regard all men as their brethren, the small as well as the great, the poor as well as the rich; to treat man as man, that is, as a rational and immortal creature, and his outward circumstances as accidental objects. Impress upon them deeply the natural equality of all men, that they may not be dazzled by the glare of power, of rank, or riches; that they may not be betrayed into meanness or obduracy, into pride or cruelty. Never allow them to talk of mean, low, vulgar people, and to accompany what they say with contemptuous looks and gestures. These expressions are culpable in the mouth of every sensible man; they are the offspring of error and vice: but in the mouth of a child or a youth, they are absolute folly and absurdity. If your children or your scholars are accustomed to use these expressions, then shew them, that the persons whom they term vulgar, low, mean people, possess far greater merit, and are far more important and useful members of the community, and consequently deserve more respect and honour than they; and that it is still very uncertain whether they themselves may not, by their own ill-conduct or even by unmerited misfortunes, be reduced to that same low class of people, and see themselves forced to seek compassion and relief from those whom they now, without foundation, think so vile. Watch carefully, in this respect, over their behaviour towards the servants. Think it no subject of connivance, if they treat them with scorn, with arrogance, speak to them in a haughty and imperative tone, and take upon them the hard and self-conceited master, whom it is their duty implicitly to obey. Teach them on the contrary to acknowledge the value of the service the domestics administer to their weakness and inexperience, and to acknowledge it with thankfulness; inspire them with liberal and beneficent sentiments towards them; and if they dare to command them in your presence, then do you see that their commands are not executed.—Preserve them likewise in their earliest years, from that coldness, from that envy and malignity, which difference of nation and religion is but too apt to excite among mankind. Teach them, that it is not the apparel, not the outward manners and usages, not opinions, but character and conduct, that fix the true value of individuals; that instruction, education, and accident, have a great share in the opinions and the belief of the generality of mankind; that no one errs on purpose, or rejects the truth as truth; that more depends on doing than on knowing; that man is not condemnable for error, but for vice; that every one should follow the dictates of his conscience, even though they should be erroneous; and that "there is no respect of persons with God; but, that in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

At the same time neglect not to train them to compassion and beneficence. But would you frame their hearts to these virtues; represent them not only as very beautiful and noble, but teach them actually to know the various kinds of want and misery under which so many of their brethren sigh. Lead them at times into the sad but instructive abodes of the poor, the sick, and the dying. There let them form a comparison between their condition and that of so many others who have the same nature with them, and probably are more deserving than they. Let them see the famished looks and haggard figure, the hard couch and the hard bread, of the poor and needy, and hear their piteous moans. Keep them not away from such affecting sights, for fear of shocking their delicate nerves, or causing them painful sensations. These sensations are the glory of human nature. Rejoice and be glad when they appear in your children; let them give full scope to their pitying tears; conceal not from them your own; and shew them by your example, that you are not ashamed of these honourable tears even at your manly age. But then share with them likewise the pleasure of beneficence and relief which you afford to the indigent and forlorn. Consult with them at times on the best means of administering comfort. Represent it to them as a peculiar honour you pay to their good behaviour, that you take them with you in this or that labour of christian love. Accustom them occasionally to curtail a little of their pleasures or accommodations, that they may the more effectually relieve those who are in want of the necessaries of life. Make them understand betimes that the beneficence which costs us nothing, or consists only in giving away what we could not use ourselves, what was totally superfluous and unnecessary to us, that this beneficence is of no great value, that it cannot be a virtue. Reward them therefore even for their beneficence, not by making them presents, but by partaking in the joy of the poor and the necessitous whom they have relieved, of the sick whom they have restored, of the sorrowful whom they have comforted, and by acquainting them with what fulness of heart they bless their benefactor.

Teach them, farther, to deny themselves, and to maintain the command over their sensual appetites. In this respect likewise combine practice with precept, and begin with both of them as early as possible. This is a matter of the utmost importance for creatures like us, who are partly sensual and partly rational. He who has not learnt in his early years to resist his sensual appetites, will find it extremely difficult in his riper age, if not absolutely impossible, to make those sacrifices to duty and virtue, which are so frequently demanded of us in the present state of discipline and probation. Therefore, habituate your children, or those that are entrusted to your care and direction, willingly at times to deny themselves some innocent gratification, or to retire abruptly from the enjoyment of it, in order to prove the strength of their minds, and the mastery they have obtained over themselves. In this particular likewise precede them by your example. Appoint a time for certain pleasures or diversions, which you intend to enjoy in their company; enter heartily into the sport with them; and then, if some duty or accidental circumstance, which you yourself however have perhaps previously planned, interrupt the enjoyment of these pleasures, or call you from them, shew them immediately, by your unruffled complacency, and by an affectionate admonition, how far you prefer your duty to all pleasures, and how much it behoves us to be able to bridle our desires, and to govern ourselves. Request them on this occasion, to exercise themselves in these noble virtues, or at least to embrace this opportunity for giving you an unequivocal demonstration of their attachment; and reward those who do so the most readily with distinguished marks of esteem and friendship. If it at first appear difficult and irksome to them to do so much violence to themselves, if it even cost them great trouble to refrain from tears, and from breaking out in loud complaints; let not any ill-timed pity induce you to save them this trouble. The oftener they adopt this salutary practice, the easier it will become; and you will at length enable them to make the most costly sacrifices to virtue and rectitude, without hesitation, whenever their duty demands it.

Train them finally to patience in sufferings, to fortitude and courage in misfortune, to a steady and intrepid behaviour in all situations. These qualities and virtues are indispensably necessary to us in our present state. He that has not learnt to suffer with calmness and resignation; he that allows himself to be shaken and put off his bias by every petty accident; he who shudders and recoils at every menace, at every appearance of danger; will never attain to any high degree of moral perfection, and his happiness is very liable to many and sudden reverses. Only the patient, the resolute, the intrepid, are capable of overcoming the difficulties that are occasionally met with on the path of duty and rectitude, of effectually stemming the torrent of prevailing depravity, and of preserving their innocence as well as their inward serenity in all the vicissitudes and temptations of outward fortune. To these virtues however we must be early trained; we must learn first to practise them in trivial matters, if we would do so afterwards in riper years and more important emergencies. Therefore content not yourselves with recommending these manly, these noble virtues, to your children or your pupils; but exercise them in them on all occasions. Let not your fondness for them induce you by too great indulgence to spoil their taste, to spare them in every thing that is troublesome and unpleasant, and so to accustom them to softness and effeminacy. Inure them much rather to a hardy kind of life, so as that none of the accommodations of it may be so necessary to them, that they cannot be deprived of them without being wretched. Do they meet with any trifling mischance; are they obliged to suffer some hardship or pain; do they lose such things as they greatly valued: increase not their sensibility to the event by the extravagant and anxious concern you take in it, by the lamentations you make on the occasion, by the extraordinary bustle in which you put yourself and all about you, to console them in their mishap, to compensate their loss, and instantaneously to remove their very tolerable pains. Give not to such things as are of no great consequence a greater importance in their eyes than they really have, by the manner in which you view and treat them. Rather seek by your calmness to quiet them, and by your sedateness to inspire them with courage. Teach them to hold every object for what it actually is; discourse amicably with them on the nature of the affliction they suffer, of the pain they feel, of the loss they have sustained; shew them to how many disasters and calamities man is subject, and how much he may bear and suffer if he will. Quote to them examples of persons who have suffered far more than they, and were yet patient and resolute; and instead of terrifying them by calling their attention to all the possible bad effects of their present misfortune, teach them by degrees to observe the various uses a wise and virtuous man may draw even from the adversities that befall him. But give efficacy and vigour likewise to these doctrines by your own example. Bear the afflictions you meet with yourself with patience; let them never hear any murmers and repinings at the divine dispensations proceed from your mouth; shew them by your own behaviour, that you can be tranquil under tribulations, and meet with composure and fortitude a danger which you cannot avoid. Preserve them lastly as much as possible, from all impressions of fear and dread arising from such objects as only ignorance, or superstition, or melancholy, or slavish notions, have endued with a frightful and terrific appearance. Shew them these objects whenever an opportunity occurs; make them acquainted with them, and lay before them in the liveliest colours the imbecility and misery of those who are always dreaming of dangers, and descrying objects of terror on every side.

These, pious hearers, are the principal virtues to which children and young people should be trained, and in which they should be constantly exercised. Would you, whom heaven has appointed to be parents, or preceptors, or teachers, resolutely and faithfully follow the rules I have here laid down, frequently and properly practise the discipline connected with them, and never be weary in imploring God for his blessing; then certainly your labours will not be in vain; they will sooner or later produce rich fruits of wisdom and virtue in the hearts and in the conduct of such as are placed under your inspection and care. Your children, your scholars, will be habituated to obedience and submission, to sincerity and the love of truth, to diligence, to industry and regularity in their affairs; they will be humble and modest, will love all men as their brethren, seek their satisfaction in doing good, govern themselves, and resist the violence of their sensual appetites; they will learn even patience in afflictions, fortitude in adversity and intrepidity in dangers. And how wise, how good, how happy must they be, in the delightful company of the fairest and noblest virtues! How much must these virtues exalt the lustre or supply the defect of outward distinctions! How will they conciliate the favour both of God and man; how beneficial will they be to their brethren! How much more calmly and contentedly will you leave them hereafter, knowing that they have these, and with them all the other virtues as the guides and companions of their lives!

SERMON IV.

OF TRAINING UP CHILDREN TO RELIGION AND TO CHRISTIANITY.

O GOD, from whom, through whom and to whom are all things, Creator, Benefactor, and Father of mankind, to know thee, to love thee, to obey thee, is our highest honour and our greatest happiness. This alone it is that confers upon us a real, and essential precedence over the inferior creatures, which with us inhabit the earth. It is this alone that diffuses light and joy and hope and consolation over the dark and toilsome path of our terrestrial life. It is this alone that opens to our view such prospects in the future world, that make us forget all the troubles of the present. Yes, O God, in knowing thee, we know the source and aggregate of whatever is great, whatever is good, whatever is beautiful and perfect. In loving thee, we love him, who unites in himself, whatever merits our veneration, our gratitude, our affection, and our confidence. In obeying thee, we obey the wisest, the most righteous, the kindest sovereign, whose laws tend solely to our good. Oh that we always perceived, always felt this truth, and always acted consistently with that perception and feeling; oh that we might always consider and employ religion, which alone confers this prerogative on our nature, and conducts us to those sources of wisdom and happiness, consistently with these views? Do thou assist us, O merciful father, to fulfil with ever greater exactitude our duty, which is at the same time our felicity. Teach us thyself, ever better to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent, and let our knowledge be continually more fruitful in devout sentiments and good works. Let us do honour to the doctrine, which thou hast revealed to us and which we confess with our mouths, by a virtuous and holy life, and grant particularly to those among us who are employed in the education of children, the grace to infuse into their hearts above all things the reverence and love of thee and to train them up into sincere followers of thy son. Bless to this end the considerations which are now to employ us, and hearken to our prayer for the sake of Jesus Christ our mediator and saviour, in whose name we farther address thee, saying: Our father, &c.

EPHES. VI. 4.

Ye fathers,—bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

THE most faithful observance of all the precepts and practices which we have been recommending to you, in several discourses on forming the minds and the hearts of children, will not be sufficient, pious hearers, for completing the grand design of a rational and christian education, unless it be connected with as exact and careful a training to religion and to christianity. No otherwise will these precepts and practices be truly useful and important. No otherwise will the understanding of the man be formed to true wisdom; and his heart to real, to the noblest virtue. No otherwise will he be capable of the supreme, of eternal happiness. "The fear of the Lord," says holy scripture, "that is wisdom; and," from the fear of the Lord, "to depart from evil, that is understanding." And in fact, my friends, without that clear and certain light which religion and christianity hold before us on the most important objects, without the powerful considerations by which they stimulate us to what is right and good, without the force which they communicate to us for discharging our duty, it would fare very ill with our wisdom and virtue. They would be like a building, resting if not upon sand, yet certainly on no solid foundation. We should be continually running the hazard of perplexing ourselves in our conclusions, and of being cheated and misguided by our senses, by our imagination, by our passions. But few, for I will grant every thing that can in this respect be granted, but few would be wise and virtuous; and even these few would not proceed so far either in wisdom or in virtue as a christian, who does honour to the appellation, may advance in both. Nothing then is of greater necessity than that children and young people should be introduced betimes and in the best manner to religion and christianity, if they are to be rendered as wise, as good, as generally useful and as happy, as they are capable of becoming. This is likewise what the apostle Paul in our text inculcates upon fathers, or in general on parents, when he says: "Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." That is, form them into scholars of our lord Jesus Christ; instruct them in his doctrine, exercise them in obedience to his commands and in the imitation of his example; so bring them up, that they may become his true disciples and followers, that they may be sincere and enlightened christians.

My design at present, pious hearers, is to give you, by the divine assistance and blessing, some direction to this purpose; a direction the more necessary, as the generality of parents and preceptors are so negligent on this important article of education, and as the mistakes committed in it are the more various and common. Nobody denies that children and young people ought to be brought up to religion and to christianity, and that much depends upon it; but what is done for complying with this duty? They are first made to learn by rote some, generally difficult and unintelligible forms of prayer; after this, a shorter or a longer system of church-doctrines, with some scripture commonplaces, for the greatest part very obscure; they are forced with much labour to imprint on their memory subjects which they do not at all understand, and thus not unfrequently these subjects are rendered disgusting and loathsome to them, who ought on the contrary to be taught to prize and to love them. Afterwards these subjects, which because they can talk upon they imagine themselves to understand, are expounded to them; and this is generally done in such a manner, that they are more convinced of their own dependency and subjection, than of the importance and excellency of the matter of their instruction. In the mean time they are occasionally exhorted, usually between whiles and in much too general a manner, to fear God and to be good; by which is meant that they should habitually go to church, and bring home the text on which the preacher discoursed, or if called upon, be able to repeat some general heads of the sermon, without any farther concern whether they have understood something of the discourse at large and applied it to their own instruction and improvement or not; and when they are of proper age for confirmation they are previously sent a few times to the minister of the parish, for some farther instruction, and at length solemnly admitted into the congregation; and then it is thought that all has been done which christian parents can and ought to do, for bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But does it require much attention and sagacity to perceive the imperfection of such an initiation in religion and in christianity, and does not daily experience teach us, how insufficient all this is towards forming children and young people into real christians? No, to train up children and young people to religion and to christianity, implies not only to instruct, or cause them to be instructed, in the contents of this sacred doctrine, proportionably to their age and capacity, but likewise to make this doctrine and Jesus Christ who revealed it to us, respectable and amiable to them; to form their minds upon the model of his, and to endeavour to lead them to the observance of his precepts and the imitation of his example. This is what all parents and preceptors should propose to themselves as their ultimate aim, not only in the hours immediately set apart for instruction, but also in the whole of their intercourse with such as are under their care, and in their whole behaviour towards them, if they would properly comply with the apostolical injunction in the text. For promoting in some degree the attainment of this design, I shall collect together, under the five following heads, what is proper herein to be observed.

The first is this: Inspire your children or your scholars, from their earliest infancy, with a just prepossession in favour of the truth and importance of religion and christianity. I mean not to say, that they are to fear God and to be christians, from mere prepossession. No, they must examine the merits of religion and christianity for themselves, when they are arrived at the full use of their understanding, and be sure of their faith upon fixt principles. But since they live and are brought up among christians, much depends on the first impressions they receive of the nature of the christian doctrine; and these impressions contribute greatly to render the investigations they shall hereafter enter upon easy or difficult to them. And who can blame parents or teachers, who have actually gone through these investigations themselves, and have in consequence become christians from thorough conviction, who have known and experienced the holiness, the comfort, the divinity of their religion; who can blame them, if they teach their children or their scholars also to study it on that side; nay, who would not charge them with inconsistency of conduct, if they neglected so to do? If I know that any thing tends to my improvement, to my comfort and happiness, it is impossible for me to represent it as an indifferent thing to the persons whose welfare I have at heart: I must necessarily give them advantageous ideas of it, if they are not yet in a condition to judge of it from their own sagacity and experience. Observe the same conduct then in regard to religion and christianity, you who are employed in the business of christian education. Your children, your scholars, have a great opinion of your understanding, of your sagacity, of your wisdom and prudence in the choice between good and evil. What they see you constantly esteem and love, will readily gain their esteem and affection. What they see you resolutely reject and abhor, will soon attract their contempt and abhorrence. What you treat with neglect as an indifferent thing, they will not be apt to pursue with solicitude and zeal. Oh would but all parents and preceptors consider this, with how much more success would their labours be crowned! But what impressions, what ideas of christianity must your children, your scholars imbibe, if they cannot discover, either from your words or your works, that you consider it as an important, as the most important concern; if they seldom or never hear you speak of God, of Christ, of religion; if they hear you speak of them without seriousness, without complacency, or even with contempt; if they hear you make them your sport, or honour others with your approbation while they deride them; if they see how apt you are yourself, under every pretence of urgent affairs, to neglect both public and domestic worship, and how glad you are when you have cast off these duties as a burden; what can they, I say, conclude from such a conduct, but that religion is either an indifferent or a grievous and irksome business? And how little in general will all the remonstrances you afterwards adduce to reform their sentiments be able to effect, against the influence of your example? Would you then communicate to your children or your pupils a prepossession in behalf of the importance and truth of the christian religion; let them see that you yourself are assured of it. Be not ashamed to discourse with them, or in their presence with others, concerning God and divine concerns. But this is never to be done without gravity, without reverence, without tokens of inward satisfaction. Testify your displeasure, your abhorrence at every thing that militates with these sentiments. Haste with joy to the place where the worshippers of God assemble in his service. Let it appear how much you are distressed when any thing happens to prevent you from it. See that it be no small matter that hinders you from the celebration of private worship; perform it in company with your children, as soon as they are capable of any attention; and do it so as that they may see that you reckon this kind of employment and recreation far more momentous and noble than any other. This will not fail to make salutary impressions on your children or your scholars; and it will be impossible for them afterwards to treat with levity, or to reject without the strictest examination, a matter which they have always seen you revere as something so important and so holy.

A second rule, in close connection with the former, is this: Teach them from their tenderest years of youth to conceive of religion as the best and surest means for becoming virtuous and happy; and do this not so much by argument as by your own example. Shew them on one hand by your wise, moderate, upright, beneficent, christian behaviour, how much religion is calculated to form its votaries into good, pious, useful men, citizens, heads of families, friends. To this end tell them occasionally how hard it would be for you to do or to omit this or that; to refuse such an advantage, to take upon you such an incumbrance, to withstand this temptation to evil, or to conquer that difficulty in doing good; did not religion by its doctrines and promises, give you inclination and ability to it; unless you had before you the precepts and the example of your saviour, who has deserved so much of you and of the whole human race; unless you considered yourself as a being designed for another and a better life; and how easy these views and expectations render it to you now, even to follow the dictates of your conscience and to fulfil your duty, when neither can be done without denying yourself many temporal advantages. Shew them however likewise on the other hand, by a steady and cheerful behaviour, by the constant serenity of your mind, by the stability of your trust in God, by your patience in afflictions, by your contentedness under disappointments, how consolatory religion is, and how happy it renders mankind. Take your opportunity for this principally in cases when you are most in need of its comfort and assistance, and most happily experience them. Converse with your children, with your pupils, on these occurrences, and shew them what a blessed influence religion has on your repose. This is certainly an excellent means of making religion venerable and amiable to them. Were you, for example, when you have been calumniated, when you have been severely and unjustly blamed, when your best actions have been imputed to bad designs, and instead of the well-earnt praise you expected, you are punished with scorn; were you to shew yourself calm and unruffled in the midst of your family, from the approving testimony of your conscience, and under the persuasion that God knows your intentions and accepts your conduct; your children would learn to look more at the judgment of their reason than at the judgment of the world, and to prefer a good conscience and the approbation of God, to all the applauses and panegyrics of mortals. Are your honest plans defeated, is your industry unrequited, your prudence frustrated, your hopes annihilated; let the contentedness and cheerfulness which you still retain be a lesson to your children of the force of religion upon your mind. Say to them: I have done my duty, I have done it with all possible exactitude, I have been wanting in nothing that depended on me for reaching my good design; but I had no certainty that I should attain it. I know that all depends on God, and is directed by him. Now I see that my views were not his views; but I am assured that his views are always good, always the best. At present indeed, I cannot perceive it; probably hereafter by experience I may. I was an instrument in his hand; I have acted according to his will as far as I knew it. Upon the whole, it must however be attended by good effects, though they be not exactly such as I expected from it. Probably I have been sowing seed that will only begin to shoot upward after some years are elapsed, and bear fruit when I am no longer here. Were you on these and the like occasions thus to exhibit yourselves to your children, your scholars, and by such discourses and examples, render sensible to them as it were the efficacy of the doctrine you confess; a religion productive of such effects, which keeps its confessors so satisfied and cheerful in such circumstances, must necessarily gain their affection and esteem, and they will at all times seek refreshment and comfort there, where they know that you have so often and so copiously found it.

Their hearts once thus prepared to hearken to the voice of truth and virtue, the particular instruction you shall give them from the doctrines of religion will far more happily succeed; only it must be conducted in a manner adapted to the nature of the subject and the capacity of the scholar. I will comprise the most material points that are to be attended to, in the third rule or observation. It is this: In instructing your children concerning religion, be sure not to begin with the most difficult and sublime mysteries of it. This is not only to labour in vain, but may even do much mischief. It is in vain to attempt it, because these doctrines, even in reference to what may be comprehended and explained, are far too lofty for the apprehension of a child, or the first years of youth. Is it not an idle employment to communicate words to children, to which they can no more annex ideas than if they were borrowed from a foreign language? It is however not only idle, but likewise hurtful to do so. The children thus accustom themselves to be satisfied with words instead of things, and to mistake a readiness in pronouncing particular terms and phrases in a certain connection, for actual knowledge and science; and this in a hundred other instances, must effectually foreclose to them the way that leads to truth. This is not all. That inadequate procedure must necessarily relax the eagerness of their desire for acquiring a knowledge of religion; because nothing but the pleasure of satisfying the curiosity can uphold this eagerness of desire. This pleasure, however, and this gratification of the curiosity, must absolutely fall to the ground, and give place to disgust and aversion, by forcing us to admit and retain what we absolutely cannot understand. Nay how easily may this wrong method of teaching beget doubt and unbelief with increasing years! How easily may religion become suspected by the youth who is beginning to reflect upon it, on beholding it in so gloomy a garb, on finding in his memory more incomprehensible words and expressions than clear or perspicuous ideas! Would you avert these perils from him; make the doctrine concerning the mysteries of religion the last part of your instruction. In the mean time the scholar will learn to reflect upon himself, will study himself, and presently discover unfathomable depths in the nature and connexion of his soul and his life. He will in the mean time acquire some knowledge of the energies and operations of nature, and presently experience how impenetrable the darkness is in which it is involved.

In short, he will find mystery enough in objects the reality whereof he cannot deny. And then it will make no repugnant impression upon him, when he perceives that religion, and particularly divine revelation contains doctrines that have their dark side, and whereof we can acquire but a very imperfect knowledge.

Begin therefore your instruction with what is most easy and suited to the apprehension of a child or a youth. Make them first attentive to their manifold wants and to the means of supplying them which nature and social life have put into our hands. Help them to remark and to distinguish their feelings, their appetites and affections; teach them to compare them with external objects, and with the feelings, the appetites and affections of other people; bring them to the knowledge of their dependent and feeble condition, and the connections in which they stand with external objects, and thence deduce the principal duties of morality which relate to themselves and to their neighbour. Make it comprehensible to them by example; and let their own heart pronounce upon what is right and wrong, proper and improper. Shew them farther the most affecting beauties of nature. Teach them to understand the properties and ends of the principal creatures; endeavour to give them some conceptions of order, of art, of wisdom; display as it were before their eyes, the riches discovered by mankind here on earth for their nourishment, their accommodation, their pleasure; rejoice in it with them; and then tell them, without any formal and learned demonstration, that there is an invisible being, a deity, who produced and preserves all these beauties and benefits. They will immediately be sensible to this truth. It is grounded in the wants of our understanding and our heart, and both of them will always revolt against any objection that may be brought against it, if they be not entirely spoiled. Represent this deity to them, not as an austere master and inexorable judge; but as a father, who loves and provides for all his creatures, who is continually shewing them more kindness than the tenderest parents shew their children; who however entertains not a blind affection for them, but requires of them a cheerful obedience for their own advantage, and whose favour is no otherwise to be obtained than by doing what is right and proper. Inform them at the same time, by recurring to their own feelings, wherein they are beholden to this deity. Say to them, for instance, at times: I perceive that thou lovest me, my dear child; for thou knowest the greatness of my love to thee, and how earnestly I interest myself in thy welfare. Shouldst thou not then much rather love our common Father in heaven, whose kind providence sustains both thee and me? From him alone have I the means and the desire to do thee good. Thou thinkest it thy duty to acknowledge my benefits with gratitude. Out of gratitude thou endeavourest to render thyself agreeable to me. Thou neglectest many things because thou knowest they would displease me. Thou dost many others, because thou art assured that I have a pleasure in them. Shouldst thou not then in like manner behave thyself towards him from whom all things proceed, and without whom thou and I should not be at all? In this manner you will convince your children or your scholars, very easily of the justice and reasonableness of our principal duties towards God, and may enable them early in life to fulfil them. Then give them to understand, that heretofore mankind most shamefully abused all the bounties of this God, that they entirely lost sight both of him and their duties; but that this God, instead of punishing and exterminating them from the earth, sent Jesus Christ to them as his ambassador, to instruct them in what they did not know, and to furnish them again with means of escaping the punishment they deserved, and of becoming wise, good, and happy. Represent to them the virtues of the redeemer in their brightest colours; deeply imprint the image of his moral excellence upon their souls; tell them how holy and beneficent a life he led, how much mankind are indebted to him, how perfect and happy he will render them even after their death, if they obey his laws and follow his example; what an exceeding complacency God had in what Christ did for us, and what complacency he will also have in us, if we do our utmost, in our station and calling, to shew the same persevering integrity and faithfulness which our saviour testified in the prosecution of the work that was given him to do. Lead them by this method to the doctrine of immortality and of the future life, which you will naturally represent to them as affording to mankind the only solid consolation in distress, as the surest foundation of their hopes. Give them to see their conduct in this world as the groundwork of their portion in the other, and accustom them so to regard, to esteem and to use the present, as its connexion with the future demands. Your instruction being conducted in this or some similar manner, will contain nothing that is not on a level with the capacity of a child or a youth, which will not agreeably employ his understanding and affect his heart; nothing that does not coincide with his own feelings, and which he may not apply in various instances to his daily behaviour; and thus will religion be important, venerable, and amiable to him. And if this be the case, it will strike deep root in his heart, and resist every attack of misfortune and cavil; it will bring forth the fairest fruit in his heart and life, and render him truly wise and happy.

Yet more successfully to promote this design, pious hearers, endeavour, fourthly, to awaken and continually keep up in your children a lively sense of their entire dependence upon God, upon his will, upon his providence. This is the principal ground of all real godliness, the best preservative against iniquity, the strongest incitement to goodness, the richest source of peace. Happy they, who have been accustomed, from their earliest youth, to consider all things in their dependence on the supreme being, to have regard to God in all things, and to give such a direction to their heart as that on all occasions it naturally, without compulsion or violence, nay with pleasure and delight, lifts itself to him in whom we live and are. How many temptations to sin will such an one without trouble overcome, which would have overcome him in a contrary disposition of mind! How many peaceful and pleasant hours will he enjoy in such circumstances, wherein others, who live remote from God, are excruciated by anxious cares and sorrows! Oh strive to procure your children, your pupils, these advantages, this happiness, you who have the management of their education! Direct their view, in all the events that befall themselves and others, to God, from whom, through whom, and to whom are all things. Teach them to recognise and to revere his supreme controul, his wisdom and goodness, as well in small things as in great. Guard them from that error which is so detrimental to our virtue and piety no less than to our comfort and satisfaction, and which, though it do not indeed entirely dissolve our ties with the first and best of beings, yet relaxes them to an extreme degree; namely, that God only regards the whole and not the various parts of which it is composed; that he does not take cognisance of every one of his creatures in particular, and provide for it; that he governs merely by universal laws, and never has any peculiar influence on our actions or the events of our lives. Tell them, whenever any thing agreeable happens to them, and they are rejoicing in it: It is God, our common parent, who causes these advantages to reach thy dwelling, who by giving thee this cause of joy, affords thee a fresh testimony of his parental care and affection. Oh adore this gracious being, thank him for his unmerited goodness; and beware of forgetting so great a benefactor, or of refusing him the obedience so justly his due. And likewise say, when any thing adverse befalls them; when fear or sorrow invades their heart: Even this affliction, this disappointment, this danger, is dependent on the will of him who rules and governs all things both in heaven and on earth, who also knows and loves thee. Submit thyself to his will; it is at all times right and proper. He knows how best to guide thee to wisdom, to virtue, to happiness. Honour him with steadfast confidence; resign to him thy conduct; the end of it will certainly be salvation and blessing, glory and joy. Thus, my friends, will you bring up your children or your scholars to real devotion of heart. Thus will you best preserve them from indifference and levity in regard to religion. Thus will you habituate them, in the language of the scripture, to walk in the presence of God, to have the Lord alway before them; and then will they, as the psalmist says, never be moved; i. e. they will allow nothing to turn them aside from the road of duty and virtue, and even in the midst of tribulations and dangers will be calm and undismayed.

I have here a short remark to make, particularly relative to prayer, which undoubtedly is an excellent means for cherishing in us the sentiment of our dependence upon God. Very little children are not capable of this exercise of piety and devotion; and if we accustom them to it, before they can have the slightest conception of a superior being, we accustom them to pray without the understanding, and to consider the whole transaction as a matter of mere ceremony. Beware however even when their intelligence and their reflection begin to appear, when they make the first steps towards the idea of a universal father of mankind, an invisible and powerful benefactor, when they already know something of Jesus Christ, as the greatest friend of man; even then, I say, take care not to teach them either long or difficult prayers; not to keep them at this exercise by compulsion, nor to punish the neglect of it by severe correction. Only go before them at times by your own example; take advantage of the moments when they are in the most serene and cheerful mood, when they are disposed to seriousness and reflection, or when they are strongly affected by particular incidents; represent prayer to them as the glory and the happiness of mankind; accustom them early, but without constraint, to express their thoughts and feelings briefly and simply in their own words; teach them to attend to the good which they daily enjoy, to their wants and defects, to the faults they commit, and to make these observations the subject of their prayer: thus will they gradually become rational petitioners, and have a relish for this sacred practice. And never imagine that it is beyond the reach of children to pray without forms prescribed and got by rote. Nothing more is necessary, than that you give them at times such suggestions as are adapted to their age and comprehension. Ask them, for instance, in the morning, when they are about to pray, whether they are not glad that they are still alive and in health; whether they do not wish likewise to be preserved all the day long from every accident; whether they have not a desire to learn and to do some good to-day, and to behave themselves as obedient children and scholars towards their parents and preceptors, &c. and then teach them to turn their thoughts and feelings into a short prayer in some such manner as this: I rejoice, my dear heavenly father, that I am still alive and in health. I thank thee for my life and for my health. Continue thy watchful providence over me this day, to guard me from every thing that may be hurtful to me. Grant that I may neither speak nor do any ill, that I may readily obey my parents and instructers, faithfully discharge my duty, and so become more intelligent and good from day to day, that thou mayst have a gracious complacency in me, &c.—Avoid the too common practice of making them repeat the Lord's prayer daily, and probably more than once: it is in general too difficult for them to comprehend; and by this daily repetition, they will infallibly often, very often, repeat it without attention and without devotion.

Finally, my friends, endeavour to instruct your children or your scholars betimes in the true end and design of religion and of christianity. Imprint it deeply on them, that the christian doctrine is a practical doctrine, a doctrine of truth unto godliness; that it is not instituted merely to gratify our curiosity, and to store our minds with various kinds of knowledge which we could not otherwise have acquired, or not without great labour and pains; but by means of this knowledge to improve and to tranquillize our heart, and to regulate our conduct accordingly. Tell and shew them that it relates more to doing than to knowing, more to living than to believing, and that the best christian is not he who knows the most, who can deliver the doctrines of christianity in the most perspicuous and just method, but he whose mind and conduct is in the completest harmony with the mind and conduct of Jesus Christ, the founder of our religion; who has made the greatest progress in humility, in gentleness, in the love of God and of mankind, in beneficence, in patience, in self-denial and contempt of the world; and that such a christian mind, such a holy life, are the best means of rendering christianity respectable to its scorners and foes. Guard them betimes against that deplorable rage for damning and cursing which is continually gaining ground in the christian world, by teaching them that all they who confess Christ for their lord, adopt his doctrine and obediently keep his commandments, are of the number of his followers, however they may differ from one another otherwise in rites and opinions. Remind them continually of the express declarations of Christ and his apostles: "Obedience is better than sacrifice; he that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me; ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you; circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God; in Christ Jesus only that faith availeth which worketh by love; faith without works is dead." To this end always represent religion to them on the practical side; and account nothing as a part of it which can neither contribute to our improvement nor our quiet. Shew them what influence every doctrine, every precept of religion should naturally have on our sentiments and behaviour; what comfort its promises should give us in all the events of life; and remind them of these things on all occasions. Assist them in making the application of them to the particular circumstances in which they are at the time. Would you, for example, subdue the pride of their hearts; ask them, whether this is reconcilable with the temper of Christ, and hold up to them the pattern of his condescension and meekness. Do they find it difficult to suppress their resentments; inculcate upon them how much the degrading passion of revenge is in opposition to the christian character and calling, and how directly opposite it is to every thing that christianity teaches and enjoins. Are they addicted to impetuous transports of anger and wrath; refer them to the mild and patient Jesus, and teach them to their confusion and amendment to compare the injuries that he bore with those which they have received. Accustom them in general to keep the example of Christ continually before their eyes, and to interrogate themselves frequently: What would my saviour have determined on, what would he have done, how would he have behaved, had he been in my situation? How would he have regarded this or that matter; what sort of judgment would he have passed upon it? What impression would the flatteries with which I am loaded, or the scorn with which I am treated, have made upon him? This, my friends, this alone is real christianity; and if you train up your children or your scholars, to such a frame of mind, to such a conduct, you "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," you make them christians indeed, you qualify them for becoming capable of an eminent degree of perfection and happiness both in the present and in the future world.

What a joyful prospect for parents who love their children, for preceptors and teachers, who are convinced of the dignity of their office, and the sacredness of their duties! What labour will not be easy and pleasant to them, while they are indulging the hope of reaching this aim! What an honour to form upright and faithful disciples for Christ our beloved redeemer, and thus to enlarge the borders of his kingdom! What a considerable benefit both to the present and the future generations of mankind! And what a ravishing delight, what an inexpressible recompense will it hereafter be to those parents, to those preceptors and teachers, when they rejoin their children or those who were intrusted to their care, in the celestial abodes, when they shall there receive their thanks for the fidelity wherewith they discharged their trust, and hear from one or more of the blessed: All hail to thee, for thou hast delivered my soul; thou hast kept mine eyes from tears and my feet from falling! O God, what happiness can be equal to that of the deliverer of a human soul!

SERMON V.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS AND RULES CONCERNING EDUCATION.

O GOD, though thou hast in thy wisdom assigned us this earth as our abode only for a short time, and set narrow limits to our terrestrial life; yet how important is our destination in it! How much in this short, precarious time have we to do, and how much depends, in regard to all our future fortunes, on the method in which we do it! We live in a state of discipline and probation, and according to our behaviour in it will the state of retribution, that awaits us, be regulated. Thou wouldst that in this state of preparation we should make the best, the most generally beneficial use of our capacities and talents, of our faculties and possessions, and thus not only promote our own perfection and happiness, but also the perfection and happiness of our fellow-creatures, according to our several abilities. Thou hast connected us together by various ties, in the intention that we should care for each other and mutually labour at our temporal and eternal welfare. This duty thou hast particularly imposed on parents, guardians, and tutors, in regard to their children or their pupils. Thou hast intrusted to them the formation and nurture of rational, immortal souls, which are precious in thy sight, and wilt call them to account for it hereafter. Oh then grant them thoroughly to perceive the importance of this duty; cause them often to ruminate on the consequences of their conduct in this particular and of thy judgment; and let this sentiment inflame them with an ardent zeal, to do as carefully, as conscientiously and faithfully as possible what thou hast enjoined them to do. Assist them also happily to overcome all the difficulties which they meet with in it; refresh them with the encouraging prospect of the good success of their exertions, and enable both themselves and those committed to their charge to be continually making farther progress, on the way of wisdom, of christrian virtue, and of real happiness. Bless to the promotion of these designs the salutary lessons now to be delivered, and grant, that we may not simply conceive and confess them to be salutary, but may actually regulate our deportment by them. We pray thee for all this in the name of Jesus Christ, our saviour, who has taught us in this manner to address thee: Our father, &c.

EPHES. VI. 4.

Ye fathers,—bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

SOME time ago we delivered to you, in several discourses, instructions relating to rational and christian education. We pointed out to you, pious hearers, how the understanding of children is to be cultivated; how their heart is to be allured to the love of goodness; how they are particularly to be trained to the primary virtues; and how they are most successfully to be brought up to religion and to christianity. These particulars we endeavoured to lay before you, in their natural connection, as completely as we could without running into a prolixity that would have been unfavourable to attention. This field however is so fertile in profitable considerations, that we have resolved to give it still a little gleaning ere we finally take leave of it; and to this purpose we have in the fear of the Lord devoted the present moments.

We shall therefore deliver to you a few general rules and observations on education, which may at once tend to facilitate to you the observance of the precepts already propounded, and encourage you in the steady and faithful discharge of this trust. It will at the same time afford us an opportunity of extending and farther illustrating several of the reflections and propositions which in the foregoing treatises could only be cursorily noticed; and I hope you will readily grant me your attention once more to a subject in all respects of so great importance. There are five or six principal rules and observations which I intend this morning to press upon you.

The first is this. Frequently consider what species of creatures they are in the education and formation whereof you are employed. You are not to consider them either as merely animal or as merely rational creatures. On the scale of being man stands between the brute and the angel. He is neither to be degraded to the former, nor elevated to the latter. But in him sensuality and reason are to be brought into agreement, and to act with one accord at the attainment of the same object. If then you set no bounds to the sensual appetites of your children; if you allow them peremptorily to judge of the value of outward things by the impressions they make on their senses; if you train them to obedience and duty entirely by sensual pleasure or displeasure; if you govern them only in an arbitrary, a despotic manner; you then forget the dignity of their nature, and in all probability they will never rise in their sentiments and affections far above the irrational creation. If on the other hand you require of them in their juvenile years the gravity and sedateness of an aged philosopher; if you impute to them every defect of consideration and reflection as a crime; if you expect them constantly to act upon the most accurate principles; if you forbid them every innocent puerile diversion, and endeavour to render them at once insensible to every thing that acts upon their senses in an agreeable or a disagreeable manner; if you continually exercise them in the severest self-denial: you forget the infirmity of their present state, you forget that they are human creatures, whose glory consists not in insensibility or the extirpation of their sensual appetites; but in the gradually acquired mastery over them. Avoid both these extremes with equal care, pious hearers, if you would qualify your children for reaching the design of their being. Teach them neither fondly to pamper and effeminate their body, nor unnecessarily to mortify and torment it. Teach them to respect and provide for it as an essential part of man, but never to treat it as the most important part. Let them enjoy in playful mirth the beauties of nature, the recreations of social life, the pleasure of moderate exercise and liberty, and all the harmless joys of their unthinking age; let them likewise, for their future caution, feel the pain brought on by accident or their own imprudence; strive not vainly to eradicate their natural appetites for pleasure, for applause, for honour, for quiet and independence; but strive to temper them wisely, and by degrees to direct them to the worthiest kinds of pleasure, of applause, of honour, of quiet and independence. Teach them by their own experience and that of others, to distinguish appearance from reality, and to connect the present with the future. Cultivate their understanding in proportion as their senses grow more active, and become more susceptible of lively impressions; let dissipation and reflection, recreation and labour, gaiety and seriousness, take place of each other in due rotation; and frequently give occasion to such actions of virtue and beneficence as may draw forth the whole sensibility of their heart in generous emotions. Thus will you treat them as creatures partly sensual and partly rational; and thus will you ever be bringing them nearer to the true destination of man, whose reason is not given him for extirpating his sensual appetites and instincts, but to regulate and govern them.

Another leading rule in education is this: Endeavour by the properest means to keep up a becoming deference and respect for yourself in your children. Upon this uncommonly much depends, particularly in the first years of education; indeed I may say, every thing depends upon it. If your children are to be rendered wise and virtuous, they must in their early years take many important maxims on your bare word, and on that authority alone believe them to be true; because, though they may in some measure comprehend them, yet the reason of them and their connection with other propositions, they cannot yet perceive. They must learn to observe many duties, and to habituate themselves to many virtues, the influence whereof upon their present and future well-being, and the well-being of society, cannot as yet be made sufficiently plain and luminous to them. They must have somebody on whose decision they can safely rely, to regulate their own judgment on the various and so often contradictory judgments which they hear passed by others on the good or ill qualities of things, or on the value of certain actions, and which they know not how to reconcile. They must in short learn to obey, and frequently from obedience alone resist their inclinations and abstain from pleasure. But can this be brought about, so as to be really beneficial to their understanding and their heart, unless you are greatly respected by them, and are able constantly to maintain this respect? Few parents and preceptors however entertain any doubt concerning the necessity of this particular, all having self-love enough to be desirous of respect and authority, and no one being willing to part with the command which he has, or thinks he has over another. But the way in which this respect is acquired and maintained is not always the best; it is often faulty in a high degree; and a building that is raised on a bad foundation may easily be shaken, it may be demolished by any trifling accident. If you found your respect merely on authority and force; if you endeavour constantly, or at least usually, to support it by a scowling brow, by harsh expressions, by arbitrary commands, by severe chastisements, by an imperious, sullen, arrogant behaviour; if you absolutely require on all occasions implicit obedience; if you punish every the slightest infringement of it with inflexible severity, however various the cause and effects of it may be: you will indeed spread fear and terror around you; your children, your scholars, will feel the weight of your authority, and will stand in awe of the disagreeable consequences of your displeasure; but you will make slaves of them, impatiently submitting to the yoke you lay upon their necks, and ready to cast it off whenever they think they may do it with impunity. If you would build this deference, this respect on a firm and lasting foundation; see that your children, your scholars, acquire a good opinion of you, that they have high notions of your understanding and of your integrity, that they even reckon you wise and virtuous and by wisdom and virtue happy, and that they have not the least doubt of your aiming at their good. For infusing into them these good opinions of you, it is not necessary that you praise yourself, or commend to them the eminent qualities of your mind and heart and the propriety of your behaviour, in words; but it would be well if another should do so at times with discretion and in a natural and easy manner in their presence. Let them only not see any thing foolish, unbecoming, inconsistent, much less bad and vicious, in your discourses and actions, do but follow the dictates of wisdom and virtue yourself at all times and in all respects, and as much as possible with a cheerful countenance, on which no trace of conflict with yourself, or any inward repugnance to the suggestions of conscience and duty appear. Consider your children as attentive witnesses and severe judges of your conduct; and rather fly from them with all speed, when you have reason to fear, lest any disorderly passion should get the better of you, or you should be put out of temper in any way shocking and offensive to them. Never pronounce on any subject without sufficient knowledge of its merits, that you may not be reduced to the necessity of reversing your judgment. Never act without good reasons, that you may not be ashamed of your actions, and may safely repeat them on similar occasions. Carefully conceal your own faults and infirmities from them, till their reason be strong enough to venerate the voice of truth and the injunctions of virtue for themselves, and without reference to him who inculcates upon them the doctrines of truth, and sets before them the obligations of virtue. Let them in short perceive how much you have their welfare at heart, how tenderly you love them. Rejoice with them in all the good that happens to them, and think it no disgrace to take part with them at times in their innocent amusements. Such a wise, virtuous, amiable, and prudent demeanour as this will infallibly give them the best opinion of you; and this opinion, supported by filial gratitude and affection, will shield them on most occasions from every seduction to error and vice. The reverence they have for you will be solid and permanent; it will add force and energy to all your remonstrances, your assertions, your precepts and commands; it will prevent all pernicious doubt of the justice, the truth, the legitimacy and the reasonableness of them; it will render the docility and obedience of your children or your pupils, no less cheerful than sincere, and even abundantly alleviate to yourself the discharge of your duty.

A third principal rule in bringing up children is this: In the education of your children, follow some particular plan, or certain fixt principles and rules, adopted on mature deliberation, and inflexibly adhere to them as far as is possible. Since in the first periods of education, as I have already more than once observed, far more depends on constant exercise in duty and on the acquisition of good habits, than on formal instruction; so a strict uniformity must necessarily be observed, if you would have that exercise to grow into aptitude, and these good habits become natural and efficacious. The neglect of this rule is one of the principal causes of the poor effects of much otherwise laudable pains, employed to this purpose. If the chief persons engaged in the tuition of a child disagree in their sentiments, opinions, purposes, and principles, and this disagreement be manifested in the presence of the child, or end in altercation and contention; or if even the same person, for want of settled principles, proceeds sometimes one way and sometimes another, blames and punishes to-day that which he yesterday praised and rewarded, orders to-day what he yesterday forbad, uses to-day an immoderate severity and to-morrow an excessive relaxation and indulgence; the purposes of education can never be attained. The judgment of the child will be always dubious and wavering; his inclinations and views always remain unsettled and contradictory; and the good confidence he naturally has in his parents and tutors must ever be growing weaker, and at length totally fail. And how can I give his faculties a certain direction, to ease him in the application of them, if he be forced to apply them so often to opposite and conflicting matters? How can I make his duty agreeable and virtue amiable to him, if he has one moment reproof, at another praise, now reward, now correction to expect from it? Beware of these too common faults, you that are entrusted with the business of education. Consult frequently with each other upon it, ye fathers and mothers; consult likewise upon it with all the persons who may have any share in the education of your children, or a remarkable influence on their manners. Impart to each other your observations and experiences; agree upon certain fixt principles and rules of conduct, to be observed among you, and follow them with invariable precision. Be not inconsistent; contradict not each other; much rather concur in mutual support; build upon the same foundation; work by the same plan; constantly go hand in hand; and be assured, that such uniform and harmonious endeavours, though they should even be erroneous in some respects, will bring to effect far more than others, which though better in themselves, are yet subject to many alterations and many contradictions.

Fourthly, be firm and unwearied in the prosecution of your well-concerted plan, and let neither difficulties nor ill success divert you from it. Flatter not yourself with the hopes of completely attaining your beneficent aim in the compass of a few months or years. Expect not that every good seed you cast into the ground shall immediately sprout upwards, and bear fruit at your appointed time. It may frequently lie long buried in the earth, it may seem totally dead, and yet at length continued culture, or some unexpected favourable circumstance, shall restore it to life, and reward your patience with the hopes of a blessed harvest. Many lessons of wisdom must be repeated a hundred times, before the teacher shall be able to deliver them in a way suited to the apprehension of his scholar. Many a bad habit, many a perverse trick, must be attacked a hundred times in vain, ere it abates of its force, and gives way to practice and habits of a contrary cast. Many a virtue must be as oft recommended without effect, till at length it appears in its full light, and presents itself to the child or the youth, in the form that moves his heart so as to gain his esteem and love. Intelligence and sensibility are frequently very late in their appearance, and then shew themselves at once in so much vigour, as more than compensates for all the previous attempts that were ineffectually made to call them forth. Wisdom and virtue and the fear of God, are advantages not to be produced at once and without pains: they are potentates that must long dispute the field with folly and vice before they can get the command of our hearts. Seize every opportunity to assist them in this conquest;

never be weary of combating the enemy till he is tired out with your opposition, always remembering, that the years of childhood and early youth are only adapted to sowing and not to reaping. Let the unsuccessful effects of your exertions make you continually more attentive to yourself, to your pupils, and to every the least external circumstance; but let them not render you dispirited. Look for the cause of it rather in your own wrong method of proceeding, than in the impossibility of meeting with success; and let not your vanity prevent you from correcting these errors as soon as you discover them; so, however, as that this alteration in your method be not very conspicuous, lest it should weaken the confidence your pupils have in you. Call yourself frequently to account for the diligence and fidelity you exert in this employment; converse upon it with your friends, and avail yourself of their sagacity and experience; and if still, with the good testimony of your conscience, you fail of your aims, or but very imperfectly reach them, you must comfort yourself with the reflection, that you have strained every nerve to do all you could with the means and faculties granted you by God, and that under the government of a wise and gracious providence even those honest endeavours, whereof we do not discern the success, cannot be absolutely lost.

That you may not be disheartened in this employment, frequently call to mind, fifthly, the manifold and great advantages you may derive to yourself in regard to your moral character or your intrinsic perfection from a rational and christian care of education. As long as we live upon earth, my friends, so long do we live in a state of exercise and discipline. We are all to be educated to a better life, to a superior happiness; and this education ceases not till death. Here we can never say, that we are as wise, as good, as virtuous, as we may be and become; and woe to them who think, at any period of their lives, that they have reached that mark, and take no more pains to strive at a higher perfection! Soon will they lose even the ground they have gained, and find themselves again at the entrance of the course which they had half completed. Parents, teachers, guardians, if you love yourselves, and are desirous of corresponding with your situation, let the business of education which is your bounden duty, even in this respect be of the utmost importance to you. It is an excellent means for the advancement of your own perfection. While you labour with earnestness and assiduity in forming the minds and the hearts of your children or your pupils, you are at the same time procuring new advantages to your own; while you are endeavouring to make others wise, you are continually becoming wiser yourselves; while you are labouring to improve them, your own improvement is always advancing. The faults you observe in them will make you more attentive to your own, will shew you them in all their alarming consequences, and fill you with abhorrence at the sight. The disorderly apetites and passions, which you are endeavouring to moderate and abate in them, will render you vigilant to every attack of these foes to your happiness and peace, and always supply you with weapons against them. The very dread you must always be under, lest you say or do something in the presence of your children that may make ill impressions upon them, will preserve you from many a trip; it will lay you under a wholesome restraint, and at length make the practice of the most arduous virtues habitual to you. What you now do only from necessity and prudence or from affection to your children and scholars, you will do in time from inclination and principle, from love to God and a delight in virtue. Besides, you will find a thousand opportunities for acquiring more knowledge of the human heart, and particularly of your own; for detecting its secret wiles and its dishonest views; for applying the precepts of wisdom and virtue more successfully to yourself; and by numberless exercises and maxims of prudence, rendering your duty continually more easy and pleasant. What advantages, my friends! Can we ever too dearly buy them? Shall we have any reason to say, even when our endeavours have not prospered to the extent of our wishes in regard of others, that we have spent our strength in vain, since it is apparent that so much at least accrues from it to our personal advantage.

Lastly, often rouse yourself to diligence in the business of education by lively ideas of the importance of it. Above all things let your own experience inform you of the great influence a good or bad education has on all the future years of life. If you have yourself enjoyed a good education; frequently call to mind how much you are beholden to it; from how many faults and excesses it has preserved you; what numberless times you have felt the force of the good principles you received from your parents or teachers, to your profit and delight; how much it has facilitated the discharge of your duties, that you were accustomed to them betimes, and that you were taught to combine them with the idea of pleasure; how far you are advanced in this or the other rare and difficult virtue, because you were exercised in it before you became acquainted with vice; how many alleviations and comforts you have found in adverse circumstances and in the hour of distress, because you were taught rightly to judge of the value of things and to prize and apply the consolations of religion; and then ask yourself whether you do not wish your children the same advantages, and whether you shall not make yourself the most just and most cutting reproaches, if by your fault they are forced to forego them?—On the contrary have you had a bad or even no very good education; frequently call to mind the mischiefs that have thence arisen to you, and which probably still arise. Say often to yourself, are not the faults I still most frequently commit and which I find the most difficult to resist, the faults which were the least opposed in my childhood and earliest youth, or treated as indifferent things by those who had the care of my education? Are not the unruly passions which still the most frequently carry me away and most destroy my repose and happiness, the very same which were most indulged in my childhood and earliest youth, or even flattered and encouraged? Are not the precepts of wisdom and duty, to the observance of which I am even now obliged to use effort, the very same that I formerly could transgress and actually did transgress without scruple and without alarm, because I saw them transgressed without reluctance by those under whose care

I was placed? Are not the virtues which now cost me most pains and conflict and self-denial to practise, the very same in which I was formerly seldom or never exercised? And shall I not do all that lies in my power to save my children all this pains, this struggle, this constraint, this conflict with themselves, to preserve them from the cruel tyranny of evil passions, to make what is difficult to me easy to them, to render the narrow path of life, of virtue and happiness, as smooth and pleasant as it can be to them, and as now it would have been to me, if I had had a better education? Shall I give them cause hereafter to think on me with displeasure, to groan under the sad effects of my negligence probably all their lives, and load me with deserved reproaches for it?

Again, add reflection to what your own experience tells you on the subject, and let that likewise teach you the exceeding great importance of education. Represent to yourself how durable the first impressions generally are which we receive of natural and moral objects; how deep the first doctrines, principles, affections, habits, whether good or bad, strike root in the human soul; how great in particular the force of example; how much the understanding and temper of the childish, juvenile, and manly age are dependent on each other, how firmly they are grounded in each other, and therefore how much is effected by the first formation of the mind and heart. Frequently represent to yourself, that your children, your scholars, will cease in time to be children or scholars; that they will shortly obtain the full use of their liberty, and be left to the management of themselves; that they then enter into various connections with other persons; that they will probably fill important posts in the church or the state; that, in whatever station they are placed, they will have always a greater or less influence on the welfare of many others; that they probably may make thousands either happy or unhappy, according as their temper and conduct shall be framed: and then advert to the important consequences which a good or bad education may and must have in all these respects. Think on the great and lasting service you afford by a wise and christian education to the whole body of society, and compare it with the immense and irreparable injury you bring upon it by the omission or neglect of this duty. Figure to yourself in particular the influence which the education you give your children or your scholars, will have on the education they will hereafter bestow on their children or scholars; and tremble at the thoughts of committing errors, which the reverence wherein you are held will in a manner sanction, and which may be even injurious to your children's children, to remote posterity.

To conclude, transport yourself, for giving more force and efficacy to these considerations; frequently transport yourself in imagination to your death-bed; and there let your children and their offspring be gathered round you. Ask yourself, what at that time will contribute most to your repose and to your consolation? Will it be the recollection of the multiplicity of dissipations and diversions you have shared in, to the neglect of their careful and christian education; or the thoughts on the continued and earnest pains you have employed in training up your children to virtue? Will it be the idea of the riches and jewels that you leave to your heirs, and the other outward distinctions you have procured them; or the sentiment of the wise lessons, and the virtuous and godly example you have set before them? Would you then remain firm to the principles and maxims you have communicated to them, and enjoin them with your dying lips what you have constantly recommended to them by your words and deeds; or would you then see yourself constrained to alter your language, to condemn your own principles and your own conduct, to warn them of the fatal influence of it, and to represent to them, as things which have miserably deceived you, and are unworthy of esteem and love, what you have taught them to esteem and to prize above all things? Which will render your departure from them most easy? If you can say to them: I leave you in the possession of treasures, of honour, of power, of all the means to procure the pleasures of sense, and to gratify your passions; or if you are able to address them thus: I leave you wisdom and virtue and the fear of God, as the guides and companions of your life, and the favour of heaven and the hope of a blessed immortality for your lasting comfort? Oh what reproaches, what anguish of mind, what stings of conscience, must neglected education cause to parents, or teachers and guardians, in the last days and hours of their life, on beholding their children, or their wards and pupils, through their fault running the career of folly and vice; when they represent to themselves all the dreadful consequences their negligent conduct may and probably will produce to their remote, still unborn, posterity; when they reflect on the account they must shortly give to the omniscient judge of the universe; when they transport themselves by meditation into the eternal world, and have reason to fear that they shall there be accused by their children and descendants as the occasion of their ruin! Can you conceive a more deplorable condition than this?—On the other hand, how vast must be the pleasure, how transporting the joy, which must diffuse itself through the souls of parents and teachers at their departure from the present scene, on beholding those who were committed to their care proceeding along the path of wisdom and virtue; when they contemplate them as good, useful, pious persons, citizens, parents, teachers, magistrates, subjects; when they think on the blessed influence of their sentiments and example on the general happiness of their brethren; when they have just reason to consider themselves in the light of benefactors both to the present and the future generations of mankind, and thence obtain the well-founded hope of rejoining them hereafter in a better world who were the dearest to them here, and of enjoying in their society the fruits of their mutual integrity! What feelings, my friends! What prospects! How gloriously will they be recompensed for their pains and care, how richly will they be remunerated for whatever vain and transient pleasures they may have sacrificed to the faithful discharge of their duty! Oh may you all who have any share in the business of education, or ought to be engaged in it, hereafter taste the sweets of this reward, and be animated now by the idea of it to persevering fidelity in the execution of this most sacred of trusts!

SERMON VI.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL AND MOST USUAL FAULTS IN EDUCATION.

ALMIGHTY God, by the constitution which thou hast established in nature, the children of men are born in an extremely feeble and dependent condition. Far more weak and dependent, liable to far more accidents than the beasts of the field, they make their entrance on this state of being. And it is only by slow degrees, not till late, that they arrive at greater strength and independence. But this also is the arrangement of thy wise paternal kindness. It is thy design to elevate us far above the brute creation, by forming us into rational, moral creatures; and this cannot be effected but by intercourse with other already more evolved creatures, not without continual instruction from them; and this intercourse, this instruction would not take place, if thou hadst not so intimately connected us together and made us so dependent on each other. O everlasting Father, we adore thy will, and thank thee for the connections in which thou hast placed us both with our parents and with our children, and for the manifold advantages thou hast granted us thereby. Bless to the furtherance of thy gracious purposes in this respect, the considerations in which we are now about to engage. Let us attentively and impartially hearken to the voice of truth, and with willing obedience follow her suggestions and precepts. These and all other mercies we implore the to grant us in the name of our saviour Jesus, who in every good lesson and example is the spotless pattern of our conduct, and who also taught us in what form it behoves us to present our requests unto thee. Our father, &c.

EPHES. VI. 4.

Ye fathers,—bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

AS the education of children, the formation of their mind and their heart, is undoubtedly the most important, so likewise is it the most arduous task of parents. When we consider how much depends on the first impressions that are made on the human mind; how deep they sink, and how difficult it is to efface them afterwards; when we consider how strong and almost invincible the authority of prejudice and custom is, and how much trouble it costs us to forsake the way we have often trod, on which we have found many comforts and satisfactions, and which we have long taken for the safest and the best: we must infallibly perceive of what infinite moment it is, whether we imbibe good or bad, true or false principles and rules of conduct early in our youth, whether the goods and advantages of this world are represented to us in this manner or in that, whether we are imbued with groveling or generous sentiments, whether virtue and piety are instilled into us, or whether our hearts are allured to vice and to a contempt for God and Christ. Every thing afterwards turns out accordingly. We have accordingly more or fewer difficulties to conquer on the way of virtue; and accordingly will it be easier or harder for us to reach our destination, and to be happy here and hereafter. How important therefore on these considerations must the education of children be! But on the other hand how arduous the undertaking! When we consider how much attention, intelligence, care, patience, and perseverance are requisite, and how much pains it demands to oppose the current of general, but not therefore the less hurtful manners and customs; when we consider, what a diversity there is in the natural capacities, the propensities and characters of mankind, how easily we may run into extremes either on one side or on the other, by being too severe or too lenient, and how often we are tempted to indolence and relaxation in our efforts, from the uncertainty of ever reaping the fruit we expected from them: we must soon find, that this task presupposes considerable abilities, and is attended with much trouble. However, the more certain it is, pious hearers, that the education of children is an extremely important and difficult business, so much the more reason had the apostle to exhort christians to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and so much the less will you be dissatisfied with me, if I discourse to you to-day on a duty of such universal obligation, which is so seldom observed with due care, and yet on the observance whereof the welfare of those that are the dearest to us in a great measure depends. But, as the subject is too copious to be treated of at once in its full extent, I shall do no more at present than warn you of some of the principal and most usual mistakes in the education of children. Do thou, O God, thyself dispose the hearts of my hearers to a ready acceptance of these suggestions, and excite them to the faithful application of them. Dispel by the light of truth, the prejudices that may have hitherto stood in their way, and let the fruit of this discourse be manifested in the virtuous conduct of the children whom thou hast entrusted to them!

The first fault I observe in the education of children is this, that sensuality is allowed to gain the ascendancy over them, and that this source of moral corruption is not sufficiently checked. The creator has doubtless given us the senses for wise and good purposes. They are the means whereby we acquire our first conceptions and ideas. They supply our reason with matter for thought and consideration. They warn us of what is pernicious, what may hurt our body, impair our health, and destroy our life. They are instruments by which the author of our nature has made us susceptible of various pleasure; and we should run counter to his will, were we entirely to deprive ourselves of this pleasure, or hold it to be absolutely sinful. By means of the images of outward things which we acquire by the senses, sensations are produced in us, which in many cases are able of themselves alone, to give the needful vivacity to our determinations, and to guard us from the detriment which cold and tedious deliberation in limited creatures like us might occasion; sensations that irresistably impel us to many actions, which we should either totally neglect, or which we should not perform with due promptitude and spirit, were we barely directed by the decisions of reason. But, useful and necessary as sensible representations and feelings are in all these respects; no less baleful is the influence they have on our character and our conduct, if we depend too much upon them, if we submit to be ruled and governed by them. This however happens whenever we judge of the qualities and value of external objects merely by the impression they make on our senses; whenever we so far addict ourselves to sensual pleasures, and thereby strengthen our natural abhorrence to whatever is unpleasant and painful, that we cannot deny ourselves the former without extreme uneasiness, nor submit to the latter without many inward struggles or much outward coercion; that we always, or generally at least, prefer a present pleasure to a future, though the future one be much greater and more lasting than the present; and that we are more careful to avoid a trifling present evil, than by a voluntary endurance of it to be exempted from a future one that is much more considerable and much more lasting. In him that is so minded, sensuality has the upper hand. But how fertile in pernicious consequences! Is it not sensuality that deprives the soul of its vigour, degrades it to a lower rank of creatures, and teaches a man to think and act as if he were entirely carnal? Is it not sensuality, which by directing all his thoughts and affections solely to the present and visible, deprives him of all avidity and capacity for employment about spiritual and heavenly objects, for raising himself to the invisible deity, and agreeably to his destination providing for the future world? Is it not sensuality that inspires the generality of persons with an insuperable abhorrence for every thing that is called labour and pains, that requires a particular exertion of the powers of the mind, or a painful opposition to our cupidity, and thus hinders them from being any thing more in virtue and piety than young beginners? Is it not sensuality that for the same reason renders it so difficult, nay impossible for them to prefer the general prosperity to their own private emolument, to sacrifice any pleasures and accommodations to their duty and the happiness of their brethren, and to engage in such affairs as are of the highest utility to society, but unpleasant and troublesome in themselves? In short, is it not sensuality which disables them to maintain the dignity of rational and immortal creatures, the dignity of true christians, to form themselves upon the model of holiness which their redeemer gave them, and to pursue such a course as is consistent with a citizen and inheritor of heaven? But in general do we take the necessary pains for preventing these sad effects of a predominant sensuality, by a careful and prudent education of children, and thus to ease them in the discharge of their duties? Do we strive to keep their propensity to sensual pleasure within due bounds? Do we check the growth of it by proper vigilance and precaution? Do we not rather endeavour all we can to strengthen this propensity, and to assist it in gaining the ascendancy over reason? How are children in general incited to the observance of their duty, to industry and application? Is it not by promising them such objects as flatter their senses, please their palate, amuse their sight, &c.? How are they deterred from the commission of this or that folly or fault? Is it not by threatening them with such punishments as cause them bodily pain, or by depriving them of such benefits and distinctions as most agreeably affect their senses? Are not thus all their thoughts, appetites, and views directed to sensible objects? Are they not thus accustomed to proceed in their determinations and actions merely according to the sensible pleasure or displeasure they have to hope or to fear from it? And when they have thus thought, judged, and acted for ten, fifteen, or a greater number of years, how difficult must it be for them afterwards to conduct themselves by other rules and upon other principles, and to oppose and abandon habits that have struck such deep roots within! How strange must all that appear to them which reason and religion tell us of temperance, of moderation, of self-denial and of mastering our lusts and appetites! How prompt they will be to decide upon all these as extravagant demands, as impossible attainments and unnecessary pursuits, and to exclaim with those jews of old: This is an hard saying, who can hear it? Nay, how easily may they thence be induced even to reject religion and virtue as too austere governors, and to give themselves up to the grossest excesses! Lamentable prospects for parents, who still retain some fear of God, and have the welfare of their children at heart!

Would you preserve your children from these deviations: do your utmost to prevent sensuality from gaining the ascendant in their breasts. Strive to encourage them to obedience and duty more by rational representations suited to their capacities of the influence their conduct must have on their future welfare, than by the present and visible pleasures of sense. Begin to cultivate their minds as early as possible. Teach them betimes to attend to the natural good and ill consequences of their actions. Endeavour to inspire them with a predominant love of order and truth. In regard to their diet, their apparel, their employment and mode of life, avoid every thing that may administer to indolence, effeminacy, and a too delicate sensibility. Shew them no particular tokens of compassion even when some slight mishap befalls them, or if they suffer very tolerable pains, and treat these accidents and these pains as trifles undeserving of attention. Set not too great a value on their puerile amusements. Accustom them by degrees to view such objects as are agreeable to them and are harmless in themselves, to observe whatever is beautiful and excellent in them, and to discourse of them with others, without any violent longings after them, or immoderate trouble at the want of them. But exercise them principally in this, to refrain at times from an allowable pleasure, or abruptly to leave it, for the discharge of some higher duty, or the performance of some weightier business; and evince greater satisfaction at these proofs of rational obedience, than at all other demonstrations of assiduity and address. In these exercises consists all real virtue during the present state of discipline and trial; and it is impossible without them to arrive at any superior degree of proficiency in it.

A second no less noxious and common error in the education of children, is that pains are taken to cherish their pride, instead of repressing it, and instead of giving them a modest and humble opinion of themselves. There is no vice that more early or more easily takes possession of the human heart than pride; and yet there is no vice more unbecoming us, feeble, necessitous and sinful creatures, none that keeps us at a greater distance from the kingdom of heaven, and leads us into more perilous by-paths than this. We are naturally but too much inclined to account ourselves far greater and better than we actually are. If this disposition be strengthened and encouraged in our younger years, it soon so captivates and binds us, that afterwards we may very often labour in vain to free ourselves from its tyrannical sway. It has the art of dazzling us in such a manner as to prevent us from seeing our own faults and infirmities, and therefore from ever setting ourselves in earnest to correct them. It makes us deaf to the admonitions and suggestions of our teachers, our friends, nay of our own conscience. It prevents us on important occasions from seeking information, counsel, and assistance from others, as we ascribe more wisdom, prudence, and force to ourselves than we in fact possess. We then despise the temptations to ill, and are plunged into them before we are able to take the proper precautions against them. We give ourselves little or no trouble about improving in knowledge and virtue, imagining we have already brought ourselves to a very great degree of perfection in them. We find in short a thousand difficulties both in the doctrines and precepts of christianity, because they are at variance with our high conceits and our sinful passions; and the terms whereon we are offered grace and salvation by the gospel, displease us, because they are in opposition to our pride. Can we then ever be too early or too earnest in combating this foe to our perfection and happiness? Can we ever be too careful in refusing it access to the hearts of children? But is this indeed always done, pious hearers? Do we endeavour to inspire them with modest and humble opinions of themselves? No! On the contrary, we generally neglect nothing that can beget and nourish in them self-conceit. They are taught to have high notions of their beauty, or of their illustrious pedigree, or of other insignificant distinctions. Every judicious answer they give is held up for admiration, every laughable trick by which they amuse us is pronounced to be a sign of peculiar acuteness and ingenuity. These ambiguous proofs of their wit are repeated in their presence, and every body contributes to heighten the encomiums which they do not deserve. Every instance of industry or obedience is attributed to them as a peculiar merit; while nothing more should be done than assuring them that in this respect they have fulfilled their duty, and thus attended to their own advantage. Some people require their children to be shewn almost the same tokens of reverence as are due to persons advanced in life, and even pretend to be affronted when they are treated by others as children. So much interest is taken in all that concerns them, in supplying their wants before they are felt, in gratifying their wishes the instant they are formed, that they must of necessity imagine themselves important members of society and invested with a distinguished station in it. On the other hand all their follies and faults are readily excused, even though they proceed from premeditated malice. All is attributed to childish playfulness, to the want of consideration and attention; at least they are excused to others on this score, that the children may be spared what is in fact a salutary shame and confusion; and thus they are accustomed to prize above all things the empty praises of men, and to give themselves more concern about the vain appearance than the essentials of rectitude and virtue. But who does not see that this nourishes pride in their heart, and banishes true humility from it?

Would you guard your children from this vice so fruitful in pernicious effects, you whom God has made parents, guardians, and tutors; often remind them of the feeble, necessitous, impotent, and dependent condition they are in. Set no higher value on their capacities and good qualities than they actually have. Teach them to consider all as the unmerited gift of the Most High, who never allows us to exalt ourselves above others, but has made it our most indispensable duty by all means to serve others and be useful to them. Commend them but seldom in their presence, and never permit others to give them extravagant praise. Never connive at their faults and transgressions, and endeavour to bring them to a just sense of that moral corruption, which has weakened the powers of the human soul, and disturbed their harmony. Shew them upon all occasions, how little reason they have to boast of their health, their beauty, their strength, their talents, their ingenuity, or to rely upon them; how soon they may lose all these advantages; how far they are excelled by many others in all these respects; and how weak, how imperfect, how frail, how unstable are in general the knowledge, the virtue and the happiness of mortals. Lead them at length into the school of the Redeemer, instruct them in his condescending and magnanimous love to mankind; set his humility and meekness before them, as the pattern for their imitation; and imprint it deeply on their tender and susceptible hearts, that it is impossible to be a true christian and to be happy, unless we imitate and resemble the Saviour, no less in these than in all the virtues. How much would these sentiments facilitate to them the discharge of all the other duties of christianity? What a mild and benign light, what a genial lustre would it diffuse over all their good qualities and their real merits, and how would they find themselves stimulated by it to disregard those things that are behind, and to be constantly stretching forward to superior stages of perfection!

A third capital fault in the education of children is, that they are not taught properly to judge of the privileges, pleasures, and occupations of life. How various are the false ideas that are communicated to the infant mind concerning all these things; and how fatal the influence which these errors afterwards have on the whole of their moral conduct. Children are generally taught to look upon superfluity, elevation, rank, authority, outward respect, as possessions in themselves deserving of our utmost esteem, and which confer a real value on such as possess them; as possessions, the want or privation whereof renders mankind absolutely wretched, and which consequently are worthy of the greatest endeavours to obtain, and of all possible care to preserve. They are made too early attentive to the difference of ranks in society; their natural disposition to behave themselves friendly, kind, and serviceable to all men, without respect of persons, is thus repressed; they are forbidden to discover any sort of familiarity towards persons of inferior extraction, but of good morals, or even occasionally to converse with them; and they are inspired by degrees, if not with a sovereign contempt, yet certainly a great indifference and insensibility towards all who are not in possession of so great a fortune or such outward distinctions as themselves. Riches are described to them as far more desirable than virtue, poverty and humility as more hideous than vice. The temporal advantages, the pleasures and diversions they are in a few years to expect, are depicted to them in such lively and glowing colours, that they long for the enjoyment of them with the utmost avidity, and make them the ultimate object of all their wishes. And what sort of instruction is generally given them concerning the destination of man and the business of life? We must work, it is said, to acquire food and raiment; we must keep a steady eye to our own interest, and let no opportunity escape unemployed for promoting it; we must use all diligence to heap up treasures, to raise ourselves above meanness, and distance all those who have the same object in view; we must entirely comply with the received customs and manners, be they good or bad, reasonable or unreasonable, that we may not be reckoned an unsociable monster, and thus stand in the way of our own advancement; we must know how to live, that is, we must know how to render ourselves agreeable to every one by dissimulation, flattery, and falsehood, and to gain the love of every body, and to be cautious of speaking what we think, or of judging as the nature of the case requires. These are the principal lessons generally instilled into the minds of children preparatory to their entrance on the world, and for rendering them dextrous in the management of their future affairs. No wonder, if in the sequel, blinded by these prejudices, they cleave entirely to the earth, if they are actuated by the meanest and most sordid selfishness, and are incapable of all generous and magnanimous actions. No wonder if they conform in all respects to the world, fall down the stream of prevailing corruption without opposition or resistance, and satisfy themselves with the empty applause, that they are not murderers, not robbers, not profligates. No wonder if the last thing they think of is to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, if they least of all concern themselves about the improvement and salvation of their immortal spirit, and so live as though after death they had nothing to hope for or to fear.

Parents, are ye desirous that your children should avoid the ways of folly and vice, would you conduct them into the path of eternal wisdom; give them sounder notions of the advantages, the pleasures, and the affairs of this life. Teach them to understand these objects as analogous to their present and future happiness. Warn them of the deceitfulness of sense, of the dazzling lustre that surrounds the great and powerful of the earth, of the apparent happiness which high station and great wealth promise their possessors. Shew them, that peace of mind and the placid temper are very often to be found in humble dwellings, and but seldom in splendid habitations and gorgeous palaces. Tell them, that it is not rank, not titles, not authority, that deserve our esteem, but the just and proper use of them ; that only virtue and integrity, the real merit of the man can do him honour, and give him any real precedence above others ; and that the meanest day-labourer, who is faithful to his duties, is of infinitely more consideration in the sight of the Most High, than the crowned prince, who misuses his power to the oppression of the guiltless. Tell them, that only vice degrades the man ; that God is as much the creator and father of the poor as of the rich ; that we should consider ourselves all as brethren, and heartily love and serve each other according to our abilities. Inform them how vain and empty are all the delights of the world, how often the acutest pain, the bitterest remorse, the cruelest vexations, follow the inordinate enjoyment of them ; and how dreadfully they are deceived who seek their happiness in them. Represent to them the occupations of this life, the discharge of the duties of their calling, not merely as means for procuring a livelihood, or becoming opulent, and passing their days in indolence and ease, but as means for applying our talents and capacities to the service of our fellow-creatures, and for contributing somewhat to the public weal. Teach them to think generously and disinterestedly, and not to make their own private emolument so much as the welfare of the community to which they belong, the ultimate aim of their exertions. Make it often a matter of encouragement to them, that they have an immortal soul, capable of a never-ending portion; that this earth is not the place where the scope and design of their being terminate; that the Almighty has formed them for eternity; that he has placed them here in a state of exercise and probation, which they are to employ in preparing and qualifying themselves for the future life, and that this is infinitely the greatest concern they have here to mind. This way of thinking and judging will secure them from the path of corruption, and render them wise to everlasting felicity.

Lastly I observe as a fourth principal fault in the education of children, that we choose rather to instruct them by precept than by example. Precepts make by no means so deep and permanent an impression on them as example; and whenever this is wanting, the other is for the most part of no avail. The reason of it is apparent. The senses and the imagination in children are far more busy than the understanding; and they are much more disposed to imitate what they see and hear, than to investigate the propriety or the impropriety of it by painful reflection. Experience tells us, that very frequently the most excellent principles are not able to withstand the force of bad example; and on the other hand that sometimes beautiful patterns of virtue and piety will amply supply the defect of instruction. How often however do parents or tutors content themselves with giving excellent rules of conduct to their children or pupils, without attending to their observance themselves! Nay how often do they deprive their doctrines and precepts of their proper effect by pursuing a course at variance with them, and render religion and virtue themselves suspected and contemptible by such inconsistency! This is the principal reason that all their remonstrances, cautions, admonitions, and corrections, are so frequently to no purpose. Their own example counteracts them, and they derive no fruit from all their labours.

Would you enjoy these delicious fruits, ye to whom God has entrusted children; demonstrate the necessity, the propriety, the beauty of the virtues you recommend to their regard, by the studious and constant practice of them. Would you that your children should fear God and serve him in spirit and in truth; let a real fear of God be perceptible in you. Never mention that glorious being without the profoundest veneration, beware of every abuse of his sacred name; frequent the exercises of public and private worship with undissembled devotion; ascribe all the advantages you enjoy to the unmerited grace of the Most High, and adore all his ways in humble submission. Would you that your children should learn justice, equity, humanity, and liberality; let them be the witnesses of your hearty endeavours to fulfil these duties yourself. Condemn, without respect of persons every unjust, every merciless action; and place it in such a light that it shall excite their aversion and abhorrence. Rejoice with them in every opportunity of doing good to others, and do not easily allow any indigent or afflicted person to go from you uncomforted or unrelieved. Would you that your children be temperate, chaste, and modest: be clothed with these virtues yourself. Avoid every thing that is in the most distant degree offensive to decorum in your words, your carriage, and your actions, whatever may give rise to irregular thoughts and desires. Exercise yourself in abstinence, and shew them, that you can forego many things, which are pleasant and agreeable, without being therefore uneasy or unhappy. Would you teach your children gentleness and humility; suffer not yourself to be transported by anger in their presence, but govern your spirit. Never boast of your distinctions, and despise no man who does not render himself despicable by folly and vice. Be not imperious and overbearing with those who owe you obedience; and shew by your behaviour towards them, that you acknowledge them for your fellow-creatures, that you love them and take an interest in their welfare. Forgive with all your heart those that offend you, and take heed not to let any rancorous sentiments appear. To conclude, would you train up your children to be citizens of heaven; pursue yourself a heavenly course. Testify a generous disdain for all that is transient and earthly. Frequently contrast the present with the future. Look more at the invisible than at the visible, and so frame your life, that all men may conclude from it; that you have nothing more at heart than to deliver your soul, and to be admitted to the felicities of heaven.

Observe but this and the foregoing rules of conduct, and you will certainly no more fall into those mistakes of which you have been warned in the present discourse. You will, according to the admonition in our text, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and the Lord will certainly not leave your endeavours unblest, if they be but constant and sincere. He will hereafter award to you the glorious recompense which he has promised to his faithful stewards and servants. And what a happiness, what a transporting satisfaction it will be to you, when you appear, undaunted, before the judge of the living and the dead, when you cheerfully give him an account of the discharge of your trust, and, surrounded by your family, can say to him: Lord, behold me, and the children whom thou gavest me.

THE END.

W. C. Bond

A

EULOGY

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF THE

LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS,

IN FANEUIL HALL,

APRIL 15, 1848.

> "Ego vero te, cum vitæ flore tum mortis opportunitate, divino consilio et ortum et extinctum esse arbitror."
>
> Cicero de Orat. III. 4.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

BOSTON:
DUTTON AND WENTWORTH, STATE PRINTERS,
No. 37, Congress Street.
1848.

SENATE CHAMBER, April 17, 1848.

Hon. Edward Everett,

Dear Sir:

The undersigned, a Committee appointed for the purpose, have the honor to transmit to you the enclosed Order, adopted unanimously in both branches of the Legislature.

In communicating this Order, and expressing our hope that you will comply with the request therein contained, the Committee pray you to accept the assurance of their personal respect and most affectionate regard.

JOS. T. BUCKINGHAM,
JAMES C. DOANE,
JOHN C. GRAY,
EZRA WILKINSON,
DANIEL N. DEWEY.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In Senate, April 17, 1848.

Ordered, That Messrs. Buckingham and Doane, with such as the House may join, be a Committee to tender the thanks of the Legislature to the Hon. Edward Everett, for the appropriate and eloquent Eulogy on John Quincy Adams, delivered by him on the fifteenth April, instant, at the request of the two branches of the Legislature, and to request a copy thereof for publication.

Sent down for concurrence.

CHAS. CALHOUN, *Clerk*.

House of Representatives, April 17, 1848.

Concurred, and the House join, on their part, Messrs. Gray, of Boston, Wilkinson, of Dedham, and Dewey, of Williamstown.

CHAS. W. STOREY, *Clerk*.

CAMBRIDGE, 17th April, 1848.

Gentlemen,

I have received your letter of this day, enclosing to me an Order of the Legislature, requesting a copy of my Eulogy on the late President Adams, for publication. I hasten to comply with the request of the two Houses, and feel myself much honored by this mark of their approbation.

Be pleased to accept my thanks for the kind expressions of personal regard contained in your letter, and permit me to subscribe myself, Gentlemen,

With the highest respect,

Your obliged fellow-citizen,

EDWARD EVERETT.

Messrs. Jos. T. Buckingham,
James C. Doane,
John C. Gray,
Ezra Wilkinson,
Daniel N. Dewey, *Committee*.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A CONSIDERABLE resemblance will be perceived, in the narrative part, between the following Eulogy and other discourses of the same description, which have been published since President Adams's decease. This similarity arises from the fact that the biographical portion of all these performances, (as far as I am aware,) has for the most part been derived, directly or indirectly, from a common source, viz., the memoir prepared for the National Portrait Gallery, in 1839, by Rev. C. W. Upham, of Salem. That memoir was drawn up from authentic sources, and is the principal authority for the biographical notices contained in the following pages. It has, however, been in my power to extend some of the details, and to add others wholly new, from materials kindly furnished to me by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, from the papers of his honored father. A few facts have been given from personal recollection, and their number could have been greatly increased, had the nature of the occasion rendered it proper to enlarge upon the subject of Mr. Adams's administration, during the whole of which, as a member of Congress possessing his confidence, and for the last half of his administration as chairman of the committee of foreign affairs, I had occasion to be in constant and intimate communication with him.

The communications of the Hon. Joseph E. Sprague to the Salem Register, written during the period preceding the presidential election of 1824, contain a great deal of information of the highest value and interest, relative to the life, services, and career of Mr. Adams.

Some new facts of interest are contained in the admirable sermon delivered by Rev. Mr. Lunt, at Quincy, a performance rendering any further eulogy superfluous.

A few passages in the following discourse, omitted in the delivery on account of its length, are inserted in the printed copy.

EDWARD EVERETT.

CAMBRIDGE, 17TH APRIL, 1848.

EULOGY.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,
AND YOU, GENTLEMEN OF THE LEGISLATURE:—

YOU have devolved upon me the honorable duty of delivering a Eulogy on the life and character of the late President Adams; but the performance of that duty has been already, in no small degree, anticipated. Most eloquent voices in the two Houses of Congress, inspired by the emotions which the great closing scene was so well calculated to produce, have been heard in commemoration of his talents, his services, and his worth. Distinguished members of your own honorable bodies have given utterance, on behalf of the people of Massachusetts, to those feelings of respect and admiration, with which they claim him as their own. The funeral obsequies have been performed, in the most solemn and touching manner, at the seat of government. The population of the great cities of the Union has formed, I had almost said, one mighty funeral procession, to pay the last passing tribute to the mortal remains of the departed statesman, as they have been borne through the country, with that unexampled and most honorable attendance of a congressional delegation from every State in the Union. Those honored relics have been received, with every demonstration of public respect, within these venerated walls; and they have been laid down in their final resting-place, with rites the most affecting and impressive, amidst the tears and blessings of relatives, friends, and neighbors, in his village home.

Falling, as he has done, at a period of high political excitement, and entertaining and expressing, as he ever did, opinions the most decided in the boldest and most uncompromising manner, he has yet been mourned, as an object of respect and veneration, by good men and patriots of every party name. Leaders, that rarely met him or each other but in opposition, unite in doing honor to his memory, and have walked side by side in the funeral train.

His eulogy has been pronounced, as far as some of the wisest and ablest in the land can do justice to the theme. His death has been lamented, as far as such a close of such a career can be a subject of lamentation. The sable drapery that hangs around us still recalls the public sorrows, with which all that was mortal of the departed statesman was received beneath this consecrated roof. Gladly, as far as I am concerned, would I leave in silence the illustrious subject of these mournful honors to the reverent contemplation of his countrymen, the witnesses of his career; of the young men who will learn it, in part, from still recent tradition;—and of those who succeed us, who will find the memorials of his long, laborious, and eventful life, in the archives of the country and on the pages of its history.

But you, Gentlemen of the Legislature, have ordered otherwise. You have desired that a more formal expression of respect for the memory of our illustrious fellow-citizen should be made on your behalf. You have wished to place on record a deliberate testimonial of your high sense of his exalted worth. Leaving to the historian of the country to fill some of his brightest and most instructive pages with the full description of his various, long-continued, and faithful services, you have wished, while the impression of his loss is still fresh upon our minds, that those services should be the subject of such succinct review and such honest eulogium, as the nature of the occasion admits, and it has been in my power, under the pressure of other engagements, most imperfectly to prepare.

Permit me to add, Gentlemen, that I find, in the circumstances under which you have invited me to this duty, the rule which ought to govern me in its performance. By a legislature composed of members belonging to the various political parties of the day, I have been unanimously requested to undertake this honorable and delicate trust. I see, in this fact, the proof, that it is as little your expectation as your wish that the eulogy should rekindle the animosities, if any there be, which time has long since subdued, and death has, I trust, extinguished forever. I come, at your request, to strew flowers upon the grave of an illustrious fellow-citizen; not to dig there, with hateful assiduity, for roots of bitterness. I shall aim to strip my humble narrative of all the interest which it would derive from espousing present or past controversies. Some such I shall wholly pass over; to some I shall but allude; on none shall I dwell farther than is necessary to acquit my duty. Called to survey a career which commences with the Revolution, and covers the entire political history of the country as an independent nation, there are no subjects of absorbing political interest, ever agitated in the country, which it would not be easy to put in requisition on this occasion; subjects, in reference to which the roof that covers us, from the year 1764 to the present day, has resounded with appeals that have stirred the public heart to its inmost fibre. Easy, did I say? The difficulty will rather be to avoid these topics of controversy, and yet do anything like justice to the occasion and the theme. I am sure that I shall consult your feelings not less than my own, if I try to follow our illustrious fellow-citizen through the various stages of his career, without mingling ourselves in the party struggles of the day; to exhibit him in the just lineaments and fair proportions of life, without the exaggerated colorings of passion; true to nature, but serene as the monumental marble; warm with the purest sympathies and deepest affections of humanity, but purified and elevated into the earthly transfiguration of Genius, Patriotism, and Faith.

John Quincy Adams was of a stock in which some of the best qualities of the New England character existed in their happiest combination. The basis of that character lies in what, for want of a better name, we must still call "Puritanism," connected, as that term of reproach is, with some associations, calculated to lessen our respect for one of the noblest manifestations of our nature. But, in the middle of the last century, Puritanism in New England had laid aside much of its sternness and intolerance, and had begun to reconcile itself with the milder charities of life; retaining, however, amidst all classes of the population, as much patriarchal simplicity of manners, as probably ever existed in a modern civilized community. In the family of the elder President Adams, the narrow range of ideas, which, in most things, marked the first generations, had been enlarged by academic education, and by the successful pursuit of a liberal profession; and the ancient severity of manners had been still farther softened by the kindly influences exerted by a mother who, in the dutiful language of him whom we now commemorate, "united all the virtues which adorn and dignify the female and the Christian character."

The period at which he was born was one of high and stirring interest. A struggle impended over the colonies, differing more in form than in its principles from that which took place in England a little more than a century earlier. The agitations which preceded it were of a nature to strain to their highest tension both the virtues and capacities of men. Of the true character of the impending events, no one seems earlier to have formed a distinct conception than the elder President Adams. He appears, at the very commencement of the Seven Years' War, and when he was but twenty years old, to have formed a general anticipation of all the great events, which have successively taken place for the last century. He seems dimly to have foreseen, even then, the independence of the colonies, and the establishment of a great naval power in the West. The capture of Quebec, followed by the total downfall of the French power on this continent, while it promised, as the first consequence, an indefinite extension of the British empire, suggested another train of results to the far-sighted and reflecting. History presents to us but few coincidences more instructive, than that which unites the peace of 1763, which ratified these great successes of British policy and British arms, with the conception of that plan of American taxation, which resulted in the severance of the British empire. John Adams perceived, perhaps before any other person, that the mother country, in depriving France of her American colonies, had dispossessed herself of her own. The first battles of American independence were gained on the heights of Abraham.

I revert to these events, because they mark the character of the period when the life which we commemorate began. The system of American taxation was adopted in 1764. The Stamp Act was passed in 1765. The Essays on "the Canon and Feudal Law," of President Adams, were written the same year. In 1766, the Stamp Act was repealed, but the repeal was accompanied with the assertion of a right to tax America. This right was exercised the following year, by the imposition of duties on several articles imported into the colonies; and, on the 11th of July, of that year, John Quincy Adams was born. He came into life with the struggling rights of his country. "The cradle hymns of the child were the songs of liberty."* He received the first parental instructions from one, to whom the United Colonies had already begun to look for encouragement and guidance, in the mighty crisis of their fate.

It would be interesting to trace, in their operation upon the opening mind of the child, the effect of the exciting events of the day. Beneath the roof of the elder Adams, the great doctrines of English liberty, for which our fathers contended, were household words. He was barely three years old, when his father—the ardent patriot, the zealous son of liberty—appeared in court, as the counsel for the soldiers who had fired upon the people in Boston on the 5th of March, 1770. Two years later, his father was negatived by the Royal Governor, as a member of the Executive Council. In 1774, the port of Boston was shut, the Continental Congress agreed upon, and his father elected one of the four delegates who represented Massachusetts in that assembly at Philadelphia. In 1775, the appeal was made to arms; and George Washington was appointed to the chief command of the American forces, on the emphatic recommendation of John Adams. In 1776, independence was declared, on the report of a committee, on which Thomas Jefferson and John Adams stood first and second, and was triumphantly carried through Congress, mainly by the fervid eloquence of Adams. All these great events,—eras in our history, (and, may I not say, eras in the civilized world? witness the convulsions now shaking continental Europe to the centre,)—although they occupy but a few chapters in the compends in which we read them, filled years of doubtful, strenuous, resolute exertion in the lives of our fathers. They were brought home to the fireside at which young Adams was trained, by his father's daily participation; by his letters, when absent; by the sympathizing mother's anxieties, hopes, and fears. There was not a time, for years, when, to ask the question under that roof, "Will America establish her liberties?" would not have been asking, in other words, "Shall we see our father's face in peace again?" It may fairly be traced to these early impressions, that the character of John Quincy Adams exhibited through life so much of what is significantly called "the spirit of seventy-six."

---

* Mr. Senator Davis.

And here I may be permitted to pause for a moment, to pay a well-deserved tribute of respect to the memory of the excellent mother, to whose instructions so much of the subsequent eminence of the son is due. No brighter example exists of auspicious maternal influence, in forming the character of a great and good man. Her letters to him, some of which have been preserved and given to the world, might almost be called a manual of a wise mother's advice. The following passage from one of her published letters, written when her son was seven years old, will show how the minds of children were formed in the revolutionary period. "I have taken," she says, "a very great fondness for reading Rollin's Ancient History since you left me. I am determined to go through with it, if possible, in these days of my solitude. I find great pleasure and entertainment from it, and have persuaded Johnny to read a page or two every day, and hope he will, *from his desire to oblige me*, entertain a fondness for it." In that one phrase lies all the philosophy of education. The child of seven years old, who reads a serious book with fondness, from his desire to oblige his mother, has entered the high road of usefulness and honor.

The troubled state of the times probably interfered with school education. John Quincy Adams, I believe, never went to a school in America. Besides the instruction which he received from his mother, he was aided by the young gentlemen who studied law under his father. It is to one of these that allusion is made, in the following child's letter, written to his father, at Philadelphia, before he was ten years old, which I think you will not be displeased at hearing from the original manuscript:

"BRAINTREE, JUNE the 2d, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,—I love to receive letters very well, much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition, my head is much too fickle. My thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play, and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me steady, and I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Smollet, though I had designed to have got half through it by this time. I have determined this week to be more diligent, as Mr. Thaxter will be absent at court, and I cannot pursue my other studies. I have set myself a stint, and determine to read the third volume half out. If I can but keep my resolution, I will write again at the end of the week, and give a better account of myself. I wish, sir, you would give me some instructions with regard to my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and my play, in writing, and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them. I am, dear sir, with a present determination of growing better,

Yours,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

P. S.—Sir, if you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable occurrences I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind."

Such was the boy at the age of ten years!

We shall find, in the sequel, that the classical rule was not departed from, in the farther progress of his character.

——— servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

At this early period of his life, the horizon at once bursts widely open before him. From the bosom of a New England village, in which he had never been to school, he is transferred, before he is eleven years old, to the capital of France. Among the great movements of the Revolution, no one was of greater importance than the alliance with France. It gave a character to the struggle in the eyes of the world, and eventually threw the whole political weight of continental Europe into the American scale. In the course of 1776, Silas Deane, Dr. Franklin, and Arthur Lee, were appointed commissioners to France, on behalf of Congress. Deane was recalled the following year, and, in the month of November, 1777, John Adams was appointed his successor. Desirous of giving his son, then ten years and a half of age, those advantages of education which his native country did not at that time afford, he took him to France. They sailed in the Boston frigate, commanded by Commodore Tucker, on the 13th February, 1778, and reached Bordeaux in the month of April, after a tempestuous passage over an ocean covered with the enemy's cruisers.

The father established himself at Passy, the residence of Dr. Franklin; and here, for the first time, I find any mention of the son's receiving any other instruction than that of the fireside. Here he was sent to school, and laid the foundation for that intimate acquaintance with the French language, which he retained through life, and which was of the greatest service to him in his subsequent diplomatic career. It needs scarcely be added, that the occasional intercourse of Dr. Franklin, and of the eminent persons of almost every part of Europe, who sought the society of the American commissioners at Passy, was not lost upon one, who, though still in his boyhood, possessed uncommon maturity of character.

The counsels of the faithful and affectionate mother followed him beyond the sea. In one of the admirable letters to which I have referred, written during the visit to France, she says:—"Let me enjoin it upon you to attend constantly and steadfastly to the instructions of your father, as you value the happiness of your mother, and your own welfare. His care and attention to you render many things unnecessary for me to write, which I might otherwise do. But the inadvertency and heedlessness of youth require line upon line and precept upon precept, and, when enforced by the joint efforts of both parents, will, I hope, have a due influence upon your conduct; for, dear as you are to me, I would much rather you should have found your grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that any untimely death should crop you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child."*

How faithfully the favored child availed himself of his uncommon privileges, needs hardly be said. At an age when the most forward children are rarely distinguished, except among their fellows at school, he had attracted the notice of many of the eminent persons who cultivated the acquaintance of his father. Mr. John Adams, in a letter to his wife, of 14th May, 1779, says:—"My son has had great opportunities to see this country; but this has unavoidably retarded his education in some other things. He has enjoyed perfect health from first to last, and is respected wherever he goes, for his vigor and vivacity both of mind and of body, for his constant good-humor, and for his rapid progress in French, as well as for his general knowledge, which at his age is uncommon." Though proceeding from the fond pen of a father, there is no doubt this character was entirely true.*

---

* Mrs. Adams's Letters, I. 123.

The treaty of alliance with France had been concluded in the interval between Mr. Adams's appointment and his arrival. Dr. Franklin was appointed resident Minister to the court of Versailles, and Mr. Lee to Madrid; and, after a residence of about a year and a half at Paris, Mr. Adams, without waiting to be recalled, determined to return to the United States. He was invited by the king to take passage, with his son, on board the French frigate *La Sensible*, which was appointed to convey to America the Chevalier de la Luzerne, the first Minister to the United States, and the Secretary of Legation, the Marquis Barbè Marbois, afterwards well known through all the phases of the French Revolution. They landed in Boston, August 2, 1779. At the moment of their return to the United States, an election was in progress for delegates to the Convention which formed the Constitution of Massachusetts, and Mr. Adams, barely landed in America, was returned for his native town of Braintree.

---

* The following letter, written from school, to his father, is without date, but must have been written shortly after his arrival in France. It is not without interest, as a memorial of the first steps of a great mind:—

"My work for a day:—
"Make Latin,
Explain Cicero,
" Erasmus,
" Appendix,
Peirce Phædrus, (Qu. parse,)
Learn Greek Racines,
" Greek Grammar,
Geography,
Geometry,
Fractions,
Writing,
Drawing.

"As a young boy cannot apply himself to all those things, and keep a remembrance of them all, I should desire that you would let me know what of those I must begin upon at first.

"I am your dutiful son,
"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."

The Convention assembled in Cambridge, on the 1st of September, 1779, and, having chosen a committee of thirty-one to prepare their work, adjourned to the 28th October. John Adams was of this committee, and, on the day of the adjournment, reported the first draught of a Declaration of Rights and a Constitution. In the interval, he had received from Congress a new commission, to negotiate a peace with Great Britain, and, on the 14th of November, 1779, he again took passage on board *La Sensible*, on her return voyage to Europe. He had barely passed three months in the country, during which he had drawn up a Constitution, that remains, after seventy years,—in all material respects,—the frame of government under which we live; has served, in some degree, as a model for other State Constitutions, and even for that of the United States; and under which, as we hope, our children, to the latest posterity, will continue to enjoy the blessings of rational liberty. I have dwelt a moment longer on these incidents, to illustrate the domestic influences under which John Quincy Adams was trained.

He was again the companion of his father on this second wintry voyage to Europe. The frigate sprung a leak through stress of weather, and, though bound to Brest, was obliged to put into Ferrol, a port in the northwestern corner of Spain. Here they arrived on the 7th of December, and were obliged to perform the journey partly on horses and mules through Gallicia, Asturias, and Biscay, in midwinter, to Paris. Mr. Adams was accompanied, on this voyage, by Charles, his second son, long since deceased, and by Mr. Francis Dana, afterwards Chief Justice of Massachusetts, then acting as Secretary of Legation to Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams remained in Paris till midsummer of 1780, during which time the children were again placed at a boarding-school. In July of that year, he repaired to Holland, with a commission from Congress to negotiate a treaty with the republic of the Netherlands, for the recognition of the independence of the United States. The boys were sent to the public school of the city of Amsterdam, and afterwards transferred to the academical department of the University at Leyden, at that time not inferior in celebrity to any place of education on the continent of Europe. In July, 1781, Mr. Dana, who, in the preceding October, had received a commission from Congress as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburg, started for that capital, taking with him John Quincy Adams as private secretary and interpreter, being then just fourteen years of age. In this capacity, he was recognized by Congress, and there is, perhaps, no other case of a person so young being employed in a civil office of trust, under the government of the United States. But, in Mr. Adams's career, there was no boyhood.

The youthful secretary remained at St. Petersburg till October, 1782, during which period, the nature of his occupations was such, as to perfect his knowledge of the French language, and to give him, young as he was, no small insight into the political system of Europe, of which the American question was, at that time, the leading topic. He also devoted himself with assiduity to his studies, and pursued an extensive course of general reading. The official business of the American minister, who was not publicly received by the Empress Catherine, was mostly transacted with the Marquis de Verac, the French Ambassador, between whom and Mr. Dana, young Adams acted as interpreter.* In October, 1782, Mr. Adams senior brought to a close his arduous mission in Holland, by concluding a treaty of amity, navigation, and commerce with the States-General, which remains in force between the two countries to this day. On the very next day, he started for Paris, to perform his duty, as joint commissioner with Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jay, to negotiate with the British envoys for peace; and, about the same time, his son left St. Petersburg for Holland. The young man, then but a little more than fifteen years of age, made the long journey from the Russian capital, alone, passing through Sweden, Denmark, and the Hanse towns, and arriving at the Hague in the spring of 1783. Here his studies were resumed, and pursued for a few months, till he was sent for by his father to Paris, where he was present at the signing of the definitive treaty of peace, in the month of September, 1783. I remember to have heard him say, that, acting as his father's secretary, he prepared one of the copies of that treaty.

The two succeeding years were passed by young Adams mostly with his father, in England, Holland, and France, in which several countries Mr. Adams senior was employed on the public business. During this period, his attention was divided between his studies, elementary and classical, and his employment as his father's secretary. "Congress are at such grievous expense," his father writes, "that I shall have no other secretary than my son. He, however, is a very good one. He writes a good hand very fast, and is steady to his pen and his books."* By the time he had reached the age of eighteen, besides being well advanced in the branches of study usually taught at schools, he was, no doubt, one of the most accomplished young men of his time. In addition to a good foundation in Latin and Greek, he was master of the French; he had read extensively in that language and in the English; he had seen several of the principal countries of Europe; and he had watched, with a closeness beyond his years, but required by his position, the political history of Europe during a very eventful lustrum. In short, since he was twelve years old, he had talked with men.

---

* Mrs. Adams's Letters, Vol. II. 157.

But his own judgment suggested to him that a longer residence in Europe was not, at this time, expedient. His father was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James, in May, 1785; and, resisting the temptation to take up his residence with the family at London, now joined by that beloved mother from whom he had been so long separated, the son obtained the permission of his parents to return to the United States, for the sake of completing his academic education at Cambridge. He arrived in New York, in July,

---

* Letters of John Adams, Vol. II. 102.

1785. He was the bearer of a long letter from Mr. Jefferson, then Minister of the United States at Paris, to Mr. Vice President Gerry, in which Mr. Jefferson says, "I congratulate your country on their prospect in this young man." He passed about six months at Haverhill, in the family of the Rev. Mr. Shaw, his maternal relative, during which time he read over the books in which it was necessary to be examined for admission to advanced standing at college, none of which, with the exception of Horace, had been read by him before. He was admitted to the junior class at the University on 15th March, 1786. The usual payment required of students entering to advanced standing was, in his case, dispensed with; "the corporation and overseers having voted, as a mark of gratitude to his father for the important services rendered by him to the United States, that he should be admitted free of all charge to whatever standing he should, upon examination, be found qualified for."* Thus began his connection with the University, of which he remained, for the rest of his life, a dutiful and an honored son, and a liberal benefactor.

Possessing, by nature, talents of the highest order, especially that which is among the soonest developed in the human mind, the talent of memory,—having enjoyed great and peculiar advantages for general improvement, in Europe,—and now applying himself, with untiring assiduity, to his studies, he was soon generally regarded as standing at the head of his class. Such is the testimony of a venerable magistrate, (Mr. Justice Putnam,) who permits me to quote his authority, himself one of the most distinguished members of the class. I may add, on the same authority, that Adams, though of manners somewhat reserved, was distinguished for his generous feelings, his amiable temper, and engaging social qualities, to all which were added unshaken firmness of principle, and spotless purity of life. He was, from the outset, eminently one of those, who, in the golden words of President Kirkland, " need not the smart of guilt to make them virtuous, nor the regret of folly to make them wise." He took his first degree at the Commencement of 1787, receiving the second place in the usual assignment of college honors, the first having been given to a classmate who, to distinguished scholarship in other respects, was thought to add superior skill in declamation. The subject of his oration shows the mature cast of his thought. It was "The Importance and Necessity of Public Faith to the Well-Being of a Community."

---

* College Records.

He immediately commenced the study of the law at Newburyport, under the late Chief Justice Parsons, who had already attained the reputation, in this part of the country, of being the most acute and learned jurist of the day. At the end of his three years' noviciate, Mr. Adams removed to Boston, and established himself in the practice of his profession. Three eventful years at home; in which the Constitution of the United States had been framed and adopted, and George Washington and John Adams elected to the two first offices under the new government. Three eventful years abroad; in which the French Revolution,—the first French Revolution,—had moved rapidly forward from that stage of early promise, in which it was hailed by the sympathy of the friends of liberty in England and America, toward those excesses and crimes, which caused it to be afterwards viewed with anxiety, disgust, and horror. Mr. Adams was among the first who suspected the downward tendency. In 1791, he wrote a series of articles, in the Boston Centinel, with the signature of Publicola, which were intended as a corrective to some of the doctrines in Paine's Rights of Man. These fugitive essays were republished in London as an answer to Paine's work, and there ascribed to the author's father, John Adams. In 1793, on the breaking out of the war between Great Britain and France, a question of the utmost importance arose, how far the United States were bound, by the treaty of alliance with France, to take sides in the controversy. The division of opinion on this point, which commenced in the cabinet of General Washington, extended throughout the country. The question was at length practically decided, by President Washington's proclamation of neutrality. Before that important document appeared, Mr. Adams had published a short series of articles in the Boston Centinel, with the signature of Marcellus, maintaining the same doctrine. In these papers, he developed the two principles on which his policy as an American statesman rested,—union at home, and independence of all foreign combinations abroad.* On the 4th of July, 1793, he delivered the usual anniversary oration before the citizens of Boston; and, in the course of the following winter, he wrote another series of articles for the public papers, with the signature of Columbus, in which the neutral policy of the United States was farther developed and maintained, and the principles of the law of nations, applicable to the situation of the country, in reference to the European belligerents, more fully unfolded.

I dwell upon these fugitive essays, thrown off no doubt in brief hours of leisure amidst the occupations of a laborious profession, because they established at once the reputation of their author, as one of the soundest thinkers and most forcible writers of the day. They exercised a decided influence over his career in life. They were read at the seat of government; and, in the month of May, 1794, without any previous intimation of his design, either to his father the Vice President, or himself, President Washington nominated Mr. John Q. Adams minister resident at the Hague, — a diplomatic station, at that period, scarcely inferior to the leading courts. Mr. Adams arrived in Holland about the time of the French invasion, and the consequent disorganization of the government and the country. The embarrassments arising from this state of things led him to think of resigning his office and coming home; but it was the advice of the President,* accompanied with the approval of his conduct, that he should remain at his post. In the last year of his administration, (1796,) Washington appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to Lisbon.

---

* Mr. Upham's Memoir.

About this period of his life, and during a temporary residence in London, for the purpose of exchanging the ratifications of the treaty with Great Britain, and making arrangements for executing some of its provisions, the acquaintance of Mr. Adams commenced with the daughter of Mr. Joshua Johnson, of Maryland, — a gentleman then acting as consular agent of the United States at London. A matrimonial engagement took place, which resulted, on the 26th July, 1797, in his marriage with the accomplished and venerable lady, who, for more than fifty years, was the faithful partner of his affections and honors, and survives to deplore his loss.

Mr. Adams, senior, was chosen President in the autumn of 1796. On this occasion, he was naturally led to contemplate with some anxiety the public relations of his son. On this point he took counsel of the truest of friends and safest of advisers, President Washington, and received from him that celebrated letter of the 20th of February, 1797, a sentence from which is inscribed on yonder wall: — "I give it as my decided opinion," says President Washington, "that Mr. Adams is the most valuable character we have abroad, and that he will prove himself to be the ablest of all our diplomatic corps." With this opinion, he expressed the hope and the wish, that Mr. Adams's advancement might not be checked by an over-delicacy on his father's part.

---

* Washington's Works, xi. 56.

Circumstances rendering it inexpedient, at that time, to establish the mission to Portugal, Mr. Adams's destination was changed to Berlin. He received the appointment as Minister to Prussia, on the 31st May, 1797. In the summer of 1798, retaining his office as minister to Prussia, he was commissioned to negotiate a treaty with Sweden. During his mission at Berlin, he concluded a treaty of amity and commerce, after a very able and protracted negotiation, in which the rights of neutral commerce were discussed by Mr. Adams and the Prussian commissioners. In the summer of 1800, he made a tour in Silesia, and wrote an interesting and instructive series of letters, containing the result of his observations. They were published without his consent in the Portfolio, at Philadelphia, collected in a volume at London, and translated into French and German. With a view to perfect his acquaintance with the German, Mr. Adams, during his residence at Berlin, executed a complete metrical version of Wieland's Oberon, not being aware at the time that it had been already translated in England.

He was recalled toward the close of his father's administration, but did not arrive in America till September, 1801. In the following spring, he was elected to the senate of Massachusetts for the county of Suffolk, and in the course of the year was chosen by the legislature a senator of the United States, for the senatorial term commencing on the 3d of March, 1803. His term of service in the senate of the United States fell upon one of the great periods of crisis in our political history. The party which had supported his father, and to which he himself belonged, had fallen into divisions, in the course of his father's administration. These divisions had contributed to the revolution by which Mr. Jefferson was brought into power. The excitements growing out of this state of things were not yet allayed, but connected themselves, as all domestic contests did, with the absorbing questions that grew out of the foreign relations of the country, in the war which then raged in Europe, and threatened to draw America into the vortex. The senators of Massachusetts differed in their views of the policy required by the emergency, and those adopted by Mr. Adams, who supported the administration, being at variance with the opinions of a majority of his constituents, he resigned his seat in the senate, in March, 1808.

The repose from political engagements, thus afforded him, was devoted by Mr. Adams to the farther prosecution of pursuits in which he was already engaged, and which, to him, were scarcely less congenial. His literary tastes had always been fondly and assiduously cultivated, and, for a public man, his habits were decidedly studious. On the death of President Willard, in 1804, several of the influential friends of Harvard College had urged upon Mr. Adams, to allow himself to be considered as a candidate for the presidency of the University. These overtures he declined; but in the following year it was determined, by the corporation, to appoint a Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, on the foundation of Mr. Boylston, and Mr. Adams was chosen. He delivered his inaugural address in July, 1806, and continued to discharge the duties of the professorship, by the delivery of a course of lectures, and by presiding over the public exercises in declamation, till the month of July, 1809. It was at this time, and as a member of one of the younger classes at college, that I first saw Mr. Adams, and listened to his well-remembered voice, from the chair of instruction; little anticipating that, after the lapse of forty years, my own humble voice would be heard, in the performance of this mournful office.

Some who now hear me will recollect the deep interest with which these lectures were listened to, not merely by the youthful audience for which they were prepared, but by numerous voluntary hearers from the neighborhood. They formed an era in the University; and were, I believe, the first successful attempt, in this country, at this form of instruction in any department of literature. They were collected and published in two volumes, completing the theoretical part of the subject. I think it may be fairly said, that they will bear a favorable comparison with any treatise, on the subject, at that time extant in our language. The standard of excellence, in every branch of critical learning, has greatly advanced in the last forty years, but these lectures may still be read with pleasure and instruction. Considered as a systematic and academical treatise upon a subject which constituted the chief part of the intellectual education of the Greeks and Romans, these lectures, rapidly composed as they were delivered, and not revised by the author before publication, are not to be regarded in the light of a standard performance. But let any statesman or jurist, even of the present day, in America or Europe,—whose life, like Mr. Adams's, has been actively passed in professional and political engagements at home and abroad,—

attempt, in the leisure of two or three summers,—his mind filled with all the great political topics of the day,—to prepare a full course of lectures on any branch of literature, to be delivered to a difficult and scrutinizing, though in part a youthful audience, and then trust them to the ordeal of the press, and he will be prepared to estimate the task which was performed by Mr. Adams.

From these, to him, not distasteful engagements, Mr. Adams was soon recalled to the public service. In March, 1809, he was nominated by President Madison to the Court of St. Petersburg, and, in the summer of the same year, returned to the important court which he had visited twenty-eight years before, in his boyhood, as secretary to Mr. Dana. He came at a critical juncture of affairs, and with great means and occasions of usefulness. The whole foreign world was, at this time, shut out from the Continental Courts, by the iron rigor of the system of Napoleon. America, though little known at the Imperial Court, was regarded with interest, as a rising transatlantic State of great importance, and Mr. Adams appeared as her first accredited representative. He was master of the two foreign languages which,—to the exclusion of the native Russian,—are alone spoken in the political and court circles. He was thus enabled the more easily to form relations of more than ordinary kindness with the emperor and leading members of the imperial government, and it is well understood to have been through this instrumentality, that the emperor was led to offer his mediation to the United States and Great Britain, in the war then just commenced. The mediation was accepted by the American government, and Mr. Adams was appointed, in conjunction with Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, to conduct the negotiation. Those gentlemen arrived at St. Petersburg in July, 1813. The Emperor Alexander was absent on the great campaign of that year, but the conferences of the American commissioners were opened with Count Romanzoff, chancellor of the empire. The British government declined to negotiate under the mediation, and Messrs. Bayard and Gallatin left St. Petersburg in January, 1814, Mr. Adams remaining, as resident minister.

But Great Britain, although nominally declining to negotiate under the mediation, accompanied her refusal with an offer to treat for peace with the United States directly, either at Gottenburg or London, and this offer was accepted by the American government, the preference being given to the former place. Mr. Adams was accordingly appointed, in joint commission with Messrs. Bayard, Clay, and Russell, to whom was afterwards added Mr. Gallatin, to negotiate for peace at Gottenburg. Mr. Adams received this commission in April, 1814, with instructions to proceed immediately to the place just named. He took passage from Revel in the first vessel, after the breaking up of the ice; and after repeated delay and detention, and great risk from the same cause, he arrived at Stockholm on the 25th of May.

He there learned that an arrangement had been made by Messrs. Bayard and Gallatin,—who were in London,—with the British government, by which the seat of negotiation had been transferred to Ghent. An American sloop-of-war was then at Gottenburg, having, as a cartel, conveyed Messrs. Clay and Russell to that place. Mr. Adams accordingly proceeded from Stockholm to Gottenburg, and, embarking with Mr. Russell on board the sloop-of-war, landed from her at the Texel, and thence proceeded by land to Ghent. There he arrived on the 24th of June, and on that day six months, the treaty of peace was signed. Mr. Adams's name stands first, on the list of the negotiators.

Mr. Adams had been informed by the secretary of state, (Mr. Monroe,) at the time he was appointed under the mediation of the emperor of Russia, that, in the event of the conclusion of peace, it was the intention of President Madison to nominate him as minister to London. He accordingly went to Paris, and was there during the presence of the allied monarchs and their armies, and in the Hundred Days. He was joined by his family in March, 1815. Their hardships and perils, in performing the journey from St. Petersburg to France, in that time of universal commotion and uncertainty, would form an interesting narrative, for which, however, this is not the place. On the 7th of May, he received official information of his appointment; and although the ordinary communications between the two countries were interrupted, and the passage not unattended with delay and difficulty, he arrived in London on the 15th of May. He immediately engaged with his associate commissioners, Messrs. Clay and Gallatin, in negotiating a convention of commerce with Great Britain, which was concluded on the 3d of July, 1815.

Having thus, in happy coincidence with his venerable father's career, coöperated in establishing a peace with Great Britain, he remained, like his father, in London, for two years, as the American Minister at that court. He was then, in 1817, invited by President Monroe to return to America, as Secretary of State under the new administration. I believe it was universally admitted, that a better appointment could not have been made. It will be recollected, by many persons present, that General Jackson, then just beginning to exercise great political influence in the country, spoke of Mr. Adams "as the fittest person for the office;—a man who would stand by the country in the hour of danger."

But the hour of danger did not arrive at home or abroad during the administration of Mr. Monroe, which continued through two terms of office, for the whole of which Mr. Adams was Secretary of State. During this entire period, he maintained unbroken the most friendly relations with Mr. Monroe, and gave a steady and efficient support to his administration. The office of Secretary of State is, at all times, one of immense labor; never more so, than in the hands of Mr. Adams. I presume no person in high office ever derived less assistance from those under him, or did more work with his own hands. No opinion, for which he was responsible, was ever taken on trust, upon the examination of others; no paper of any consequence, to which he was to sign his name, was the product of another man's mind. It would be foreign from my purpose, did time admit, to discuss the measures of public interest which engaged the attention of the government and people of the country during Mr. Monroe's two terms of service in the presidency. His administration will ever be memorable, in our political history, for the substantial fusion of the two great political parties, which led to his unanimous reëlection in 1821. It will also be remembered for the acquisition of Florida, which was ceded by Spain as an indemnification for spoliations on our commerce. The treaty for this cession was negotiated, with consummate ability, by Mr. Adams, and signed on the 22d of February, 1819. The independence of the Spanish provinces on this continent was also recognized under this administration,—a measure rather assented to than warmly approved by Mr. Adams, for he doubted their capacity for self-government; an opinion, of which the soundness is abundantly justified by passing events.

Out of the subsidence of the old parties, sprung the variously contested presidential election of 1824. For a quarter of a century, a succession had been established from the department of state to the presidency. There were certainly good reasons, on the present occasion, why this practice should not be broken in upon; but, in addition to the successful candidate for the vice-presidency, the south and the west brought three presidential candidates into the field, who divided the electoral vote, though unequally, with Mr. Adams. The whole number of votes was two hundred and sixty-one, of which General Jackson received ninety-nine, and Mr. Adams eighty-four. But I think it was calculated, at the time, that Mr. Adams's vote, in the primary assemblies of the people, was not less than his rival's. The choice devolved upon the house of representatives, for the second time since the formation of the present government. The first occasion was in 1801, when the constitution itself had nearly sunk under the struggle, which was prolonged through the second day, and to the thirty-sixth balloting. On the present occasion, the elements of a struggle equally perilous were thought to exist; and calculation was entirely at fault as to the result. The choice was decided on the first ballot, and fell upon Mr. Adams. It was made known to him in advance of the official communication, by a personal and political friend, who happened to be present; and who, to my question, a few weeks after, how he received the intelligence, answered, "like a philosopher."

Mr. Adams's administration was, in its principles and policy, a continuation of Mr. Monroe's. The special object which he proposed to himself was, to bind the distant parts of the country together, and promote their mutual prosperity, by increased facilities of communication. Unlike Mr. Monroe's, Mr. Adams's administration encountered, from the outset, a formidable and harassing opposition. It is now, I believe, generally admitted to have been honest, able, and patriotic. This praise has lately been accorded to it, in the most generous terms, by distinguished individuals, in Congress and elsewhere, who were not numbered among its supporters. That the president, himself, devoted to the public business the utmost stretch of his Herculean powers of thought and labor, hardly needs to be told.

Two incidents occurred during his administration, which ought not to be wholly passed over in this hasty sketch:—one was the visit of Lafayette, whom Mr. Adams received, at the presidential mansion, with an address of extraordinary eloquence and beauty; the other, the death of his venerable father, spared to the patriarchal age of ninety-one, and to see his son raised to the presidency, and dying, with his ancient associate, Jefferson, within a few hours of each other, on the fiftieth anniversary of Independence,—which they had been associated in declaring.

At the close of the term of four years, for which Mr. Adams was elected, General Jackson was chosen to succeed him. Mr. Adams, I doubt not, left the office with a lighter heart than he entered it. It was, at this time, his purpose,—as he informed me himself,—on retiring from office, to devote himself to literary labors, and especially to writing the history of his father's life and times. Some commencement was made, by him, of the preliminary labors requisite for this great undertaking. He was, however, though past the meridian of life, in good health. He possessed an undiminished capacity of physical and intellectual action. He had an experience of affairs, larger and more various than any other man in America; and it was felt by the public, that he ought to be induced, if possible, to return to the political service of the country. He was accordingly chosen, at the next congressional election, to represent the people of his native district, in the House of Representatives of the United States.

It was, perhaps, a general impression among his personal friends, that, in yielding to this call, he had not chosen wisely for his happiness or fame. It was a step never before taken by a retiring chief magistrate. The experience and wisdom of his predecessors had often exerted a salutary influence over public opinion, for the very reason that their voice was heard only from the seclusion of private life, by those who sought their counsel. Mr. Adams was about to expose himself to the violence of political warfare, not always conducted with generosity on the floor of Congress. But in deciding to obey the call of his constituents, he followed, I am confident, not so much the strong bent of his inclination, and the fixed habit of his life, as an inward, all-controlling sense of duty. He was conscious of his capacity to be useful, and his work was not yet done. Besides, he needed no indulgence, he asked no favor, he feared no opposition.

He carried into Congress the diligence, punctuality, and spirit of labor, which were his second—I had almost said his first—nature. My seat was, for two years, by his side; and it would have scarcely more surprised me to miss one of the marble columns of the hall from its pedestal, than to see his chair empty. The two great political questions of the day were those which related to the protective and financial systems. He was placed, by the speaker of the House, at the head of the Committee on Manufactures. He was friendly to the policy of giving our rising establishments a moderate protection against the irregular pressure of foreign competition. Believing that manufacturing pursuits,—as the great school of mechanical skill,—are an important element of national prosperity, he thought it unwise to allow the compensation of labor in this department to be brought down to the starvation standard of Europe. He was also a firm and efficient champion of the Bank of the United States, then subsisting under a charter of Congress, and, up to that time, conducted, as he thought, with integrity. On these, and all the other topics of the day, he took an active part, employing himself with assiduity in the committee room, preparing elaborate reports, and, occasionally, though not frequently, pouring out the affluence of his mind in debate.

I shall, perhaps, be pardoned, for introducing here a slight personal recollection, which serves, in some degree, to illustrate his habits. The sessions of the two last days of (I think) the twenty-third Congress were prolonged, the one for nineteen, and the other for seventeen hours. At the close of the last day's session, he remained in the hall of the house, the last seated member of the body. One after another of the members had gone home; many of them, for hours. The hall,—brilliantly lighted up, and gaily attended, as was, and perhaps is still, the custom at the beginning of the last evening of a session,—

had become cold, dark, and cheerless. Of the members who remained, to prevent the public business from dying for want of a quorum, most, but himself, were sinking from exhaustion, although they had probably taken their meals at the usual hours, in the course of the day. After the adjournment, I went up to his seat, to join company with him homeward; and, as I knew he came to the house at eight o'clock in the morning, and it was then past midnight, I expressed a hope that he had taken some refreshment in the course of the day. He said he had not left his seat, but, holding up a bit of hard bread in his fingers, gave me to understand in what way he had sustained nature.

Such was his course in the House of Representatives, up to the year 1835, during which I was the daily witness of it, as an humble associate member. Had he retired from Congress at that time, it would have been, perhaps, rather with a reputation brought to the house, than achieved on the floor; a reputation "enough to fill the ambition of a common man," nay, of a very uncommon one; but it would probably have been thought that, surpassing most others, he had hardly equalled himself. But from this time forward, for ten years, (1835-1845,) he assumed a position in a great degree new, and put forth a wonderful increase of energy and power. Some of the former questions, which had long occupied Congress, had been, at least for the time, disposed of, and new ones came up, which roused Mr. Adams to a higher action of his faculties than he had yet displayed. He was now sixty-eight years of age,—a time of life, I need not say, at which, in most cases, the firmest frame gives way, and the most ardent temper cools; but the spirit of Mr. Adams,—bold and indomitable as his whole life showed it to be,—blazed forth, from this time forward, for ten years, with a fervor and strength which astonished his friends, and stands, as I think, almost, if not quite, without a parallel. I do not forget the limits prescribed to me by the circumstances under which I speak; but no one, capable of estimating the noblest traits of character, can wish me to slur over this period of Mr. Adams's life; no one, but must be touched with the spectacle which, day after day, and month after month, and session after session, was exhibited by him, to whom had now been accorded, by universal consent, the title of the "old man eloquent;"—and far more deserving of it he was, than the somewhat frigid rhetorician on whom it was originally bestowed. There he sat, the deepest-stricken in years, but, of the whole body, the individual most capable of physical endurance and intellectual effort; his bare head erect, while younger men drooped; "his peremptory, eagle-sighted eye" unquenched, both by day and by night:

> ——— intrepidus vultu, meruitque timeri
> Non metuens.

It is unnecessary to state that the new questions, to which I refer, were those connected with slavery. On no great question, perhaps, has the progress of public opinion been more decided, both in Europe and America, than on this subject. It is but a little more than a century since England eagerly stipulated with Spain for the right to supply the Spanish colonies with slaves from Africa; and the carrying trade, from the same ill-fated coasts to our own Southern States, then colonies, was conducted by the merchants and navigators of our own New England. Within the present generation, we have seen the slave trade denounced as a capital felony in both countries. I am not aware that any discussion of this subject, of a nature powerfully to affect the public mind, took place in Congress, till full thirty years after the adoption of the constitution. It then arose on occasion of the admission of the State of Missouri into the Union, and on the proposition to incorporate into the constitution of that State the principle of the immortal ordinance of 1787, for the organization of the territory northwest of the Ohio, viz., "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall be duly convicted." Mr. Adams was in the department of state at the time of the admission of Missouri, and was not called upon to take any part in the discussion.

The general agitation of the subject in the community at large dates from a still more recent period, commencing about the time of Mr. Adams's accession to the presidency. It was animated, no doubt, by the movement which took place about the same time in Great Britain, and which, in the course of a few years, resulted in that most illustrious act of Christian benevolence, by which, in a single day, eight hundred thousand fellow-beings passed from a state of bondage to one of unconditional freedom, and that without a cry or a gesture that threatened the public peace.

The public opinion of the United States, sympathizing as it must at all times with that of the other great branches of the human family, was deeply interested in the progress of these discussions abroad, and received a powerful impulse from their result. With the organized agitation, in the free States, of the questions connected with slavery, Mr. Adams did not, as a citizen I believe, intimately connect himself. Toward their introduction into Congress, as subjects of free discussion, he contributed more than any other man; than all others united. He approached the subject, however, with a caution inspired by a profound sense of its difficulty and delicacy. I know it to have been his opinion, as late as 1828, that, for the presidency and vice-presidency, the candidates ought to be selected from the two great sections of the country. His first act as a member of Congress, in 1831, was to present the memorial of the "Friends," of Philadelphia, praying, among other things, for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; but, while he paid the highest tribute to the motives of the petitioners, he avowed himself not prepared to grant the prayer of the memorial. But whether it was that his own opinions and feelings had shared the movement of the general mind of the age on this subject; or that he perceived, in the course of a few years, that the time had come when it must be met and discussed in all its aspects; certain it is that, from the time the right of petition was drawn distinctly in question, Mr. Adams placed himself boldly on that ground, and, from that time forward, stood firmly at his post, as the acknowledged congressional leader. No labor was too great, no attention too minute, to be bestowed by him in receiving and presenting the petitions which were poured into his hands from every part of the country. No strength or violence of opposition, or menaces of danger, deterred him from the office he had assumed; and every attempt to dishearten and silence him but established, the more firmly, the moral ascendency which he had acquired in the house. His warmest opponents, while they condemned his policy, admitted his sincerity, admired his courage, and owned his power. His rising to address the house became the signal for mute and respectful attention; the distant clustered round his seat; the listless and the idle gave heed, and every word that fell from his lips was listened to almost like the response of an oracle. I say this alike to the honor of the living and the dead.

I may be permitted to recall to your recollection the opening of the 26th Congress, in December, 1839, when, in consequence of a two-fold delegation from New Jersey, the house was unable, for some time, to complete its organization, and presented, to the country and the world, the perilous and discreditable aspect of the assembled representatives of the people unable to form themselves into a constitutional body. Fully to enter into the scene, it must be remembered that there are no two ideas more deeply imbedded in the Anglo-Saxon mind than these ;—*one*, the omnipotence of every sovereign parliamentary, and congressional body, (I mean, of course, within the limits of its constitutional competence,) and the *other*, the absolute inability of one of these omnipotent bodies to make the slightest movement, or perform the most indifferent act, except through a formal expression of its will by its duly appointed organs. Now, on first assembling, the House has no officers, and the clerk of the preceding Congress acts, by usage, as chairman of the body, till a speaker is chosen. On this occasion, after reaching the State of New Jersey, the acting clerk declined to proceed in calling the roll, and refused to entertain any of the motions which were made for the purpose of extricating the House from its embarrassment. Many of the ablest and most judicious members had addressed the House in vain, and there was nothing but confusion and disorder in prospect. Toward the close of the fourth day, Mr. Adams rose, and expectation waited on his words. Having, by a powerful appeal, brought the yet unorganized assembly to a perception of its hazardous position, he submitted a motion requiring the acting clerk to proceed in calling the roll. This and similar motions had already been made by other members. The difficulty was, that the acting clerk declined to entertain them. Accordingly, Mr. Adams was immediately interrupted by a burst of voices demanding, "How shall the question be put?" "Who will put the question?" The voice of Mr. Adams was heard above the tumult, "I intend to put the question myself!" That word brought order out of chaos. There was the master-mind. A distinguished member from South Carolina, (Mr. Rhett,) moved that Mr. Adams himself should act as chairman of the body till the House was organized, and, suiting the action to the word, himself put the motion to the House. It prevailed unanimously, and Mr. Adams was conducted to the chair, amidst the irrepressible acclamations of the spectators. Well did Mr. Wise, of Virginia, say, "Sir, I regard it as the proudest hour of your life; and if, when you shall be gathered to your fathers," (that time, alas, is now come!) "I were asked to select the words which, in my judgment, are best calculated to give at once the character of the man, I would inscribe upon your tomb this sentence, 'I will put the question myself.'"

And thus it was that he was established, at last, in a relation to the House which no man before had ever filled. The differences of opinion of course were great; the shock of debate often violent; but it was impossible not to respect the fearless, conscientious, unparalleled old man. Into this feeling at last every other emotion subsided; and I know not to which party the greater praise is due,—the aged statesman who had so nobly earned this homage, or the generous opponents by whom it was cheerfully paid.

Nor was this spontaneous deference a mere personal sentiment, confined to associates on the floor of Congress. It extended to the People. In the summer of 1843, Mr. Adams was invited to go to Cincinnati, and lay the corner-stone of an Observatory, about to be built by the liberal subscriptions of the friends of science in that city. His journey, from Massachusetts to Ohio, was a triumphal procession. New York poured out the population of her cities and villages to bid him welcome. Since the visit of Lafayette, the country had seen nothing like it. And if I wished to prove to the young men of the country, by the most instructive instances, that the only true greatness is that which rests on a moral basis, I would point them to the ex-president of the United

States, on the occasion referred to, and the ex-king of the French:—the one retiring to private life, an unsuccessful, but not discredited, candidate for reëlection to the chair of state; ruling, in a serene old age, in the respect and affection of his fellow-citizens; borne, at seventy-six, almost on their shoulders, from one joyous reception to another: the other, sovereign, but *yesterday*, of a kingdom stretching from Mount Atlas to the Rhine; master of an army to bid defiance to Europe; with a palace for every month, and a revenue of three millions of francs for every day in the year; and *to-day*, (let me not seem to trample on the fallen, as I utter the words,) stealing with the aged partner of his throne and of his fall, in sordid disguise, from his capital; without one of that mighty host to strike a blow in his defence, if not from loyalty, at least from compassion; not daring to look round, even to see if the child were safe, on whom he had just bestowed the mockery of a crown; and compelled to beg a few francs, from the guards at his palace-door, to help him to flee from his kingdom!

But I have wandered from my theme, and must hasten with you, to contemplate a far different termination of a more truly glorious career. On the 20th of November, 1846, Mr. Adams, being then at the house of his son, in Boston, and preparing for his departure for Washington, walked out, with a friend, to visit the new Medical College, and was struck with palsy by the way. He recovered strength enough to return in a few weeks to Washington, but it was, in his own estimation, the stroke of death. His journal,—kept with regularity for more than half a century,—stops that day; and when, after an interval of nearly four months, he resumed it, it was with the caption of "Posthumous Memoir." Having recorded the event of the 20th of November, and his subsequent confinement, he adds, "From that hour I date my decease, and consider myself, for every useful purpose to myself and fellow-creatures, dead; and hence I call this, and what I may hereafter write, a posthumous memoir." From this time forward, though his attendance was regularly given in the House of Representatives, he rarely took part in the debates. His summer was passed, as usual, in his native village. In the month of October last, he made a visit to Cambridge, as chairman of the Committee on the Observatory,—an institution in which he ever took the greatest interest, and of which he was, from the first, a most liberal benefactor,—and shortly afterwards drew up the admirable letter in reference to this establishment and the promotion generally of astronomical science,—a letter which attracted universal attention a few weeks since, in the public prints. This was the last letter, I believe, of considerable length, wholly written with his own hand. He returned to Washington in the month of November, and resumed his usual attendance in the Capitol; but the sands were nearly run out.

Never did a noble life terminate in a more beautiful close. On Sunday, the 20th of February, he appeared in unusual health. He attended public worship, in the forenoon, at the Capitol, and, in the afternoon, at St. John's Church. At nine o'clock in the evening, he retired, with his wife, to his library, where she read to him a sermon of Bishop Wilberforce, on Time,—hovering, as he was, on the verge of Eternity. This was the last night which he passed beneath his own roof. On Monday, the 21st, he rose at his usual very early hour, and engaged in his accustomed occupations with his pen. An extraordinary alacrity pervaded his movements; the cheerful step with which he ascended the Capitol was remarked by his attendants; and, at about half-past twelve, as he seemed rising in his seat, he was struck with death. His last audible words were, "This is the end of earth,"—"I am composed." He continued to breathe, but without apparent consciousness, till the evening of the twenty-third instant, and died in the Capitol.

Go there, politician, and behold a fall worth all the triumphs the Capitol ever witnessed! Go there, skeptic,—you who believe that matter and mind are one, and both are a "kneaded clod,"—and explain how it is that, within that aged and shattered frame, just sinking into the dust from which it was taken, there can dwell a principle of thought and feeling endued with such a divine serenity and courage, and composed, because it feels that the end of earth is the beginning of heaven!

Thus fell, at the post of duty, one of the most extraordinary men that have appeared among us, not so much dying, as translated from the field of his earthly labors and honors to a higher sphere. I have left myself little space or strength to add anything to the narrative of his life, by way of portraying his character. Some attempt, however, of that kind, you will expect.

Mr. Adams was a man of the rarest intellectual endowments. His perception was singularly accurate and penetrating. Whenever he undertook to investigate a subject, he was sure to attain the clearest ideas of it which its nature admitted. What he knew, he knew with great precision. His argumentative powers were of the highest order, and admirably trained. When he entered the field of controversy, it was a strong and a bold man that voluntarily encountered him a second time. His memory was wonderful. Every thing he had seen or read, every occurrence in his long and crowded life, was at all times present to his recollection. This was the more remarkable, as he had, almost from the age of boyhood, followed the practice of recording, from day to day, every incident of importance,—a practice thought to weaken the memory. This wonderful power of recollection was aided by the strict method with which he pursued his studies for the earlier part of his life, and until weighed down by the burdens of executive office, on entering the department of state. He had, withal, a diligence which nothing could weary. He rose at the earliest hour, and had an occupation for every moment of the day.

Without having made a distinct pursuit of any one branch of knowledge, he was probably possessed of a greater amount and variety of accurate information than any other man in the country. It follows, of course, that he had pushed his inquiries far beyond the profession to which he was bred, or that reading which belongs directly to the publicist and the statesman. Few among us drank so deeply at the ancient fountains. To his acquaintance with the language and literature of Greece and Rome, he added the two leading languages of continental Europe, of which the French was a second mother-tongue. The orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, the philosophical and rhetorical works of Cicero; the critical works of Aristotle and Quintilian; the historical works of Tacitus, (all of which he had translated at school;) a considerable part of the poems of Ovid, whom he greatly admired; the satires of Juvenal; in French, Pascal, Molière, and La Fontaine; in English, Shakespeare, his greatest favorite, with Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Burke,—were stamped upon his memory. These were studies which he never wholly sacrificed to the calls of business, however urgent. The office of President of the United States, at least as filled by Mr. Adams, is one of extreme labor; but he found time, amidst its incessant calls and interruptions, to address a series of letters to his youngest son,—some of them written in the busiest period of the session,—containing an elaborate analysis of several of the orations of Cicero, designed to aid the young man in the perusal of this, his favorite author. At the close of one of these letters, (as if it were impossible to fill up his industrious day,) he adds, that he is reading Evelyn's Sylva with great delight. Some of these letters would be thought a good day's work for a scholar by profession. But Mr. Adams wrote with a rapidity and ease, which would hardly have been suspected from his somewhat measured style. Notwithstanding the finish of his sentences, they were, like Gibbon's, struck off at once, and never had to be retouched. I remember that once, as I sat by his side in the House of Representatives, I was so much struck with the neatness and beauty of the manuscript of a report of great length which he had brought into the House, and in which, as I turned over the leaves, I could not perceive an interlineation, that I made a remark to him on the subject. He told me it was the first draft, and had never been copied; and in that condition it was sent to the press, though sure to be the subject of the severest criticism.

To his profession, Mr. Adams gave but a few years of his life, and those not exclusively. He had, however, mastered the elementary learning and the forms of the law, and, in the fourth year after entering upon the practice, supported himself by his professional earnings. In later life, he appeared at the bar, on a few important occasions, with distinction and success. During his residence in Russia, Mr. Madison made him an offer of a seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, which he declined. As a public speaker, whether at the senate or the bar, he was grave, clear, and impressive,—formidable in retort, powerful in invective,—sometimes giving the reins to a playful fancy, and, when the subject and occasion admitted, vehement and impassioned,—neglectful of the lighter graces of manner, but, at all times, riveting the attention of his audience. When, at the age of seventy-four, he came into the Supreme Court at Washington, as the volunteer counsel of the Africans on board the Amistad, he displayed a forensic talent, which would have added lustre to the brightest name in the profession.

But it is as a politician, as a statesman, and a chief magistrate, that he will hereafter be chiefly remembered in the annals of the country; and it will be among those who have served her the longest, the most zealously, the most ably, the most conscientiously. Breathing, as we do, an atmosphere heated with the passions of the day; swayed, as we all are, by our own prejudices, it is not for us to sit in judgment on his political course. Impartiality in our opinions of contemporaries is often the name which we give to our own adverse conceptions. It is characteristic of most men, either from temperament or education, to lean decidedly either to the conservative or progressive tendency, which forms respectively the basis of our parties. In Mr. Adams's political system, there was a singular mixture of both principles. This led him, early in his political career, to adopt a course which is sanctioned by the highest authorities and examples in the country, that of avoiding, as far as possible, an intimate and exclusive union with any party. This policy was studiously pursued by General Washington. He retained in his cabinet the two great rival leaders, as long as they could be prevailed upon to sit side by side; and in appointing ministers to Great Britain and to France, at a very critical period of our foreign relations, he acted upon the same principle. Mr. Jefferson, in his inaugural address in 1801, says, "We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans: we are all federalists;" and, in 1817, General Jackson exhorted Mr. Monroe to destroy the monster, party. It was, I think, on the same principle that Mr. Adams, when the State government was organized in 1802, was desirous of constituting the executive council by a fair representation of the two parties. But this policy, I suspect, can never be effectively pursued at those periods when it would be of any importance, viz., times of high political excitement. A real independence of party ties, on great questions and in difficult times, will, I fear, rarely be asserted without great personal sacrifices and violent collisions. Those whose general views are in sympathy, if separated on individual measures of great interest, become, for that very reason, the more estranged; and the confidence and admiration of years are succeeded by alienation and bitterness. Burke and Fox, the dearest of friends and the trustiest of allies, parted from each other on the floor of Parliament with tears, but still they parted, and forever. Happy the statesman, who, when the collisions of the day are past and forgotten, shall possess titles to the abiding interest and respect of his countrymen as brilliant and substantial as those of Mr. Adams!

In the high offices which he filled in the government, he may be safely held up as a model of a public servant. As a diplomatist, his rank has been assigned by Washington. As an executive officer, the duty of the day, however uninviting, was discharged as if it were an object of the most attractive interest. The most obsolete and complicated claim, if it became necessary for Mr. Adams to pass upon it, was sifted to the bottom with the mechanical patience of an auditor of accounts; and woe to the fallacy, if any there were, which lurked in the statement. A "report on weights and measures," prepared by Mr. Adams in the ordinary routine of official duty, is entitled to the character of a scientific treatise. In executing the office of President of the United States, he was governed by two noble principles, oftener professed than carried into full practice. The first related to *measures*, and was an all but superstitious respect for the constitution and the law. Laboring as he did, by the strange perversity of party judgments, under the odium of latitudinarian doctrines, there never lived the public man, or the magistrate, who carried into every act of official duty a deeper sense of the binding power of the constitution and the law, as a rule of conduct from which there was no appeal. The second principle regarded *men*, and was that of conscientious impartiality. I do not mean that he did not confer important offices, when the nomination was freely at his discretion, on political friends,—the services of none others can be commanded for places of high trust and confidence,—but political friendship never was the paramount consideration. He found a majority of the offices in the country in the possession of his political opponents, and he never removed one of them to make way for a friend. He invited Mr. Crawford, a rival candidate for the presidency, to retain his seat in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. He decided a long-standing controversy about rank, between the highest officers of the army, against his political interests. He brought to every question that required his decision, however wrapped up in personal considerations, the inflexibility of a judicial tribunal.

As a man, he had, no doubt, the infirmities of human nature, (fair subjects of criticism to the happy few who are immaculate,) but not, I think, those most frequently laid to his charge. He was not, for instance, parsimonious or avaricious. Thrown, from his first start in life, upon his own resources, he determined to live within his means, and studied a decent economy; not because he loved money, but because he loved independence. That object attained, he ceased to exercise even ordinary thrift in the management of his affairs; but he did not cease, to the end of his life, to lend an ear to every call, (public or private,) upon his liberality, far beyond the extent of his income. He did not, as a minister abroad, load himself with debt, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of being distanced in a race of profusion with the foreign ambassadors, whose princely incomes are swelled by princely salaries; but, from the time of his first residence at Washington, as Secretary of State, to the close of his presidency, and even of his life, the hospitality of his house and of his table was proverbial. Neither office, I believe, added a dollar to his fortune. He was plain in his personal habits and dress, because he was simple in his tastes and feelings. What attraction can there be to a thoughtful, studious man,—with great affairs upon his hands and upon his thoughts,—in the wretched and fatiguing vanities which are the principal sources of expense? There was an occasional abstraction and reserve in his manner, which led those who did not observe him more closely, to think him deficient in warmth and cordiality. But, while he wanted a certain cheerful flexibility and sprightliness, which, when accompanied with sincerity and frankness, are a very enviable endowment for a public man,—eminently useful in making friends,—yet, in real kindness of nature, and depth and tenderness of feeling, no man surpassed him. His venerable classmate bears witness that he contributed his full share to the hilarity of the social circle; and sure I am there must be around me some who can remember with me the hours, for which they have hung delighted on the fascination of his social converse. As far as the higher sympathies of our nature are concerned,—the master affections, whose sphere is far above the little conventional courtesies of life,—a warmer spirit never dwelt in a human frame.

But I have left untouched the great qualities of the man, the traits which formed the heroism of his character, and would have made him, at all times, and in any career, a person of the highest mark and force. These were, his lion-heart, which knew not the fear of man; and his religious spirit, which feared God in all things, constantly, profoundly, and practically. A person of truer courage, physical and moral, I think never lived. In whatever calling of life he had grown up, this trait, I am sure, would have been conspicuous. Had he been a common sailor, he would have been the first to go to the mast-head, when the topsails were flying into ribbons. He never was called to expose his life in the field; but, had his duty required it, he was a man to lead a forlorn hope, with a steady step, through a breach spouting with fire. It was his custom,—at a time when personal violence toward individuals politically obnoxious was not uncommon,—to walk the unwatched and desolate streets of Washington alone, and before sunrise. This may be set down to the steadiness of nerves, which is shared by men of inferior tone of mind. But in his place in the House of Representatives,—in the great struggle into which he plunged, from a conscientious sense of duty, in the closing years of his life,—and in the boldness and resolution with which he trod on ground never before thrown open to free discussion,—he evinced a moral courage, founded on the only true basis of moral principle, of which I know no brighter example. It was with this he warred, and with this he conquered; strong in the soundness of his honest heart, strong in the fear of God,—the last great dominant principle of his life and character.

There was the hiding of his power. There it was that he exhibited, in its true type, the sterling quality of the good old stock of which he came. Offices, and affairs, and honors, and studies, left room in his soul for *Faith*. No man laid hold, with a firmer grasp, of the realities of life; but no man dwelt more steadily on the mysterious realities beyond life. He entertained a profound, I had almost said an obsolete, reverence for sacred things. The daily and systematic perusal of the BIBLE was an occupation with which no other duty was allowed to interfere. He attended the public offices of social worship with a constancy seldom witnessed in this busy and philosophic age. Still there was nothing austere or narrow-minded in his religion; there was no affectation of rigor in his life or manners; no unreflecting adoption of traditionary opinions in matters of belief. He remained, to the end of his days, an inquirer after truth. He regularly attended the public worship of churches widely differing from each other in doctrinal peculiarities. The daily entry of his journal, for the latter part of his life, begins with a passage extracted from Scripture, followed with his own meditation and commentary; and, thus commencing the day, there is little reason to doubt that, of his habitual reflections, as large a portion was thrown forward to the world of spirits as was retained by the passing scene.

The death of such a man is no subject of vulgar sorrow. Domestic affliction itself bows with resignation at an event so mature in its season; so rich in its consolations; so raised into sublimity by the grandeur of the parting scene. Of all the great orators and statesmen in the world, he alone has, I think, lived out the full term of a long life in actual service, and died on the field of duty, in the public eye, within the halls of public council. The great majority of public men, who most resemble him, drop away satisfied, perhaps disgusted, as years begin to wane; many break down at the meridian; in other times and countries, not a few have laid their heads on the block. Demosthenes, at the age of sixty, swallowed poison, while the pursuer was knocking at the door of the temple in which he had taken refuge. Cicero, at the age of sixty-four, stretched out his neck from his litter to the hired assassin. Our illustrious fellow-citizen, in the fulness of his years and of his honors, upon a day that was shaking, in Europe, the pillars of a monarchy to the dust, fell calmly at his post, amidst venerating associates, and breathed his last within the Capitol:

> "And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
> With God not parted from him,—
> But favoring and assisting to the end.
> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame,—nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us, in a death so noble."

THE FOLLOWING IS THE ORDER OF THE SERVICES ON OCCASION OF THE DELIVERY OF THE FOREGOING EULOGY.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ORDER OF SERVICES

AT

FANEUIL HALL, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848,

AS A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

BY THE

LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

I.

VOLUNTARY, BY THE ORCHESTRA.

II.

SOLEMN CHANT, BY THE CHOIR.

1. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord : that delighteth greatly in his commandments.
2. Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness : the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.
3. The hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away by the wind : like the smoke which is dispersed here and there by a tempest :

4. And passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day.
5. But the righteous live forevermore: their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the Most High.
6. Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand: for with his right hand shall he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them.
7. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them: in the sight of the unwise they seem to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction.
8. But they are in peace: for though they be punished in the sight of men,
9. Yet is their hope full of immortality: and having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded.
10. For God hath proved them, and found them worthy for himself: and they shall judge the nations, and their Lord shall reign forever.
11. I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

III.

PRAYER, BY THE REV. C. A. BARTOL,

CHAPLAIN OF THE SENATE.

IV.

HYMN.—TUNE, "SAVANNAH."

O what is man, great Maker of mankind,
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so great a mind,
Mak'st him a king and e'en an angel's peer.

O what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower,
Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou hast not given these blessings for a day,
  Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye,
  And, though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Heaven waxeth old, and all the spheres above
  Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And time itself, in time, shall cease to move:
  Only the soul survives and lives for aye.

Cast down thyself then, man, and strive to raise
  The glory of thy Maker's sacred name;
Use all thy powers, that blessed Power to praise,
  Which gives thee power to be, and use the same.

V.

Eulogy, by the Hon. Edward Everett.

VI.

Air and Chorus, from Handel's "Messiah."

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.

Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead: For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

THE MUSIC WAS PERFORMED BY THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

REMARKS

ON

MR. NORTON'S

"STATEMENT OF REASONS."

> "And I have lived recluse in rural shades,
> Which seldom a distinct report pervades,
> Great changes and new manners have occurred;
> And blest reforms that I have never heard."
>
> COWPER'S CONVERSATION.

> "A statute which gives a NEW remedy, ought NOT to have a LIBERAL construction."
>
> BACON'S ABRIDGMENT, Vol. vi. p. 392.

If, then, the world have all along been relying on Trinitarianism; how ought it to examine the proposals of Unitarians, to make it better by their *improved* faith.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM PEIRCE,
No. 9 Cornhill.
1834.

The following remarks were originally designed for an article in an Episcopal journal; but when it was found they might occupy too much space, it was concluded to publish them in a separate form.

They have been written, with scarcely hear-say knowledge, of remarks from other hands.

Printed by William C. Webster,
9 Cornhill, Boston.

REMARKS, &c.

A STATEMENT OF REASONS, FOR NOT BELIEVING THE DOCTRINES OF TRINITARIANS, CONCERNING THE NATURE OF GOD, AND THE PERSON OF CHRIST.—BY ANDREWS NORTON. pp. xxxix. and 331. Cambridge, 1833.

THIS work is the fruit of more than fourteen years' study, and the production of a man, who is supposed to be considered a Goliath in theology.

The *ground-form* of it was first published in 1819, in the Christian Disciple, as a substitute for a review, of Professor Stuart's Letters to Dr. Channing, and was in *that* shape the concoction, no doubt, of long and laborious study. We have it now, with all the improvements, which fourteen subsequent years can furnish.

That it is the ablest thing, which Mr. Norton has ever printed, his admirers, it is presumed, will claim, and others will not refuse to admit. We here then behold him, in the maturity of his wisdom, and the greatness of his strength.

It is not our purpose, to attempt a general review of the work. That would be an undertaking, too extensive for our limits. We shall advert to two only of its features, and leave to hands that have more space and leisure, its examination in detail. Our aim will be, to show, that it is, perhaps, far less wise and able, than may have been imagined.

I. *That it is far less wise.*—Wisdom is manifested in the choice of means to accomplish ends. We presume, Mr. N. printed his book, for this purpose at least, among others, to *convert* Trinitarians.

With these things in view, we remark, that the opening of his preface presents us with a failure, which is completely glaring.—The doctrine of the Trinity is there introduced, in company with some of the most noxious and violent opinions, which have ever plagued mankind. It is coupled with the most outrageous tenets of Catholics — transubstantiation and the supremacy of the Pope: —with the hyper-Calvinism, of the "straitest sect" of the Genevan Reformer's followers — the imputation of Adam's sin: — with the fiercest presumption of high-church tories — the divine right of kings.

With these, it is given over to forlorn obsoleteness, so far as concerns "the generality of those, who on every subject, but theology, are the guides of public opinion," (pref. p. iv.) and after careful μειωσις,* lest he be "confounded with a class of writers, with whom an *intelligent* Christian would not be thought to have any thing in common," (pref. p. xxix.) is most pitifully and taskfully, (we make a word for his own expression, pref. p. i.) dragged up from its Lethean oblivion, with the heroic (pref. p. xxx.) desire, of rescuing "the true character of our religion," from "corruptions," of which "the falsehood and fraud" of the "prevailing faith," have left *utterly nothing!!* (pref. p. vi.) We cannot pause, to show the consistency of regarding a doctrine as *obsolete*, with the generality of those, who, on every subject but theology, are the "guides of public opinion," and at the same time, of admitting, that there are "many enlightened men," who honor it with respect, (pref. p. viii.) and many other "able and intellectual men," who "sincerely embrace it:"—(pref. p. viii.) of its being thus obsolete, and returned to the "*tanta colluvies rerum*," (p. 287.) from which it sprang and yet, being "the professed faith of the greater part of the Christian world:" (p. 287.) of its being so professed, by a world abounding if the globe contain them in "enlightened, able, and intellectual men," and yet, of its having so thoroughly extinguished "the true character of our religion," that *nothing* of it remains.

But really, a more imposing specimen of that charity, which believeth all things, hopeth all things, *endureth* all things; which *vaunteth* not itself, and is not *puffed up*, we have never beheld. Come forward, our poor Trinitarian brethren, and hail this Light of the world, who condescends for your sakes, to drop from his lofty sphere, among "the guides of public opinion," in "the departments of polite literature, moral science and natural religion." Shake yourselves, from the dust of the *dark ages*, amid whose "shapeless, discordant, unintelligible speculations," your doctrine "drew its origin," (p. 287.) and where it gathered strength amid "falsehood and fraud;" and hail this Deliverer, who has come to make you candidates, for the "clearer, more correct, and consequently more ennobling and operative conceptions of Christianity," (p. 88.) entertained by "the aristocracy of literature:" (pref. p. x.) conceptions, which are swelling the flood of public sentiment, and will soon sweep away those "gross corruptions and absurdities," which some have mistaken for our holy religion. (pref. p. xxviii.)

---

* μειωσις is a rhetorical figure, in which, from real or feigned emotion, one speaks of himself in diminutive terms.

We wish, of course, to put our points in the light of strong relief, and may, for that reason be excused a little raillery. More soberly and seriously, however, if Trinitarians are in the doleful condition of bondage, to a creed, of "heartless, revolting, debasing absurdities;" (pref. p. xxii.) is this a "Statement," to persuade them to think so? is this the apostolic and nurse-like gentleness, (1 Thess. ii. 7.) which is to *win souls to Christ?*

We like his title-page. It is altogether unpretending, mildly defensive, and might attract even prejudice herself. But if this is to be its commentary, we apprehend, that like the clarion of war, it will provoke the stout, to buckle on their armor, while the timid, will flee in dismay.

Approaching the body of the work, after this unconciliatory introduction, in order to show its further failures, in bland and assuasive wisdom, we know not that we can take a better guide, than a remark which fell from Mr. Norton himself, in his review of Mr. Stuart. He is there attempting to defend Mr. (now Dr.) Channing, from the charge, of having treated Trinitarians with "contumely," from having made it an object, "to hold them up, in such an attitude, as to excite disgust, or scorn, or derision," from having "striven to degrade, and render them contemptible." "If," says Mr. N., "if Mr. Channing had said or insinuated, that those who hold the doctrine in question, treat the Scriptures with contempt, that, against the convictions of their understandings, they refuse to submit to their plain language; but in opposition to this, teach absurdities as articles of faith; if he had said, that they were concealed enemies to Christianity, &c. we should have regarded Prof. Stuart's complaints, as not unreasonable."*

We beg our readers to remember, that reason, is a thing perfectly *huge*, in the idea of Mr. Norton, and that, therefore, the word "unreasonable," is to be considered excessively intensive. We will now follow Mr. N.'s own rule, *seriatim*.

1. To say, or even insinuate, of Christians, (putting together the charges, and what in Mr. N.'s view, would be enough to substantiate them,) that they treat the Scriptures with contempt, is to render one's self *reasonably* liable to the charge of treating them with contumely, of holding them up as objects for disgust, or scorn, or derision, of striving to degrade, or render them contemptible.

On p. 22, after having, as he supposes, dealt a death-blow to the Trinity and Incarnation, (which, though *glorious* to St. John, (i. 14) is, if possible, more offensive than its fellow, to Mr. N.) he takes the fixed and lordly position, that we must prove *his* arguments, to be *essentially* wrong, or, *as unbelievers*, attempt to show, that Christ and his apostles taught these doctrines. Mr. N. speaks again and again of his own plainness, i. e. as a plainness, to which he must descend, to meet the narrow and darkened minds of Trinitarians, who use arguments, which in "learned discussions," one ought to be "ashamed to urge." (pref. p. xxix.) There can be no mistake then, as to the dilemma, which he would develope here. We must either refute him — show him to be in essential error, or rank ourselves with open Infidels. We presume, he need hardly have put the word "essential" in small capitals, to show his superlative confidence, in the impregnable solidity of his logic. On which horn of the dilemma, then, he sees us hanging, even our poor eyes can perceive, without the aid of Unitarian optics.

On page 122, he speaks of Trinitarians, as avowing, encouraging, and abetting doctrines, which are "a solemn mockery, of all that is most venerable and most essential to human happiness." He had just been quoting, as examples, some of the most solemn and impressive appeals of our Litany: "By the mystery of thy holy incarnation, by thy holy nativity and circumcision, &c., by thy cross and passion, &c., good Lord, deliver us:" — appeals, to which his attention was doubtless turned, by Dr. Channing, who, in order to degrade the atonement, (*horrescimus referentes,*) repsented Christ, as on a gallows in the centre of the universe, and God the Father, executing him as a common hangman!![*]

---

* Christian Disciple, New Series, i. 318.

Here, then, we are in the attitude of Infidels, making a mockery of the most venerable and essential truths of revelation. Need it be asked, whether a "plain" speaker, would esteem such persons contemners of the Scriptures? So much, for his adherence to the first portion of his rule; and be it here remarked, that we give but specimens, and by no means all, which might be marshalled, in thick and hideous array.

2. To say, or insinuate, of Christians, that against the convictions of their understandings, they refuse to submit to the plain language of the Bible, but, in opposition to it, teach absurdities as articles of faith, is to be *reasonably* liable to the charge, of treating them with "contumely," &c.

In one part of his work, Mr. N. labors hard to prove, that the Bible is any thing, but a plain book, and exhausts much strength in showing, that even if its exterior do *hint* of Trinitarianism (p. 105, top,) its interior, its better sense, i. e. that which his own penetrating criticism would elicit, is all in favor of his own dogmas in theology. With the Catholics in olden time, a standing objection to the free use which the Protestants would make of the Bible, was, its *want* of perspicuity:[†] while the *entire* perspicuity of the phrase, "this is my body," was urged as an argument, in behalf of transubstantiation.[‡] So, doubtless, with him, as with all who examine and interpret with *predetermined notions*, the Bible is a plain or a dark book, as it suits his fancy. But of his criticism more anon.[§]

Suppose a man to believe doctrines, which, "from the nature of the human mind, it is impossible should be believed:" (p. 22.) surely, no *plain* language of the Bible would teach such doctrines. If believed at all, or rather if pretendedly believed, they must be believed, because of an anxiety, to save some darling system, by no means worth the cost. Belief of this kind, must be, what the belief of many Trinitarians is called — (pp. 9 and 10, at bottom,) "a mere evasion."

---

[*] Channing's Works, 1st edition, 423, 424.

[†] The Occasional Paper, Vol. 3, No. 11. page 15. Lond. 1719. Gerhard Loci, Theol: Tom. 2, p. 329.

[‡] Bossuet's Exposition, p. 57.

[§] Note A.

Again, as to the *absolute* necessity of seeing his sentiments and no other, in the Scriptures, we refer to p. 88, where it is said, that Trinitarians have interpreted, upon no principles which CAN BE defended: to p. 105, where it is averred, that, be the true sense of the Scriptures what it may, their Trinitarian exposition MUST BE false: to p. 131, where, without the *slightest* reason, the reading θεὸς in 1 Tim. iii. 16, is declared "spurious," when Dr. Henderson, and Mr. Stuart,* and Dr. Burton,† have maintained the *direct reverse*, and for numerous and most able reasons: to p. 148, where it is said, "every one MUST PERCEIVE" his version of Rom. ix. 5, to be in the highest degree proper and natural; when the very learned Michaelis has said, "I, for my part, sincerely believe, that St. Paul here delivers the same doctrine, of the *Divinity* of Christ, which is elsewhere, unquestionably maintained in the New Testament;"‡ and when even Griesbach himself has admitted, "there are so many arguments, for the true Deity of Christ, he sees not how it can be called in question, the divine authority of the Scripture being granted, and just rules of interpretation acknowledged."§ — Such subjects, as a whole system of principles of interpretation, and all the Trinitarian expositions of the Bible, *ever* written, and such texts, as 1 Tim. iii. 16, and Rom. ix. 5, are hardly matters to be despatched, in *half a dozen lines*, in the face of the labors and opinions, of men like these. But there is not, even a palliative "I think," or any qualifying word whatever. Nothing, but the inevitable necessity, is before us, of seeing with Mr. N.'s eyes, or, of being voluntarily blind or pitiably ignorant. This is his favorite way of putting the case, leaving us but the equivocal comfort, of this most humiliating choice.

A few, and but a few instances, are quoted. It is hardly necessary, though it may be useful, to remind our readers, that it is a good law of interpretation, to give passages that sense, which the temper, &c. of an individual allows, not to say requires.*

---

* Biblical Repository, ii. 1—80.

† Burton's Ante-Nicene Fathers, 158, &c. 2d edition.

‡ Blomfield's N. Test. ii. 55.

§ Pref. to his N. Test. Vol. ii. edition, 1775.

Of Mr. N.'s disposition, his preface seems to teem with proof, showing it to be dictatorial and contemptuous: not to speak of other parts, which appear quite ignitible, at least furtive indications of a temper, that, under no heavy blasts of contradiction, might mount into a flame. Of course, one is not to hesitate about giving *his* expressions their full scope. Although he has much to urge, respecting the "intrinsic ambiguity" of language, we are not to distil his own, through the alembic of learned criticism, before we can extract its *spirit*.

When, then, Mr. N. speaks of the incredibility of the Trinity, and the pre-eminent incredibility (p. 18.) of that Incarnation, which angels welcomed with shouts of joy, we suppose him to mean, that nothing but our wilful blindness or deplorable stupidity, nothing but falsehood or fraud, (pref. p. vi.) nothing but ignorance or bigotry or party spirit, (pref. p. ix.) prevent us from *submitting* to his positions. When he speaks of a "must be," or a "can be," as he knows "the whole truth," (p. 20.) on many a recondite subject, it is a "must be," or a "can be," from which there is no appeal whatever.

If a shadow of doubt obscure this reasoning page 121, will disperse it in a moment. There, after quoting those passages from the Litany, to which reference has been made before, he asks,—"How many join in these petitions, with an intelligent belief of the propositions contained in them? I answer, *not one;* for, when understood they *cannot* be believed."† — And must the answer be, *not one*? and, for fear that should not be strong enough, not one, with all possible weight of emphasis, as the underscoring intimates?

Shades of Pascal and Bacon! of Hale and Boyle! of Hooker and Barrow! of Usher and Taylor! of How and Herbert! ‡ of Addison and Johnson! of Perceval § and Wilberforce! did ye know *nothing* — *nothing* of what ye were saying, when language like this was upon your lips?[*] Shall one rude dash of a modern professor's pen write you all fools? Oh! if it has come to this, would it be wonderful if we should say, "patience is stale, and we are weary of it?" — But let us explain this matter, as we can. The wielder of such a besom of proscription comes from an Academy, where an *ars critica*, and an *ars polemica*, peculiarly its own, is sometimes taught. Many of our readers may not know what impressive lessons have been given, in overweening confidence, in the schools of Anti-Trinitarian theology. We give the following, as an illustration. Socinus, once held a conference with Francken, about the worship of Christ; for this "incomparable man," as he was called, never was wise enough, to reject that notorious practice of the primitive Christians —nay, he even pronounced those, who refused to worship Christ, *no Christians*, and persecuted them, down to the grave. — *Rees's Racovian Catechism*, 199. Francken started at the very outset, as have too many of his brethren, "by slighting the mean learning of every one."[†] Socinus was, of course, provoked to give full proof of his "incomparable" powers. But when he urged certain texts, as conclusive evidence of the correctness of his views, and Francken retorted, that those texts might be explained of *civil* and not *religious* honor or worship, — how, with what unanswerable argument, did he put him to shame and silence? "I AM AS CERTAIN," said he, "OF THE TRUTH OF MY OPINIONS, AS THAT I HAVE THIS HAT IN MY HAND."[‡]

---

* Ernesti's Institutes, Pt. 1. Sect. 2. § 5, and chap. 1. § 16. Same section.

† Note B.

‡ How was a statesman, and might have been an ambassador, had he been chosen. Herbert was, and might have been the same; but both chose pious retirement.

§ Christian Gentleman, p. 167. Eng. edition.

A prostrating, nay, petrifying demonstration! the formidable power of which, Mr. N. has fully tested, and, in the instances above and below, with a boldness and force well worthy his master, in dialectics and theology. "I have made no propositions which I do not fully believe; I have urged no arguments, but what have brought conviction to my own mind; I have written as one, who, being fully persuaded himself, and regarding his subject as free from all doubt and difficulty, is satisfied that nothing more is to be done than to explain to others, in intelligible language, the views which are present to his own mind." (pref. p.

---

[*] Note C.

[†] Harleian Miscellany, Vol. vii, p. 222.

[‡] Bibliotheca Fratrum, Pol. ii. 768.

xxix.) We hope the confidence of this passage, and its context, is their worst feature; but must candidly say, we fear there is a grievous and ironical contrast, running quite through the whole.*

So much for Trinitarian refusal to submit to the plain language of Scripture, against the conviction of the understanding. We come, now, to the second part of the second specification, and shall attempt to show, that Mr. N. is *reasonably* liable, &c. since he (not insinuates, — the credit must be given him of scorning so weak a tool as insinuation) most authoritatively and palpably declares, that Trinitarians "teach absurdities, as articles of faith."

Let us turn to p. 78. There, "Orthodox theology," (i. e. Trinitarian, for this is its meaning in N. England,) is represented as "the peculiar region of words without meaning, of doctrines confessedly false in their proper sense, and explained in no other; of the most portentous absurdities, put forward as truths of the highest import; and of contradictory propositions, thrown together without an attempt to reconcile them." — But, what must an "intelligent Christian" think of those, about whom it can be said, not in sport, but with the deep gravity which feels that it has "no liberty to trifle," (p. 17.) that their whole creed is meaningless, — that they teach doctrines confessedly false, — that they put forward portentous absurdities as truths of the highest import, — that they uphold contradictory propositions, without an attempt to reconcile them? Would the pure and lofty-minded "set them with the dogs of their flock?" Most surely not. And yet, this is the way to treat and greet a fellow-Christian: i. e. fellow-Christian, if some have not grown stern enough, at last, to deny the name of Christian, as well as common understanding, to a believer in the Trinity.

There are even choicer epithets in store, however, in Mr. Norton's magazine of niceties, than the above. On p. 86, he compares the doctrines of Trinitarians, to "the monstrous legends of the Hindoo superstition." On p. 122, he directly calls them "revolting absurdities," taught too, as *essential* parts of Christianity. On p. 292, he declares of them, or of his caricature of them, (it matters little which, for the object in view,) that their

---

* Note D.

"absurdity, is as gross as their impiety." We believe he has at last reached the zenith of climax ; for an absurdity, at once gross, and as impious as gross, is undoubtedly peerless.

Some might ask here,—Would a gentleman write thus? But it is our consolation to believe, that there are Unitarians, whom we sincerely esteem, nay, honor and love, who would approve such coarse severity as little as ourselves, and think it as ungainful and unwise.

3. We come now to the third specification, which decides for us, that any one, who will say or insinuate, that a professing Christian is a concealed enemy of Christianity, is *reasonably* liable to the censure of treating him with "contumely;" of making it an object, to hold him up to "disgust, or scorn, or derision ;" of striving "to degrade and render him contemptible."

Could they be esteemed friends to Christianity, who attempted to draw that from its doctrines, for which there were not, in its sacred records, *one pretence*? or they, who reduced it to the luckless and repulsive plight, of an *obsolete and vulgar superstition*? or they, who, in exhibiting it, paid *no respect* to the reason which God gave us, when he formed us in his likeness, but rendered it insulting and degrading to their fellow-creatures? or they, who, with all their might, declare it to contain such doctrines, as if it were possible for them to have their full influence on men, would make the God of the Bible an object of utter horror and detestation? or they, the whole tendency of whose representations of it, shut men, not *up to*, according to the expressive metaphor of Paul, but *out of* the faith; in other words, enticed or constrained them to be infidels?

Is it much less, than "a solemn mockery, of all that is most venerable" in human reason, to ask, whether such men, can be friends of the religion of Jesus Christ? Could the virulent Paine, or the sneering Gibbon, more effectually undermine Christianity, than such deplorable abettors of it? Did they ever assail it, with a more "pernicious opposition," than is ascribed to the "false systems" of Trinitarians? (p. 293.) Could their baneful and blighting labors, be depicted in colors of higher glow, in terms of more abhorrent condemnation? Did Tacitus speak more bitterly of Christianity, when he called it "a pestilent superstition," *exitiabilis superstitio*; or of Christians, when he said, they "were chargeable with hatred for their kind," *odio humani generis convicti sunt?*[*]

But all and every one of the characteristics above, are by Mr. N. literally and determinately ascribed to Trinitarians. We cannot lift our brows, from our sorry humiliation, but he has ready "the hand-writing which is against us," drawn out with a pen of iron: — would he nail it upon our temples, with the spirit of Jael? — For the absence of all pretence of texts, establishing the Trinity and Incarnation; see pp. 23, and 47.[†] For our lowering Christianity to the level of an obsolete and vulgar superstition; see pp. 293 and 122. For our converting Christianity into what, if it were influential, would make God an object of utter horror and detestation; see p. 292. For the last specification, such pages as p. 86, of the work, and p. vi. of the preface, where he unblenchingly declares, that Trinitarian systems "have counteracted the whole evidence of divine revelation," after which, without one solitary hint at the frightful responsibility of such a venture, he presumes to lay all the infidelity of nominal Christendom at the door of Orthodox theology. To the terrors of such a "statement," if it were possible to augment them, he has on p. 120, added a finishing stroke. The doctrine of the Trinity is there declared to have "*a rank odor of the* 'HOLY *and* APOSTOLIC *court of the Inquisition.*' *Persecution*, *torture*, *murder*, *all that is malignant in bigotry*, *all that is loathsome in hypocrisy*, — UNMIXED EVIL (p. 287.) *has followed in its train.*"[‡]

O! thou blessed Spirit of celestial wisdom, whose fruit (Gal. v. 22.) is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and goodness,—are these words which thine inspiration has taught, "to convert the sinner from the error of his way, and to hide a multitude of sins?" Is this a method of thy choosing, who wast to take, not the weapons of carnal warfare, but "the things of Jesus," to show them unto men, and convince them of sin and righteousness? Didst Thou sanction such reclaiming tuition, who saidst, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more?" Are here, gleams of his temper, who said, He would not condemn even Sodom and Gomorrah, if the mantle of *ten righteous* could be thrown over their enormities? Has a new commission been issued from the court of the King of kings, since the annunciation of that great decree, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord?"

---

[*] Annals, Lib. xv. ch. 44.

[†] With this complaint, of the want of *express* passages, we must beg our readers to compare the concessions on p. 105, and the *drift* of the section there closed. Is not here, again, another proof, that Protestants as well as Catholics, can advocate or object to, doctrines, for either the perspicuity or want of perspicuity, in Scripture? Note A, and the text connected with it.

[‡] Note E.

But we descend to lower, and to some, perhaps, more convincing arguments. We ask, whether it were too much to expect, that his own words might fly in the face of such a denunciator? "Some of our opponents," he says, "insist, in language which seem to us extremely presumptuous, that if we reject their doctrines, we must also reject the Scriptures, and give up our Christian faith. They are not very scrupulous, in refraining from the use of those somewhat dishonorable weapons of warfare, insinuations and charges of real or virtual infidelity." * How does this tissue of judicial asseveration compare with the liberty of judgment, which an Hon. and highly respectable and estimable gentleman of his own persuasion, says we must not exceed? "Without doubt, every man may endeavor to propagate his own religious sentiments, by reason, argument, and persuasion, and especially, by showing in his conduct, that they are productive of all the virtues, including *charity;* but this does not give him authority to condemn the sentiments of others. He may allege, that they do not accord with his belief and his convictions; but he has no jurisdiction to decide, that they are repugnant to the Scriptures."† How compares it with the language of Dr. Channing, writing as the oracle of his party? "Mistake in judgment, is the *heaviest* charge which one denomination has now a right to urge against another." "The fashionable mode of bearing testimony," i. e. by terrifying epithets, &c. "is a weapon, which will always be most successful in the hands of the *proud*, the *positive*, and *overbearing*."‡ How compares it even with the counsel of Voltaire? "If a man would recommend his religion to strangers or his countrymen, should he not go about it with the most winning composure, the most insinuating mildness? If he sets out with saying, that what he declares is *demonstrably true*, he will meet strong opposition; and if he takes it upon him to tell them, that they reject his doctrine, only because it condemns their passions that their hearts have corrupted their minds; that they have only a *false* and *presumptuous reason*; he excites their contempt and resentment, and overthrows what he intended to build up." *

---

* Christian Disciple, New Series, i. 397 and 8.

† Letter of Mr. Gray, to Gov. Lincoln, 3d edition, p. 35.

‡ Remarks on Dr. Worcester's second Letter, pp. 28, 29.

Here we at present rest, since for most persons, it is imagined, enough has been said to show how Mr. N.'s own practice agrees with his own text, fourteen years old, and with how much justice he has made himself amenable to rules, his own pen has indited. We have no desire to pursue what Paley calls the cumulative argument. The sentiments which will pervade, not to say thrill, the bosoms of many of our readers, at the disclosures now made, will inflict on him, we fear, all we could wish, were we disposed to revenge. In his own expressive words, "a work which offends our best feelings, can have no power over the sympathies of a well-ordered mind." (pref. p. xii.) He must write with the prayers and the temper of the excellent Dr. Hody, if he would gain the sympathy of such minds for his cause. "Faxit Numen, ut vel æterno ego silentio inter non scribentes delitescam, vel semper, ut virum ingenuum, liberalis ac generosae educationis, veraeque philosophiæ studiosum decet, scribam: Veritatis unicæ indagator, absque omni styli acerbitate, mitis, urbanus, candidus, ad id, quod indecens est, adeo non pronus, ut nec movendus." †

But we have not done with this part of our subject. Mr. N. has cast his eye over the page of past ecclesiastical history, and as he has met, here and there, traces of excess and suffering, has fearlessly ascribed them to the doctrine of the Trinity. In our note, we have endeavored to cast an eye on the same page, to see how it reads, for consequences associated with professors of his own creed. Our readers must decide upon our respective surveys: but we bespeak their deliberation a little longer. We would cast an eye over later periods, and see what *their* report may sanction. And here let it be fully understood, that we are amply aware of the delicacy and sensitiveness of the subject we are approaching, and of our want of right, not to say of will, to assault the feelings of many, whom we highly respect and esteem; that we presume, *as yet*, to draw no inferences, to make no round assertions, but wish all we say, until we reach a point, which will by and by come up, considered, what we *might*, rather than what we *do*, affirm. With this, now temporary, and, in a certain case, permanent demurrer, we proceed.

---

* Phil. Dict. ii. 165. Holmes' edition, Lond. 1819.

† Hody's Prolegomena to Malela's Chronicon, 1691.

Almost the whole of the offensive portion of Mr. N.'s review and book, is recorded after one seventh of a century had passed away, when the fury of polemical controversy had nearly subsided, and when no antagonist, much less a provoking one, had lashed him into rage, and turned the lenity and charity of quietude into the acerbity and venom of aggressive warfare. And yet, then,—when he was under so little temptation, to be harsh or haughty,—when the fountains of that stream of calumny, which in 1819, it was said, had been pouring out for more than eight years, and spreading poison through every possible channel,[*] had at least *begun* to be drying up,—when the soberness of maturer years, and the discipline of affliction, (p. 294.) might have done something, to abate the carking eagerness and fiery ferocity of a youthful champion,—what see we?—A conversion retrograde?—The stream flowing from an opposite direction?—

Once, it was the fashion of many, to utter a wail, as mournful as that of Orientals over the dead, for a denial to them of the name of Christian, and for an unwillingness to reciprocate their proffered fellowship.[†] By and by, a sermon *ad captandum* bursts upon the public, in which seems to be taken, the judicial stand, that claiming Divinity for Jesus Christ is denying his *real* character; and which seems, accordingly, whether expressed or left unsaid, to authorize the tremendous inference, that all who do this, must be denied by him, in the day of judgment.

Now comes a bolder herald, and proclaims such "deliriously

[*] Christian Disciple, 1819, p. 131.

[†] Vide Dr. Channing's remarks on Dr. Worcester's Letters; copies of which, we have lately by accident obtained, and read, with a silent comparison, of things from similar sources *now*, we may truly say, with an unbelieving astonishment, which nothing but "litera scripta" could convince.

foolish," (p. 120,) mortals, the virtual causes, of all the infidelity, on the globe:—for there is no infidelity in heathen lands, where the Gospel was never heard of. And here, it may be recollected, this charge in its heaviest form, viz: that Trinitarian systems "have counteracted the whole evidence of revelation," occurs in Mr. Norton's preface, (p. vi.) the last written portion of his book, and therefore no mean proof, of its reflex influence upon himself. At any rate, a preface shows what an author *thinks* his book will justify, for as Pascal long since said, the last thing we discover in writing a book, is to know what to put at the beginning.* —Such is the aspect of history *here*. What is it in England? When Lindsey abandoned "a corrupt Church," with an honesty, which Evanson† and others, who "had not learned the art of starving," had not the resolution to imitate, his language was the soft and respectful speech of plaintive self-justification. In time, he grew bolder, and talked, as Andrew Fuller says‡ in his letters on Socinianism, about the mental debility of his antagonists, and granted them the boon of his unfeigned commiseration. Similar, as Fuller testifies, was the case with Robert Robinson.§ During the exacerbations of Calvinism, (for he was once a Calvinist,) the severest epithet he had for Unitarians, was, "mistaken brethren." Afterward, when they were his brethren indeed, we find him denouncing a man like the great Augustine, "as a pretended saint, but an illiterate hypocrite of wicked dispositions." Even Belsham, that "calm inquirer," when Bishop Horsley becomes his theme, cannot spare the epithets "ignorant and pitiful;"‖ though Mr. N. has pronounced him, a man "of various erudition," and blessed with "an unusual strength of style, and no contemptible powers of arguing."¶ Dr. Priestely, as we have hinted in a note, pronounced this escharotic theologian, a falsifier of history, and a defamer of the character of the dead.**

---

* Thoughts, p. 263, Craig's edition.

† Nichols' Lit. Anecdotes, Vol. vi. Part I. page 483.

‡ Fuller's Works, Boston edition, 1833. i. 236.

§ Fuller, i. 234.

‖ Horsley's Tracts, Appendix, p. 612. 3d edition.

¶ General Repository, i. 40, 42.

** Bp. Bull fared worse than this, at an earlier date. Of him, it was said by one, in the name of all the rest, that "no respect or tenderness should be shown him by any Unitarian."—*Nelson's Life of Bull*, p. 398, 2d edition.

All this, was submitted to, by the members of a "corrupt church," who, if they had chosen, might have inflicted on calumniators, stiff enough to refuse a signature, to the short and sinple formula required of dissenters, the following penalties: imprisonment without bail or mainprize, abjuration of the realm, or transportation![*]—Did we cross to the Continent, we fear the story of Socinus and Blandrata and David, would be found to be *one* piece of this "coat of many colors," and that of the poor "Mummers" at Geneva, *another*. The sufferings of David, which hurried him to a dungeon and a premature grave, a Socinian biographer of Socinus, cannot shift off from *him*, as a cause, without charging them to *his party:* again, not worth his toil.[†] At Geneva, just twenty years ago, the alternative of a Socinian creed, or a refusal of ordination, (which there, as the issue showed, was a virtual banishment,) were enforced with "unmixed" resolution.[‡]—We go no further. And now therefore, comes up the momentous question: what use do we mean to make of these details, in the note on persecution, and the foregoing pages? Do we mean to say, that Unitarianism leads men to speak falsely, as Arius was charged with speaking about his creed,[§] and that therefore, all the asseverations against Orthodoxy, are forged and groundless? No. Do we then mean to demand, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and charge as much on Unitarianism, as has been charged on Trinitarianism, and with as much vehemence? Not necessarily — not voluntarily. We are not lovers of proscription. It is an awful — a detestable weapon. We are not partial to damnatory clauses, either *in*, or *out of*, the Athanasian creed. We know not, (such frail and fallible creatures, do we think men in their best estate,) that we have the right, and we certainly have not the disposition, to ascribe *one* of all the melancholy and humiliating facts, recited or alluded to in our pages, to the particular faith, or to a particular doctrine in the faith, of any man professing and calling himself a Christian. Much rather would we say, in the true if homely language of

---

[*] Horsley's Tracts, 346, and Gibson's Codex, 589, 594.

[†] Harleian Miscellany, vii. 218, 219.

[‡] Christian Observer, 1826. p. 688.

[§] Compare Socrates' Ecc. Hist. Lib. i. Chap. 8, and Petav. Dog. Theol. tom. ii. Lib. 1. ch. 11 and 12.

our articles,* that they are all, severally, and in the aggregate, the unhappy progeny, of "the fault and corruption, of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam:" — of that "infection," which "doth remain, yea in them that are regenerated." Much rather, would we make *this* use of them, than any other: in such facts, we see an overwhelming proof, of our Savior's declaration, "verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" for how can he be fit, if unchanged, for heaven, and how can he change himself, to be fit, who has so perverted God's holiest blessings, spoiled even the religion of his spotless Son?

But if this may not be, — if the unsoftened denunciations which have been instanced, are to be reiterated, — if such sweeping inferences, such determinate applications of consequences, as we have seen, are again to be presented, with the grave, not to say solemn averment, that they are "fully believed," and are "free from all doubt and difficulty:" then, we do say, that we have as perfect a right, to declare all of an odious character, that has been recounted in connection with Unitarianism, the genuine fruit of that denomination of doctrine. Then, we do say, when we look at Lindsey, and Robinson, and Belsham, and Priestley, and the book we are reviewing, behold the effect of this doctrine upon the temper. Then, we do say, from all such doctrine "good Lord deliver us," and grant us instead, the ignorance for which we are pitied; ignorance is a hopeful malady, but there is no cure for ossification of the heart.

Again, we say, we like not proscription. The spirit of our Church, to speak nothing of our religion, is eminently pacific: we hope we have caught some of it by long familiarity. We feel, that we have no right to hurl the firebrands and arrows of damnatory clauses, and say it is necessary to do so, in order to prove true, our self-chosen creed. We believe, that we have a better, a more honorable, a more just way, of illustrating and commending that creed, which before heaven we believe to be true. We are ready to say, of every rude assailant, no matter how able, what Cyprian said of Novatus, "facundiæ venenatæ, jacula contorquens, magis durus, secularis philosophiæ pravitate, quam philosophiæ Dominicæ, lenitate pacificus: misericordiæ hostis — interfector penitentiæ — doctor superbiæ — veritatis corruptor — perditor caritatis." * We presume to take no higher ground, than Mr. Gray would allow us, in the letter already quoted. † We *believe* that we are right: believe so, from the bottom of our hearts. We *believe*, that the notions of Unitarians, "are repugnant to the Scriptures." To say that we *know* this is more than we adventure. We dare not say, we *cannot* be wrong. We dare not say, they *cannot* be right. We *believe*: we express our belief, plainly, fully, unshrinkingly, — not daunted by the face of any mortal man. This belief is with us, a most precious and sacred thing. The scorn, of the self-named "intelligent," shall not make us blush for it. The frowning dogmatism of "the aristocracy of literature," shall not brow-beat us into silence on it. Nay, (as we hope for strength from heaven,) the gleaming fires of persecution shall not burn it out of us. Still, properly alive to the subject of human fallibility, we only say that we *believe*, and there we rest. *Decision*, belongs to God. To him we reverentially refer it, and wait with humble hope and silent patience the disclosures of a future day, — a day of UNCLOUDED LIGHT.

---

* Article IX.

But if while we do thus, — if while we assume dominion over no man's faith,‡ and by the views we give him of our own, would only be helpers of his joy, our unaggressive attitude is to be no safe-guard; but our most valued doctrines, are to be dashed to the ground, with the imperious and unqualified *dictum*, not merely that they "are repugnant to the Scriptures," but such "revolting absurdities," that "not one," of even the wisest and holiest among us, has an intelligent belief in them; if we are to see these doctrines held forth for a hissing and a bye-word, as provocative of crimes, which, if charged on us as *individuals*, would justify an indictment, to bring him who would proclaim us guilty of them, before the tribunals of his country; then, we think, we are perfectly authorized to offer appeals like the following. —Let the community awake to the consequences, of granting a toleration, to which intolerance will be the unfailing requital. Let them mark those, who make longer and more sonorous clamors than any, about the illiberality and bigotry and persecuting hostility, of their neighbors. Let them consider, whether this is attempted with a proselyting aim, to excite that sympathy, which, to the honor of human nature, is involuntarily bestowed on oppression. Let them weigh well, whether this din, is to drown "the clink of hammers," which are forging armor of higher proof, and for belligerents, who may come forth like another Thundering Legion, and crush opposition at a blow. And if they shall think, as we fear they will have too much reason to do, that *intolerant toleration* is acting this dangerous part, then we say, let them be lulled no more, by the deceitful outcry of persecution and domination.* Let them no longer be beguiled into a charity, which meets no recompense. Let them no longer be mocked, by promises of a disenthralling liberality, which, like the apocalyptic book, are sweet to the taste but bitter of digestion. Let them remember, that the high authority of Sacred Writ has taught us, that "false apostles" can assume the guise of "angels of light:"† that the history of human nature has taught us, that even Atheism, which declares we are responsible for no opinion whatever, and which therefore grants unbounded license, of thought and word and action, that even this, all-denying, all-liberating creed, which at first, smiles on us like one of the Graces, can at length, rage and howl and ravage, like one of the unearthly Furies.‡

---

* Cypriani Opera, edition 1550, p. 37.

† Perhaps not altogether. He says, no man has a right to say, his creed is *in the abstract* right. This we admit. He then goes on to say, that one creed is right for one, and another for another. This is contradicting his own position, and (with due deference) is more than he, or than any human being *knows*.

‡ 1 Cor. i. 24.

And then, at last, we say, let them beware of systems, which in the days of their feebleness, have "words smoother than butter," but in the days of their maturity, when they can act the

---

* When faction or ambition, had conceived the design of a revolution, we almost uniformly find, that they commenced the plan of its execution, by the outcry against abuses, and vociferations against tyranny.

Dr. Fletcher on Rel. controversy, p. 207.

† 2 Cor. xi. 13, 14.

‡ Note F.

potential mood from the "curule chair," clothe themselves in "Gorgon terrors," and give laws like Draco.

II.—The second proposition, about which we offered to say something, in relation to Mr. N.'s "Statement," was, that it might possibly be shown to be *less able*, as well as *less wise*, than some or many may have imagined.—He seems to write e. g. as if he had made *new discoveries*, in the science of Interpretation. Let us canvass his claim, in this respect.

In the review of 1819, in opening the trenches on Mr. Stuart, he appears to have found it convenient to attack with wholesale allegation. Mr. Stuart's is a book, which, to have been answered, as fully as it *was meant to be*, ought to have been examined in detail. It is a work, chiefly of *instances of criticism*, and such a work, cannot be contemplated at one view, like a system of moral philosophy or of political economy. The easier and more ostentatious way, to disparage without meeting it, is, to try the virtue of comprehensive declamation. To us, this appears to have been relied on. Mr. Stuarts principles of Interpretation, were assaulted *en masse*, to be carried by storm, and after a summary condemnation of them, it was hastily but conclusively inferred, that any one, who could profess and maintain such principles, (the same for substance be it remembered, which Dr. Channing had avowed and advocated,*) could have, but "*extremely* loose and inconsistent notions concerning interpretation,"—in fine, that he could have "no settled principles," at all.† The real and only just ground of censure, which the review could plausibly urge, was, that Mr. S. had not given, a *formal synopsis* of his principles. But what need of this, for those who had made Dr. C.'s Sermon, their horn-book; unless their minds were as much beclouded, as those of the slaves, to a creed of "heartless, revolting, debasing absurdities?"

Mr. N. then brings forward, his *own* views of interpretation, which, with the "certainty" of Socinus, the "much spirit and full assurance" of Arius, and the "slight for the mean learning of others," of Francken, are, propounded as original, irreproveable, and overcoming. Like the Roman Catholic, Bishop Milner's book, they bear on their very front the annihilating appellation,

---

* Stuart's Letters to Dr. Channing, *first* edition, p. 7,—the edition reviewed in the Disciple.

† Christian Disciple, New Series, 1. 319.

"the end of controversy." — Of course, we draw nigh, in the attitude of anxious wonder, to witness the marvellous discovery. But we behold, — what? Not "fair Portia's counterfeit" — that's certain. No: but we are quite persuaded, merely "divinity of other days ground down to modern use," — "things old," tricked off in the paraphernalia of present fashion, like too much, which makes the uninitiated stare, in our "Libraries of useful knowledge."* — *The intrinsic ambiguity of language*, is the astounding novelty, which is to show us, what dull vision we all have had, and for ages, and to fill us with confusion, before the grand and final issues, to which, on topics of theology, it is to be made to lead. The ambiguity of language? Why, it has not even the credit, of *verbal* originality. The very word ambiguity, in relation to the same subject, is found on the pages of Ernesti, and even on those of old Pfeiffer, "now to the dust gone down;" while, as to the *causes* of this ambiguity, when Mr. N. enumerates but four or five, Morus, the commentator on Ernesti, enumerates one principal, and five subsidiary.† — Franck, in his hermeneutical lectures, lays down six positions, all of which, are grounded upon this supposed newly discovered quality of language. Keil, in his work on interpretation, suggests five rules, to which constant respect is to be paid, for this very reason: the same number, which is given by the learned Blackstone, in his well known Commentaries. Jahn, in his valuable Enchiridion, says, (remembering perhaps what Jerome had long before said,) that words, in themselves considered, have *no peculiar sense*, they have this, only when regarded in their connections and relations: ‡ a sentiment to which the phrase "intrinsic ambiguity of language," comes near enough to be an echo. Morus, has written ably on the important distinction between the signification and sense of words, and his dissertation, (part of which Mr. Stuart himself had already translated in his edition of Ernesti,) may be found in an English dress, in the Jan. number of Dr. Robinson's excellent periodical, the Biblical Repository. Any one, who had read or heard of Bishop Marsh's fourteenth, and fifteenth Lectures, would not be apt to forget, that the manifold meanings of words, constitute one of the chief difficulties an interpreter must vanquish. Indeed, this is a subject, by no means forgotten by a body of men, whom it is one of the fashions of this age of reform, to undervalue:—we mean the translators of James's Bible. In their erudite preface, (which it would at least be decorous for our tyros to *read*, before they presume to ridicule them,) they say, that though as Chrysostom observes, "*whatsoever things are necessary are manifest*," — "yet for all that, it cannot be dissembled, that partly to exercise and whet our wits, — partly to wean the curious from loathing of them for their every where plainness, partly also to stir up our devotion to crave the assistance of God's Spirit, that we might be forward to seek aid of our brethren by conference, and never scorn those, that be not in all respects so complete as they should be, being to seek in many things ourselves, it hath pleased God in his Divine Providence, here and there, to scatter words and sentences of difficulty and doubtfulness." And yet, they ask a little further on: "Is the kingdom of God become words and syllables? Why should we be in bondage to them if we may be free?" In truth, we think we have rarely seen, in the history of sacred criticism, a finer illustration of independence tempered with modesty, of a true zeal for liberal inquiry, combined with a just consciousness of the limits of research, than in these, (to the dishonor of our age must it be spoken,) most unestimated men. — But not to quote from Bishop Gleig, Dr. Campbell, William Carpenter, and other writers, professedly theological, — we think there are authors, in quite different departments of learning, not very much more ignorant of the ambiguity of language, than Mr. Norton himself. Lyttelton, we suspect, knew something about it, when he talked of "giving truth its due force, and scorning an embroidered lie."* Johnson, we imagine, did not think Swift unacquainted with it, when he quoted him as saying, "A farmer will tell you in two words, he has broken his leg, but a surgeon after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before."* Addison, must have dreamt of it, in his essay on Ancient and Modern Learning, when he undertook to tell, why we could in general so poorly appreciate the wit of antiquity; and, in sooth, we profoundly query, whether there was ever a punster,† or a plagiarist,‡ who had not some insight of this mysterious subject. John Locke, in his great work on the mind, has a chapter on the imperfections of words, another on the abuse of words, and another on the remedies of the foregoing imperfections and abuses, which ought not to be wholly strange to one, who graduated from College in times not exceedingly olden, though they might be unknown to a stripling of the present era, for whom Locke is too antiquated to be a text book. Dugald Stuart however, who is nearer the *bon ton* of literature, has not let the ambiguity of language pass by him, without careful comment. In his Elements of Philosophy,§ he regrets the difficulties in which he is involved, by the "vagueness and ambiguity of words," and says he has had *frequent occasion* to do the very same thing. Sir James Mackintosh, laments with feeling "the penury and laxity of language," even in relation to *ethical* subjects: subjects of which the Bible is full.‖ The "heretic" Tucker, alludes to the same deficiency in language, quite as emphatically, if he does not lament it.¶ And finally, to wind up this series of theological and un-theological writers, we will quote the apt and sagacious remark, of the translator of Tittman's synonymes of the New Testament. "It is easy," he says, "for *perverted intellect* or *unsound scholarship*, to assume this ambiguity, and build on it a false and ruinous dogma, and in fact, this is the fruitful source of most heretical opinions."** — Here we intended to have paused, but the sound of a word, has started a new association with us, as it did with Goldsmith when writing his "Traveller."— We cannot refrain from observing, that ecclesiastical history will abundantly show, that the ambiguity of language, is a thing as long known and well known, as heresy itself.

---

* Some by old words, to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense.
Such labored nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearned and make the learned smile.
Pope's Essay on Criticism, 324—28.

† Mori Hermeneut, Vol. 1. 44—46.

‡ Jahn Ench. p. 22. compare Harris' Hermes, 328, 9.

---

* **Letters, p. 211.**

---

* Idler, No. 70.

† Compare Barrow on Wit, Vol. i. Serm. 14.

‡ Curiosities of Literature, ii. 152.

§ Vol. ii. p. 2. edition 1814. So also Dr. Reid, W'ks 2. 1.

‖ Introduct. View of Phil. p. 3.

¶ Light of Nature, iii. 260. Camb. edition.

** Biblical Cabinet, No. iii. p. 24.

Paul of Samosata, was such an adept in this slippery subject, that says Mosheim, "repeated ecclesiastical councils were wholly unable to convict him."* Arius, says Lardner quoting from Theodoret, was intrusted with the interpretation of Scripture.† From the frequent and reiterated charges made against him, one would think, that the ambiguity of language, was a branch in his professional art, for which *he*, (and as our note will show, *his*,) had a sort of instinctive gust.‡ Yet Le Clerc, strenuously defended himself from a charge, of accusing the Fathers generally, of being more notorious than was reputable for the same humor of palate.§ — Really, when we think of these and some similar things, with references to which our page might be dotted, we feel quite disposed to yield Mr. Norton the palm, and allow him to say, without one plea for abatement on our side, that the ambiguity of language, is a matter, about which the Orthodox part of the Church has ever been uncommonly ignorant. We are not anxious to trace our lineage from "the Sons of the Mist."

But to proceed. After supplying us with his *new discovery*, Mr. N. goes on to show, the incomparable effects of its application.

Here, unless warned by experience, we might again listen *auribus arrectis*. And how great would be our reward? This "intrinsic ambiguity," is to guide, prompt, and enable us to do, — what? It is to assist us, "by directing our attention, to all those considerations, which render it probable,that one meaning was intended by the writer, rather than another." (p. 29.) With this, "new thing under the sun," let any man of discernment compare the definition of Ernesti, that interpretation is the art of teaching the real sentiment, contained in any form of words, or aiding us to derive from them, the same idea the writer intended to convey.‖ That Mr. N. may have ample competition, with disciples of the school he wars with, we subjoin the excellent definition of Prof. Hahn, translated literally:—"That, is the true interpretation of the Scriptures, through which, that sense of them is spread out before one, which the writers of the Scriptures, wished and intended, to spread out before him."* We now leave him, to dispute the wreath for either originality or superior excellence, as long and as loudly as he will. Only, we do so, with the expression of our deep regret, that any man should speak of the ambiguity of language, with an air of triumph, as if his system could not but be advantaged by it. We have always supposed, it was to be *lamented* and not *rejoiced in* We remember the melancholy uses, to which some, with the air and manner of reformers, have applied it. In the language of a powerful writer on the study of the Law,—"They have robbed their own minds of a resting place, and they would reduce the minds of others, to the same unhappy and unsettled condition. With this spirit, they attack every sentiment, whereon men have been accustomed to rely: and as words, are the common medium through which ideas are delivered, they play upon the meanings of words, till they have thrown everything into that confusion, which unfortunately for themselves and for others, is so congenial with their debased inclinations."†

---

* Murdock's edition, i. p. 244.

† Works, 4to. edition, 2. 304. also Ceillier Hist. Aut. Sac. iv. 19.

‡ Note G.

§ Ars Critica, vol. iii. p. 83.

‖ Institutio Prolegom. Sec. 3.

Our readers, will perceive at once, we are not covetous of triumph, in a matter of logomachy. But were we really disposed to enter the lists, and tilt in serious strife with confident pretenders, we should tell them in the outset, that not a few have wholly overlooked or strangely forgotten, a consideration of even greater importance than ambiguity of language, viz.: THE MORAL QUALIFICATIONS OF AN INTERPRETER. With an acute head, a man may have a very dull heart, and mistake egregiously, even about things otherwise the plainest in the Scriptures:—about those especially, with which his heart has had little concern, in which it has felt no deep and abiding interest,—by which its best and warmest sympathies have not been excited. In the very words of Mr. Norton, in relation to his "intrinsic ambiguity," would we expressively say, "this fundamental truth, this fact which lies at the very bottom of the art of interpretation, has either been overlooked, or not regarded in its relations and consequences." (p. 91.) The Bible itself tells us, that "the natural man, receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are *foolishness* unto him, neither CAN he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1. Cor. ii. 14.) "Why do ye not understand my speech?" said Christ to the Pharisees, who regarded his language as *ambiguous:* "even because ye cannot hear my word," was his own infallible solution of the difficulty. (John viii. 43.) How came Ezra, to have such an enlarged and correct acquaintance, with the law of the Lord? Because he *prepared his heart* to seek it, (Ezra vii. 10.) and as the intense original might prove, made no little serious exertion to procure the appropriate habitude for such an undertaking.*

---

* **Biblical Repository, i. 124.**

† **Letters on the Study of the Law, p. 306.**

"Before we come to study," says one of the most pithy works on practical piety, with which we are familiar, "we must be willing to learn, and we might say to Christians, who desire to be instructed in their religion, what a certain philosopher said to his disciples, *Before you come to my school forget what you have learned in that of others.*"† "When the Divine apostle," says Leighton, "preached in the Areopagus at Athens, a great many mocked and ridiculed him; others said, 'We will hear thee again of this matter: but certain clave unto him and believed.' And that we may not think, that this faith in those who believed, was owing to their uncommon penetration or sagacity, on the one hand, or to their weakness and simplicity, on the other, of the two mentioned in Scripture who believed on that occasion, the one was a philosopher, and the other a woman."‡

Lest however, such authorities should not be *sufficiently philosophical*, some others shall be annexed. The following from one of the old French *Savans*, the Sieur de Charron, is well worthy notice. "Things," says he, "have just that place in our opinion and esteem, which we think fit to assign them. They are relished, just as our palate stands at the time, and appear to us, with those colors with which we ourselves have tinctured them. Like the eyes of men in the jaundice, or the prisms, that refract and vary the rays that fall upon the organs of our outward senses, so does the soul, alter its objects too, and the present constitution of it, (i. e. state at the time,) is the medium, through which they must pass to us."* We will add but two more. They shall be from two of the greatest lawyers, whom the world has ever seen; and lawyers know, *ab ovo usque ad malum*, all the circumstances which may affect a man's appetite, for the viands of truth or error. Says Lord Bacon, in ratification of St. Paul, (1. Tim. i. 8.) The law is good, *only* in the hands of him who uses it lawfully, and he therefore warns judges about a wise use and application of laws.† Well therefore may we, though with a far humbler voice, warn all, how they use the laws of interpretation. Says Jeremy Bentham, in the abstract of his great work on Evidence by Dumont; "Partiality, can influence attention. He who is under the influence of a bias, — a *predetermined notion*, will regard that only which flatters him, — will see that only which he wishes to see, and that which has an unpleasant sense or aspect, will escape him. Thus the Jews, opposed a vulgar proverb to all which could be urged by Christ, — 'can any good thing come out of Nazareth?'‡ What an unsuspected application might be made of this high judicial authority, to some modern expositors of Scripture!

---

* The word translated "prepared," is that used to designate, the patience, care and solicitude, with which an archer makes ready his bow, and discharges his arrows. So Ezra "pressed towards the *mark*."

† De Villiers on Prejudice against Religion, p. 68. London, 1709. As a coordinate with this, we add the inscription, on the gate of the temple of Epidaurus; "Entrance into these places, is permitted only to *pure souls*."—*Clemens Alex. Stromata*. Lib. 5. p. 652.

‡ Works, Vol. iv. p. 216.

Here we leave this subject, which needs a book, and a very earnest and solemn one written on it, for the express use of theologians of our day. In dropping it, we improve the opportunity, to commend the additions, which in regard to it, the judicious Dr. Henderson has made to the English Edition of Stuart's Ernesti, — Prof. Lee's Six Sermons on the Study &c. of Scripture, — Dr. Reid's Chapter on Prejudices the Causes of Error,§ — Dewar's Chapter in his Moral Philosophy, on the moral qualifications necessary for pursuing that great subject to advantage, and especially, the sober and solid, but unfortunately little known work, of Bp. Van Mildert, on the Interpretation of Scripture viz., his Bampton Lectures. Bp. Van Mildert has never had sufficient justice done him, as a critical scholar: if he had had, as well as some others, we should have heard less of the exclusive praises of Germany, in the department of Sacred Literature.*

---

* Charron on Wisdom, Vol. i. p. 161, 2. 2d edition, 1707.

† Works. Montague's edition, i. 184.

‡ Traité des preuves judiciaires, Vol. i. p. 47.

§ Reid's Works, iii. 233.

Enough then, of Mr. Norton's claim to discoveries in the science of Interpretation: — whom are his discoveries to benefit? Like all other grand principles or facts, on which this noble science is founded, are they to be of *general* use and application? Are they to be equally serviceable, to all sects, all professions? Are they to be sovereignly impartial, and favor no one systematizer, more than they do another? — Not at all, — not at all. Mr. N. doles out the power of interpreting, as frugally as he does common perception and common honesty, to Trinitarians corrupted by a creed, of "heartless, revolting, debasing absurdities." Let Orthodox students open the Bible, and attempt to peruse and understand it, and there is nothing intelligible upon its pages, which a keen reason can discern. It is a perfect blank, or like Ovid's *rudis indigestaque moles*, a confusion worse confounded. They are not to be permitted, even TO FANCY *that they believe*, what their unfortunate eyes may see there. (p. 121 at bottom, 122 at top.) Whatever be the true signification of the Bible, its Trinitarian exposition *must be false.* (p. 105.) Let one, however, gifted with Mr. Norton's *second sight*, approach it, and like the magician with sympathetic inks, he brings out vivid colors, through which "there is a prospect displayed before us, inconceivably glorious and delightful." (p. 291.) True, we have the advantage of numbers on our side: our doctrine embraces nearly all of nominal Christendom (p. 287.) But what then? Daniel, was but one, against a host of the astrologers and soothsayers of Chaldea, (the *orthodox* interpreters of the land,) and yet he perfectly comprehended the hieroglyphics, which put them all at bay, "and showed the king the interpretation."

This, most undeniably, is a new discovery. The man who has found a master-key, to unlock the mysteries of language, while his fellows have been conjuring for it, and for centuries in vain, does indeed merit *ex abundanti*, both of homage and of praise. Bacon's name and his, should be enrolled on the same tablet, their statues, fill the same niche in "Fame's proud temple." But we find an obstacle rising, to hinder the immediate award, of such high celebrity. The science of Interpretation, we have always supposed, was founded upon the best settled convictions, of *common sense*, and *facts*, of the most constant and notorious observation. If there be any science therefore, which offered less temptation than another, to an explorer, we should suppose it would be this: if any, which could not be made to bend, to the views and whims and prejudices of a particular individual or clan, we should name this, as among the foremost of such a character. The same fountain, sends not forth sweet water for the white, and bitter water for the red man. And the same system of principles, which the common sense of all, and the constant observation of all, found, support, and sanction, cannot help one man, to all the lights and purities of truth, and plunge another, with eyes and mind and heart at least as good, into all the gloom and depravity of error. No: Interpretation is based and built, as the Common Law is, and hence, a man whose natural powers are fair, and whose experience considerable, will, (without naming any of its principles,) reason upon them as correctly, or even more so, than the mere student equipped *cap a pie* in technicalities.* Like the man, whom Lord Mansfield advised to accept the office of puisne judge, and decide fearlessly, but *never give his reasons*, and who did so to great acceptance: so he, with a *right heart*, will determine the signification of a book like the Bible, written in popular language, without those palpable and gross mistakes, which to Mr. N. supposes all liable, if not actually guilty of them, who are not directed by his wonder-working rules.† "Study alone, will not make a great man, nor a knowledge of the sciences, a philosopher: but we live in an age, when great words impose, and when men think themselves eminent geniuses, if they only contrive a set of singular opinions."‡

---

* **Note H.**

---

* "For all a rhetorician's rules,
Teach nothing, but to name his tools."—*Hudibras.*

† Note I.

‡ Ganganelli's Letters, 1. 178.

Well, has the discerning Smith said, in his Select Discourses; (3d edit. p. 184.) "The best way to understand the true sense and meaning of Scripture, is, not rigidly to examine it upon philosophical interrogatories, or to bring it under the scrutiny, of school definitions and distinctions. It speaks not to us, so much in the tongue of the learned sophies of the world, as in the plainest and most vulgar, (i. e. common; — he wrote about 1650,) dialect that may be." To this inherent quality of Scripture, which is the secret of its accessibleness to the community at large, do we refer the grand and abiding fact, of that general and consentaneous admission of orthodox doctrine, which can be traced by a broad path-way, through every century, up to the birth-time of our religion. Does Mr. N. assign for this striking circumstance, *another* cause? Let him do it, at the peril of his system. He and his party, beshrew the Orthodox, for insulting and degrading human nature. *They*, would glorify, nay even "reverence" it.* Man is not, the miserable and feeble sinner, which we make him. He is a being, of inherent powers, perceptions, purposes, and aims, for knowledge and for virtue, and especially for truth. He is not, "gold become dim," but is all over, as Dr. Channing says, "radiant with the signatures of an Infinite Spirit."† With these exalted conceptions, whose only fault (for we heartily wish them true) is their possessing a character, we once heard a Unitarian ascribe to a most solid and fervent sermon by one of our best preachers, (the character of romance,) — let him show how it is, that men, those *exceedingly good and able beings*, have been made to cringe for eighteen hundred years, (for fifteen hundred at least, the sturdiest must say,) to the enslavement of Trinitarianism, and only here and there, a "few but undismayed," in all that protracted period, and even now but a scattered few, — *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, — had the sense and the courage, to throw off their shackles, think aright, and maintain their faith with confidence. With his view of human dignity and energy, may all this be? *Credat Judæus Apella.*

Under the influence of interest, says the acute Lawyer, whom we have quoted once before, — under the influence of *interest*, the natural incredibility of a fact, so far from being a reason for rejecting it, is often a reason for admitting it.* But pray, what *interest* can *we* have, (especially on this republican soil where dignities are scarce,) in believing a doctrine so incredible as the Trinity; when, if we will only disbelieve it, we may rise from among the ignoble vulgar, whose whole knowledge is "*tanta colluvies*," (p. 287.) to the exalted rank of "the aristocracy of literature," whose intercourse will at once "free us from essential error," and beatify us with "ennobling and operative conceptions of Christianity." (p. 88.) And can we believe "a creed, formed in a delirium of folly," (p. 120.) and mistake this interest, when we are all over "radiant with the signatures of an Infinite Spirit?" when we would fain, learn of "honorable men"? *Incredibilis incredibilitas!* We can swallow this, no better than the sage old Cudworth, said some "bogglers" of his day could swallow the doctrine of the Trinity: it being to them "the very choke-pear of Christianity."†

---

* Channing's Works, 1st edition, 475, 481.

† Election Sermon, p. 8.

We must retract therefore, something of that eulogy which was mounting to our lips, and which has been again and again restrained. Yes, for when our eyes are open a little wider, we see nothing in all this arrogating the exclusive benefit of the principles of interpretation, but a part of the same indomitable avarice, which would monopolize the exclusive benefit of the right of private judgment. The right of private judgment! Of the puling jargon of the day on this topic, we have heard till our ears have sickened. Just as if no class of men, and especially under such a government as ours, which allows all to believe as much or as little as they please, possessed this precious right, but a few hyper-eulogists of its immunities and joys.‡ But it is too much so. We are the people, we are the people, is the strain they continually pipe, and with us, wisdom no doubt shall die. They talk in the spirit, and partly in the letter of Julian's language to the Galileans, i. e. the Christians whom he so styled contemptuously: "It belongs to us to discourse, it belongs to us to understand the Greek tongue, as it belongs to us to adore the Gods; but as for you, ignorance and barbarism are your portion, and all your wisdom consists in saying, I believe."* They are, (so good old Hilary ironically called them in days of yore, —Ep. ad Constantium,) they are the unravellers of the secrets of heaven. They are exclusively, as the Arian Hunneric said of his own party, *veri Divinæ Majestatis cultores.*† "They are not ashamed to adopt a style of speaking, as if they thought themselves morning stars on the verge of the dark ages, destined to usher in the splendors of true philosophy upon a benighted world."‡ Do others, claim the privilege of thinking for themselves? Strange pretension! "Singular" presumption! They have not the capacity to enjoy the right, or the sincerity to employ it honestly, and therefore it must be wrested from them. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, our faith or nothing is the watchword. The text of honest Burton, would hardly be too strong for them; "We brag and vendicate, our own works, our wisdom, our learning, — all our geese are swans, and we as basely esteem and vilifie other men's, as we do over-highly prize and value our own. We will not suffer them to be in *secundis*, no, not in *tertiis*. What! *mecum confertur Ulysses*? They are *mures, muscæ, culices, præ se*, nitts and flies, compared to his inexorable and supercilious, eminent and arrogant worship, though indeed they be far from him."§ "Omnes," exclaims Tertullian," omnes tument, omnes scientiam pollicentur. Ante sunt perfecti catechumeni, quam edocti. Ipsæ mulieres, hereticæ quam procaces."‖ The rights of conscience, are hardly granted us with the amusing courtesy of Cromwell, who, when he once arrested a monk for celebrating mass, and the poor man pleaded his right to follow the dictates of his conscience, answered, that the general interfered with no man's conscience, but as for the mummery of the mass, it was to be exterminated by law of Parliament. Fortunately, they have not the power of Cromwell, or we might fare as roughly in their manipulation, as others did from that of the Arians in the fifth century, "who did not combat by argument, but by force, and brought their adversaries to silence, not by reasoning with them, but by *cutting out their tongues*"!!*

---

* Dumont Preuves judiciaires, ii. 252.

† And yet for all this, Cudworth is claimed as a Unitarian!

‡ Note K.

---

* Du Pin. cent. 4. p. 163. Tillemont. vii. 346.

† Gibbon iv. 401. Phila. edition. 1804.

‡ Nat. Hist. of Enthusiasm p. 94.

§ Burton's Anat. of Melancholy. i. 178.

‖ Tertullian De Pr. Haer. cap. xli. 111. 213.—

Was it the perusal of Tertullian, which made a distinguished preacher and scholar of our day once say in the pulpit, "Girls with their samplers in their hands dispute about the doctrine of the Trinity"?

Is this, in view of the example protruded on us, "plain" speaking? Let the treatment of such men, as Mr. Stuart, and Dr. Chalmers, justify it. The former, has studied and commented on Ernesti; whom most men of discernment, will pronounce at least equal to Le Clerc, in his Ars Critica, "a divine, conspicuous among those who have contended for the right of private judgment, and who at the same time, dogmatize very freely in the use of their own."† The latter, *never* handled language like a tyro. But all this will not answer for a single instant. Language, is "*intrinsecally ambiguous*," and both, speak of grammatical analysis, in such terms, that the former, is said in his own understanding of the tribute awarded him, "to have loose and inconsistent ideas of exegesis, or no ideas of it at all;" and the latter, with one of those fell swoops of his terrific pen, by which Mr. N. "demolishes"‡ an adversary, is doomed beyond all hope, to THOROUGH IGNORANCE. (p. 98.)

Ought such dauntless proscription, such piercing to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, to expect, and still more to demand a complaisance, to which it is *thoroughly* a stranger?

Language is "intrinsecally ambiguous." Pray, cannot Mr. S. and Dr. Chalmers have the benefit of this position? No. Their assertions are to be taken *literally*.

But what is easier, than to tear and mangle the assertions of a very sensible man, and hold them up, when ragged and disjointed, to scorn and ridicule? This has been done, in the review of 1819, and then and there as say the lawyers, Mr. S. declared a mere sciolist, in one of the principal branches of his profession.

---

* Michaelis Int. N. Test. vi. 428. 2d. edition.

† Lond. Encyc. part 11. p. 1. Le Clerc, says Gibbon, "reduces the reason or folly of ages to the standard of his private judgment, and his impartiality, is sometimes quickened, and sometimes tainted, by his opposition to the Fathers." Dec. and Fall. vi. 2. note.

‡ We quote this word, for it seems to be a classic usage, on his side of the house. A book was written in 1767, with this title, 'The true doctrine of the New Testament concerning Jesus Christ, wherein the Trinity is *demolished* forever.' See, Pillars of Priestcraft and Orthodoxy shaken. iv. 22.

Dr. Chalmers, in his essay on the Evidences, which forms the article on Christianity in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, is combatting near the close of it, those who come to the Bible, with systems, as tools, to shape it to their liking. In his effort to make a strong impression, he lets fall the sentiment, that a man must rather come to it, with his lexicon and grammar.* But is this "intrinsecally ambiguous" declaration, not qualified? In the sentences preceding, when he said, that our business with the Bible, was not one of fancy or speculation, and in the sentences following, where he speaks of authorities for the import and significancy of phrases, of patient and profound philology, we see the proper shade of signification, which is to be given to his vituperated words. And we see enough, it is thought, to bring a blush upon the cheek of a man, who, after hackneying the phrase "ambiguity of language," clings to a mere isolated line, and on that shadow of a shade of testimony, condemns one of the first theologians and philosophers of the age, for "thorough ignorance."

> He hides behind a magisterial air,
> His own offences, and strips others bare.
>
> *Cowper's Charity.*

We shall presume to commend to Mr. N.'s perusal, the essay of Huet bishop of Avranches, *de optimo genere interpretandi*; who, Catholic if he were, was a scholar and a gentleman, and not untaught in human nature, at least as it is exhibited at times in those, who assume the high function, of divining the thoughts of others. The following accurate delineation of Huet, respecting licentiousness in interpreting, is particularly worthy his attention. "Dum enim, de se, bene existimat interpres, et nimium sibi placet, judicis sibi facilè arrogat partes, de que auctore, ad quem convertendum accesserat, confidenter arbitrium facit. Quæcumque ergo sibi non sapiunt, respuit, pro que iis sua supponit; si quæ veró etiam, puncto ipsius, comprobata sunt, eo tantum omine retinentur, si ita interpreti fuerit visum; qui mentis suæ fœtus, in alienum nidum, serpere, et legitimos, sæpe exigere patitur." (De opt. &c. p. 17.) The latter part of this, is so expressive, that we cannot help converting it into English, for the benefit of less learned readers. "Every thing, which some interpreters do not savor in an author, they reject; substituting their own notions in its stead. Do they find any thing in him however, agreeable to their own taste, they ask no better reason, for approving and retaining it. Thus, do some venture to thrust the offspring of their own brain into another's nest, and to drive out the lawful nestlings. —

---

* Dr. Priestley we suspect, would have approved of this. He upbraids the clergy of the establishment, for availing themselves of "the ambiguity of language," and not adhering to the *obvious literal* and *grammatical* sense of it. —*Familiar Letters*, p. 123.

Says Cicero, (De Nat. Deor. L. i. §. 1.) what rashness so unworthy the gravity and stability of a philosopher, as to conceive wrongly or to defend absolutely, what he has not thoroughly examined and does not clearly comprehend? In sober truth, when we review the conduct of Mr. Norton, under the guidance of his own clue, for threading one's way through the Cretan labyrinth of language, we see a deplorable and glaring inconsistency. His principles are good. We should "find no fault in him," had he the politeness to say, they differed only in their costume, the form of their expression, from those of mighty minds, who have long and well taught us how to unravel the intricacies of speech in all its windings. But he will have no competitor. All before him, have interpreted upon no general principles, at least upon none which CAN BE *defended.* (p. 88.) Oh! to what "a lower deep," in the depth of desperation, must a poor man's cause have sunken, when to say a word even in its *defence*, is an utter impossibility! — With such an impracticable writer, such an anti-republican devotee of the statute of lese-majesty, what can we do? Clearly, he is one who mistakes his pen for the caestus of Entellus, which was heavy enough to knock an ox down: — one with whom moderation would be out of place, and looked upon, with the contempt of Roche Foucault, who pronounced it synonimous with sloth or languor. Therefore we feel obliged to meet him, with allegations as broad as his own, and say that he has utterly failed to sustain his pretensions, in the very science he has professed to teach; — nay more, that he has failed to show us conduct, in tolerable keeping with his own positions. — Nothing "can be" clearer, than that his views of interpretation, in themselves considered, do not prove true, Unitarianism or any other *ism* whatever, but to imitate his own language, (p. 23.) where he says, "there are men who seem unable to comprehend the possibility, that the doctrines of their sect, may make no part of the Christian revelation," we may as vigorously say, there are men, who seem unable to imagine, that the rules of interpretation, can be employed to any purpose, by any, but themselves. Apply these rules to the Bible. They cannot conceive it supposable, that any result but one, will follow; and that, the one which would be agreeable to them.* They remind us of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who wrote to supplant revelation and prove it needless, and yet, believed that heaven made a revelation to himself! † Of Hume, also, who after a pompous introduction and elaborate sophisms, to prove the impossibility of miracles, in a self-forgetful moment, has the folly and the impudence to say, there may be miracles, yet no one "can ever be proved, so as to be the foundation of a system of religion!" For this, we are happy to observe, even a lawyer, without making one pretence to pious motives, has given him a most abrading castigation, confessing himself in a tone of gentle irony, unable to perceive "how a fact proved to be true, is not true for all purposes to which it is relevant."‡ We fear if Mr. N.'s practice under his own theory, were prescribed for by one of this excoriating profession, who sometimes blister a man for "travelling out of the record," he would be treated *secundum artem*.

We hope Mr. N.'s dread of grammatical interpretation, was not caught in the company of Dr. Priestley, who once undertook to manage it to his sore discomfiture, and was advised by Bishop Horsley who "bound up his wounds," to beware how he again handled "the briars of criticism.§ We are not over-anxious to tax him with that ignorance, which he, though "no zealot, no partizan of a sect, no disturber of social intercouse by a spirit of proselytism," (pref. p. xxxiii.) yet sees infecting like contagion, all who are so unphilosophical, as in defiance of "a literary aristocracy," to believe in the Trinity and other Orthodox and obsolete doctrines. We are fain to look, therefore, for some *other* cause of his practical inconsistency. And after due examination, we fear it is neither more nor less, than the indulgence of those *preconceptions*, against which Dr. Chalmers eloquently inveighs, and for his smarting truth in doing so, is perhaps rewarded with the epithet of "consummate ignoramus."

---

* Note. L.

† Herbert's Auto-biog. p. 172. Edition 1792.

‡ Starkie on Evidence, Am. Edition i. p. 476.

§ Tracts, 3d edition, p. 223.

For to us, it is palpably evident, that he *begins*, with a *petitio principii*, and not only so, but an invidious one. He does not expect, to give a single new conviction, to the great body of *enlightened* men. (pref. p. xxviii.) Like Jerome, in his fastidious moments, he suspects some latent poison in all Trinitarian phraseology.* He therefore attaches *his own* meaning to words on which the whole controversy turns, and then, by ringing a score or two of changes, upon his begged definitions, thinks he has as often demonstrated the fallacy and absurdity of the Trinitarian creed.† In direct contravention to the canon of Mr. Grey, that we have no right to decide that any man's opinions are repugnant to the Scriptures, Mr. N. comes to the Bible, with *fixed notions*, "gotten by prolepsis" as Cudworth says, about some of the most recondite and intangible points of Metaphysics, personal identity and unity, and a literal and real absurdity; and the consequence is, (interpretation out of the question,) that every Orthodox exposition is at once put *hors du combat*. He arrives forthwith, (we cannot wonder,) at the clear deduction, that be the true sense of the Scriptures what it may, "the Trinitarian exposition must be false." (p. 105.)

This logic, seems so fatal, that we feel disposed to examine a little, those pellucid premises on which his arguments are founded.

Personal identity, and unity, and a literal and real absurdity, are with him matters on which he can only speak in axioms.

---

* Calvin's Institutes, B. 1. chap. xiii. S. 5.

† Compare here, the remarks of the facetious and caustic Mr. Withington, in the N. Eng. Magazine for 1833, pp. 241, 242.

But if personal identity, in such creatures as *ourselves*, be a subject about which a Locke might be puzzled, and on which the pen of a Bishop Butler might worthily labor,* what must it be in relation to an Infinite Spirit, of even *one* of whose attributes, we can form no positive conception? Clendon, an old Socinian, did not think the word "person" a very easy one to manage, for he wrote a large book on it of upwards of 200 pages, though to be sure as Leslie said, its sense might be squeezed into a nutshell.† — Unity in man, Mr. N. thinks the simplest of simplicities. But we are as certain he is wrong, as he is, that he is right. Cases of double consciousness, such as Dr. Abercrombie has recorded,‡ are in their metaphysical character, quite enough to gravel him. Unity in the Deity, he thinks as easy of comprehension, — like his whole subject, "free from *all* doubt and difficulty;" (pref. p. xxix.) — but we never saw a comprehensible definition of it, and we never expect to see one: — at least in this world. The best we ever saw, was an incidental one, which fell from Fenelon in the midst of a lofty inspiration: *O unité infinie!* he exclaimed, *je vous entrevois* — I have but a glimpse of you.§ "*Quocirca*," says Petavius, who has been accused ‖ of particular favor for the Arians, "*unitatis exquisitissimo genere, unus est Deus.*" ¶ To us, things like these are no surprise, for we are well satisfied, that the metaphysical unity of the Godhead, is a subject on which the Bible has never, yes, never touched. Unity, is a relative term: it implies an opposite. The opposite to it in the Bible, is the *multiplicity* of the Divinities of Pagans. All then, which the Bible says, when it asserts that God is one, is, that he is not an *indefinite* number of beings, like the 30,000** worshipped by heathen hordes. But what has this to do with his metaphysical oneness: — his unity in all respects whatever? Nothing. — "For there is one God," says Paul in his first epistle to Timothy.[*] And therefore, says the Unitarian, Jesus Christ cannot be Divine. A most unwarranted conclusion however, for Paul means merely to say, as his *context* shows, that the Jew and the Gentile have not a *different*, but the *same* God. To make any other use of the Unity of God, than the Apostle has done, is to offend and tamper with inferences, as Mr. N. says Trinitarians do, whose mode of supposed proof, is "wholly by way of inference." (p. 24, and his table of contents.) When will men learn, that it is quite as easy to err on the left hand as on the right?

---

* Blomfield's Lectures, p. 360. also Bp. Berkley's Works, ii. 215.

† Leslie's Works, i. 441. Leslie, said Johnson, is a reasoner not to be reasoned against.

‡ Int. Powers, 241, &c. also Shaftsbury's Char'ks. iii. 192. (1732.)

§ Oeuvres ii. 268. 8vo. edition.

‖ Walchii Biblioth. iii. 645.

¶ Theol. Dog. De Deo. Lib. ii. chap. 8. Sect. 3.

** Gray's Connection, Sac. and Prof. Literature, p. 118.

Unity, is compatible with *some* diversities, as all know: in ourselves, it is compatible with *many*. In a being like a pure and infinite Spirit, it may be compatible with many more: with what, and with how many, that Spirit who *alone* searcheth the deep things of God, (1. Cor. ii. 10) would *alone* be authorized to tell. But revelation goes no further than to say, that God is not *multiple*, like divinities of wood and stone, or the luminaries of the heavens, adored by that unfortunate portion of our race, to whom a true God is a "God unknown." This then, is all we profess to teach, when we teach *biblically*, the unity of the Supreme Being. Paley, that "decided Unitarian" as Dr. Channing called him, could find in creation no more of a *defining* proof of the Divine unity, than unity of design.[†] We can find in revelation, no more *defining* proofs of it, than a similar exhibition of unity, viz., certain directions, that our religious trust homage, affection and worship, should all tend *one way*.[‡] If any choose to go beyond this, and declare that they can pry more deeply into the essence of the Godhead, they may, but if they ever obtain more than Fenelon's glimpse, and can communicate their information in "words lawful to utter," we will listen to them, with a gratitude and an eagerness, with which we never honored teacher before.*†

---

[*] Chap. ii. 5.

[†] Nat. Theol. chap. xxv.

[‡] Some may think, that if we worship any other name than the Father's, our homage, &c. does not all tend *one way*. This is a mistake, arising from a neglect to "compare spiritual things with spiritual," and from judging by *our own* impressions of propriety. — Suppose e. g. that under the sanction of St John, (1 Epis. v. 15.) we "desire a petition," i. e. by metonymy the subject matter of a petition, of Jesus Christ, and name him alone in our devotions. Do we then neglect the Father? By no means. The Son answers prayer to the glory of the Father; (John xiv. 13.) and we doubt not that prayer addressed to him alone, honors the Father, as much as prayer addressed to the Father exclusively. *Compare Th. Goodwin's Works*, v. 451. a. 5th reason.

Unity, is a relative term: so is absurdity. That which is absurd to one, may be anything but absurd to another. "Velleius, the Epicurean in Cic. de Nat. Deor. says, the immateriality of God, or his freedom from body, is unintelligible: *we* should find it very difficult, to conceive the Supreme Being clogged with a body."‡ "One of the hardest morsels to digest in Plato's philosophy, was his doctrine that God is incorporeal; which by many was thought absurd, for that without a body, he could not have senses nor prudence nor pleasure."§ "Is there anything more delicate more sprightly than Pliny's judgment, when he is pleased to set it to work? Anything more remote from vanity? Setting aside his learning, of which I make less account, in which of them do any of us excel him? And yet, there is scarce a puisne sophister, that does not convince him of untruth, and that pretends not to instruct him in the works of nature."‖ "Native and original truth is not so easily wrought out of the mine, as we who have it delivered ready dug and fashioned into our hands, are apt to imagine. And how often at fifty or threescore years old, are thinking men told what they wonder they could miss thinking of, which yet their own contemplations did not, and possibly never would have helped them to."¶ "There are ideas, which appear contrary to reason, only because we cannot perceive them, *in one point of view;* and we discover this truth, not only in considering things which are foreign to our nature, but when we turn our attention on the events which come daily under our inspection."* This last authority is profoundly philosophical, and we could dwell on it long, but must not interrupt the current of our subject.† Suppose a father to tell his son, that water is made out of fire; which to him being a chemist, is well nigh an axiom. To the son it is a mystery, a gross absurdity, and he refuses to believe him, perhaps laughs at his parent's unaccountable extravagance. Then, the Father of all, tells this father, that he is in a most important sense, *one*, and in another as important, *three;* but no sooner is this "enormous tax on his credulity" presented, than he imitates the stripling who disbelieved himself!

---

* Note M.

† Mr. N. might smile at this, but we should hope for more complaisance, from the author of the following sentiment: "It is permitted to man to see clearly, even on the *most important subjects*, only to a certain point, and for a small distance. Beyond that, our vision is dim." Dr. Ware's Sermon (p. 18.) at the ordination of Peabody 1820: the temper of which, differs from Mr. N.'s book, *toto cœlo*.

‡ Hey's Norrisian Lectures. B. 3. ch. 10. Sect. 2.

§ Kames' Sketches iv. 147.

‖ Montaigne's Essays i. 317. Edition 1685.

¶ Locke quoted in Bp. Gleig's Letters, p 41.

Verily, this is a lame demonstration of man's all-scrutinizing genius. In the strong phrase of Shakspeare,—"Tis reasonless to reason thus." These things ought never so to be. It should be felt to be a most rash and infatuated presumption, for a poor finite creature to declare that he knows "*the whole truth*," on any subject whatever. "I wonder," says Owen Felltham, "I wonder at those, who will assume a knowledge of all things: they are unwisely ashamed of an ignorance which is not disgraceful, for it is no shame for a man not to know that which is not in his power. We fill the world with cruel brawls, in the obstinate defence of things, of which we might with more honor confess ourselves ignorant."‡ But Mr. N. is troubled with no qualms. He has the confidence of Phaeton, when he took the reins of the chariot of the Sun. He has the ingenuity of Prometheus, when he stole fire from the skies. He can give us light, and not only so, but all the light which can be had, and not only so, but all the light which can be had on some of the abstrusest subjects of human contemplation. He can do all this for our darkened minds, by means of but *one* enlightening instrument, which is "intrinsecally ambiguous."

---

* Necker on religious opinions p. 183.

† We are sometimes at a loss to choose between a smile and an ague, when we meet the extirpating assumption of some, who talk about the *intrinsic absurdity*, of the doctrine of the Trinity. Such a voracious *petitio principii* which like Pharaoh's lean kine, devours all our "well-favored" arguments, at once, and without remorse, now provokes the risibles, and now awakens consternation. But we must be content with observing, that if Trinitarianism and Unitarianism may be supposed on a par, *before* the struggle for argumentative ascendency is *begun:* then, if the former win the race it is *philosophically* correct, and *perfectly so*, to call the latter as much of an absurdity, as the former is gratuitously supposed to be.

‡ Resolves, p. 65. edition 1820.

Gibbon however, the philosophic infidel, was not bold enough to assume or to arrogate, such semi-divine prerogatives. Even he, when giving an account of the belief of primitive Christians in the higher mysteries of their religion, cannot help saying, "that as often as we deduce any *positive* conclusion, from a *negative* idea, we are involved in darkness perplexity and inevitable contradiction."* Gibbon meant perhaps, to have his maxim cut but *one* way: if so, he is not the only instance of a self-confident reasoner, who forgot that truth has a *double edge.* His position is sound, (let it have been taken in what temper soever it might,) and shows abundantly, the indispensable necessity of implicit reliance on revelation, when we approach such vast themes, as the properties of a boundless nature. It has a direct and most significant bearing, upon such subjects, as identity, unity, and absurdity, which are all *negative:* such subjects as in our present state, *can* never be described, otherwise than negatively. It was designed perhaps originally for quite different usage, but we mistake greatly, if it be not as well fitted for a Unitarian, as for any other cuticle.

Had Mr. Norton felt, as even this enunciation of Gibbon's might have made him feel, he would have been sensible with devout humility, that in one coming to the Bible, preconceptions are out of place: — that even *nature*, as Butler, ("a man hardly to be named, without some expression of praise or reverence,")† has ably argued, teaches us to believe *beforehand*, that in a revelation, we might "find things very different from what we should have expected, and such as appear open to great objections;"‡ that therefore, the most appropriate question for him to ask, would be, not *why* says the Bible so, but simply, *what* does it declare? The besetting sin however, of himself, and of many in this changeful age, both orthodox and heterodox, is, that "vanity of philosophising," which Ernesti thus soberly rebukes, and for which, had he said nothing further, we can easily conjecture, why the lax Le Clerc has been promoted over him. "In interpreting," he says, "the only question to be asked is, *what is said*, not, what may it be, or how truly may it be said. In *human* books, that many things are affirmed which are false, who does not know? And yet, these false assertions may be *truly interpreted*. But in *divine* books, when we are once satisfied that all which they affirm, is *most true*, it remains for us but to ascertain what they say."* †

---

* Gibbon Dec. and Fall iii. 13. Phil. edition, 1804.

† Gen. Repositosy, i. 9.

‡ Butler's Works, i. 232. Edinb. 1813.

We do fear that the radical defect of Mr. N., is an unwillingness to ask Ernesti's plain and man-becoming question, ,'*what* says the Bible,' with a determination to abide the consequences, teachably and humbly. He is one of the old *Parhermeneutes*, "risen from the dead," who thought themselves privileged to interpret Scripture, according to *their own sense of it*, and whom there was found firmness and wisdom enough to condemn, in so dark an age of the Church, as 692.‡ We do think his errors arise, from a cause not very different from that mentioned by Lactantius, as one cause among others, of the errors of ancient heretics: "Quidam vero, non satis cœlestibus literis eruditi, cum veritatis accusatoribus, respondere non possent, objicientibus vel impossible vel incongruens esse:—depravati sunt ab itinere recto."§ And from a cause not dissimilar to that, to which Beausobre charges the errors of Irenæus, in his judgment of these very individuals: "Il fallois surtout, se defendre contre le préjugé et la partialité."‖ He would hardly find countenance in an assembly, where Seneca should preside; for in his book concerning a *proper repose* for the wise man, (by which we presume he means among other things, a contentedness not to know "the whole truth" on some subjects,) even this pagan philosopher thus exclaims: "cogitatio nostra, cœli munimenta perrumpit: nec contenta est, id quod ostenditur, scire."¶

We speak this, not because we have dreamed so, for says the review of 1819, "if we did believe these doctrines, (i. e. Trinity; &c.) to have been taught by Christ and his apostles, we should then think that a most overwhelming weight of external evidence, would be necessary to establish the truth of a revelation, which would appear to us to contain so much internal evidence *against* its truth." [*] The underscoring belongs to the reviewer.

---

* Ernesti opuscula philologica, p. 224.

† Note N.

‡ Bergier Theol. Dict. vi. 233. edition 1829. and 19th canon of the council in Trullo.

§ Lact. Instit. Lib. iv. cap. ult. edit. Sparkii p. 406, 7.

‖ Hist. de Manich. T. ii. p. 4.

¶ Sen. Opera, i. 349. Elzevir edition.

This is somewhat "ambiguous," to be sure, but Dr. Priestley, for whom Mr. N. shows and has shown [†] unqualified deference, (though his greatest work was made up, as he confessed, by "looking through" authors,) will furnish the true gloss for it. "The doctrine of the Trinity, if it had been found there, (i. e. in the Scriptures,) it would have been impossible for any reasonable man to believe, as it implies a *contradiction*, which no miracles can prove." [‡] We give Mr. Norton the full credit of this assertion, though he has but "*ambiguously*" endorsed it:—full credit, without equivocation, mental reservation, or any qualification whatever. We do undoubtedly fear, that such "thorough" adventurers, as himself and Dr. Priestley, have PREJUDGED THE CASE, as these references satisfactorily evince, and that if there were no help for them, in versions and readings, the "intrinsic ambiguities" of language and "inconclusive reasonings," [§] and in an abasement of the Bible from the rank of a revelation to that of a mere record of one,[‖] they would not hesitate to discard the Bible, "as a book of riddles, and what is worse, of riddles admitting of no solution." (p. 21.) We do undoubtedly fear, that if they were deprived of such resources, they would actually reject the Bible altogether, or be such miscalled believers in it, as the Gnostics and Semler, who unblushingly taught, that there is a *great abundance* of *false opinions* and *false reasonings*, in the discourses even of our Lord and his apostles.[¶] We almost tremble, when we see them handling with perfect tact and fearlessness, the same weapons which notorious Infidels have brandished in their deadly warfare with Christianity. "Superstition," says Hume, and all know well enough what *he* means by it, "Superstition being founded on false opinion, must immediately vanish, when true philosophy has inspired juster sentiments of superior powers." Essay on *suicide!*[*] "Religion," says Mr. Norton, "must be taken, I will not say out of the hands of priests, — that race is fast passing away, — but out of the hands of divines, such as the generality of divines have been, and its exposition and defence must become the study of philosophers." (pref. p. xxxiv.) We will not stop to show, that these declarations are fairly matched, in sarcasm and self complacency, but as to the *policy* they recommend, we must say, it has "a rank odor" of that, by which the apostate Julian attempted to reform Christianity out of the whole Roman Empire![†] We feel "a secret dread, an inward horror" creeping over us, when we compare such omens, and think of Paul's vehement warning against philosophy, (Col. ii. 8.) and his judicial execration of all corrupters of the Gospel. (Gal. i. 8.) We fly to baptized philosophy, to see what testimony she will bear before such fearful admonitions; and at the mouth of Bacon, who in the language of Chancellor Kent, is "one of the greatest oracles of human wisdom," she gives us this ever memorable counsel: "The prejudice hath been *infinite*, that both Divine and human knowledge hath received, by the intermingling and tempering, of the one with the other: as that, which hath filled the one, full of heresies, and the other, full of speculative fictions and vanities."[‡][§]

---

[*] Ch. Disciple, N. Ser. i. 331.

[†] Gen. Repos. Vol. i. ii. iii.

[‡] Hist. Early Opinions, i. 48. Query.—Would not the Dr. have said as much against all opposers of his pet theory about *phlogiston?* And where is phlogiston now?

[§] The language Dr. P. applies to the arguments of Paul. Corruptions of Christianity, ii. 370.

[‖] Ch. Examiner, 1828.

[¶] Storr opuscula i. 20, 21.—We believe Dr. Priestley never charged *Christ* with error:—but surely there was not much, to hinder a man from doing so, by whom Christ was esteemed "as fallible and peccable as any other prophet!"

---

[*] Phil. Works, iv. 557.

[†] Tillemont Hist. Ecc. vii. 344, &c. — Abbe Bleterie, vie de Julian pp. 260, 265. — S. Johnson's "Arts of Julian," pp. 30, &c. edition 1689. — The *kindness*, with which philosophy is to mend us, is aptly exhibited by Hume, (Phil. Works, iv. 513,) where he says, the only way in which we can cure "the frailty of human reason," is, "to oppose one species of superstition to another, set them a quarrelling," and then, "happily escape into the calm regions of philosophy," to feast ourselves, upon the spectacle!!

[‡] B. Works, Montag. edition, i. 259. see also the sentiment reiterated, Vol. ii. 129.

[§] Note O.

And we should wonder greatly therefore, but that clamor had taught us to be cautious, that any should remonstrate against the charge, of unbelief in the Scriptures, who will, for philosophy's, or system's, or reason's sake, treat them with disparagement. If one so treated the Koran, we are well assured, he would not be accounted a genuine Mussulman. "Unto God," says Mahomet, "appertaineth the kingdom of heaven and earth, and the day whereon the hour shall be fixed, on that day, shall those who charge the Koran with vanity, perish."* We do not wonder then, that a Mussulman should suspect of insincerity, any one, who, while professing to be a Christian, wished to claim his fellowship in the concerns of religion; and should refuse him a moment's hearing as a Moorish ambassador is said to have done, when formerly importuned by a company of Socinians.† But our disposition to wonder is vastly excited, nay it stands completely aghast, before the unrivalled incongruity, of complaining of the charge just mentioned, and almost before the breath uttering such a complaint is spent, hurling the same charge ‡ back on an antagonist, and at this incongruity too, in those, who according to their own principles, "have LEAST OF ALL, any just excuse for a deficiency in that temper, and a want of those good works, which our religion requires."[*]

---

* Sale's Koran, ii. 285. Persian Letters, i. 229.

† Christian Obs. xxvii. p. 91, and Leslie's Works, i. 207. A flippant writer in the Christian Disciple, N. Series, ii. 409, 10, has insinuated with servile imitation of Priestley, (Horsley's Tracts, 307,) that Leslie *forged* the letter to the Moorish ambassador, addressed him by the Socinians, but which he utterly refused to accept. To this *insinuation*, we think it quite right to reply, with an argument at least as valid: — there is too much *internal* probability, for the truth of such a letter, to permit us to account it a forgery.

‡ We say the *same* charge; but in strict justice we might say, a far heavier one, in fact the *heaviest literally*, which can be made against men professing to be Christians. On p. 86, Mr. N. says, if Trinitarian doctrines are not the doctrines of Christianity, they are among "the *most* insane fictions of human folly;" and on p. 293, that if these doctrines are false, then he who teaches them as Christian doctrines, is the "*worst* enemy of Christianity." It is idle to split hairs about this phraseology, "ambiguous" though it may be. There can be no reasonable doubt, that the author of it esteems Trinitarians, as believing in the *most* monstrous fictions of lunatics, and as being more fatal foes to religion, than the Deist or Atheist. They are its *worst* enemies in his estimation; and the worst enemies of Christianity, we fear, can be compared only to him, who was "a murderer from the beginning," and to those unhappy beings, who can be forgiven "neither in this world nor in that which is to come."

With keenness, has Michaelis said: "It has been the habit of wits, to put into the mouths of all the over-zealous Orthodox, disputing with opponents, 'the Lord rebuke thee Satan.' As most theologians have done with language like this, it were well that those who laugh at them, had done with it too."[†] *Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?* Truly, when with our neighbors, feeling an occasional impulse of "the spirit of the age," we dream of a reform, and looking around us for ensamples, better than the past has offered, find such exhibitions as this, in the very *models for perfection*, we must be pardoned if we grow somewhat distrustful, and think that after all there is *sage advice*, if not divine authority, in the counsel of Jeremiah; "Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." — Ch. vi. 16.[‡]

---

[*] Priestley's Evidences, p. 274. Boston. 1795.

[†] Review of Semler, trans'd in Gen. Repository, Vol. iv. 2.

[‡] Note P.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A. (P. 7.)

DOUBLE SENSE.

The two-fold character, which some plastic interpreters give the Bible, is well illustrated by Dr. Burton Professor of Divinity at Oxford. "In the passage before us, Acts xx. 28, he (i. e. Mr. Belsham) wishes us to read, the Church of the Lord, and by *the Lord*, he means us to understand, *Jesus Christ.* But it is singular, that at Col. iii. 13. he wishes to read, not *as Christ has forgiven us*, but, *as the Lord has forgiven us:* so that at Acts xx. 28, he tries to evade an argument for the Divinity of Christ, by understanding *the Lord* to mean *Christ*, and at Col. iii. 13, he evades a similar argument, by understanding *the Lord* to mean *God!*" — *Ante-Nicene Fathers 2d Edition, p.* 23.

With the same flexibility, have we known two Unitarian professors, *relax* the expression, "form of God," in Phil. ii. 6, so as to have it intimate, but a *partial* resemblance, between the Son and the Father, and thus depreciate the argument for his Divinity; and at the same time, *make intensive* the expression, "like unto thee," in Deut. xviii. 18. so as to have it intimate, an *exact* similitude, between our Saviour and Moses, and bolster up the argument for his simple humanity!

Is this the cis-atlantic doctrine of accommodation? We know what Semler's was in Germany, and that Mr. N. ventured to speak in his Inaugural Discourse, (p. 35.) somewhat slightingly of the "extravagant and untenable speculations," perhaps of him — certainly of "some" of his brethren. — For such speculations are the above, the substitute?

NOTE B. (P. 9.)

ABSOLUTE INCREDIBILITY.

"As to the impossibility, of believing contradictions, I much question the fact, and whether it would not puzzle the objectors themselves to show, either that nobody ever believed the Trinity, or that all who did, have understood it in a sense, that carries no contradiction." Tucker's Light of Nature, iii. 257, the Cambridge Edition.

Tucker was acounted "a heretic by the Orthodox," and is the man to whose originality Paley* said he was so much indebted. — Mackintosh's View of Phil. 176, 177.

The late Rev. and now Hon. Mr. Everett, also, (we are quite willing to call him *right honorable* for his gentlemanly candor,) understood this subject better than Mr. Norton. On p. 13. of a sermon preached at N. York, Jan. 20, 1821, at the dedication of the first Congregational Church, he thus writes: — "I do not mean to say, that I do not think *our* views of Christianity, rest on stronger foundations of argument, than any others, essentially different. If I did not think so, I could not hold them, and be an honest man. But you are Protestants: — do you suppose, that the great and ancient Catholic Church, the Church of Bossuet, of Massilon, of Fenelon, has no arguments, by which those illustrious men were able to give a ground for their faith? Or you are Catholics: — but do you think, that Luther, and Calvin, and Melancthon, were led without strong and solid reasons, to adopt what they called the Reformation? You are of the Church of England: — but do you believe that Howe and Baxter, had no arguments to defend their dissent? Or you are a Dissenter: — but will you not allow, that divines like Taylor and Tillotson, had something to say for their cause?"

To this, we will only venture to add, that *all* the great men enumerated in his sentences, were Trinitarians; and if they had "something to say," "arguments," and "strong and solid reasons," for their differences from *one another*, we may be authorized to affirm, without taking an unusual stride beyond the bounds of modesty, that *a fortiori*, they had such things to urge, in behalf of their differences from Unitarians.

NOTE C. P. 10.

"Those who think themselves wise, have a delight in themselves, far beyond that, in which the really prudent dare to indulge. They treat other men imperiously: they dispute with fierceness and assurance."

Pascal's Thoughts. Craig's Edit. pp. 14, 15.

Sit ista in Græcorum levitate perversitas, qui maledictis insectantur eos, a quibus de veritate dissentiunt,"—Cicero de finibus.

NOTE D. P. 11.

Compare with all this, Lardner's account of Arius, vol. ii. 306. 4to, edition. "He writes with much spirit, and a *full assurance of the truth of his opinions*," and in one of his letters, declares a Unitarian, at least a trimmer, (Eusebius of Nicomedia,) *Orthodox*, and those who oppose him, *ignorant even of the rudiments* of Christianity; — pronounces them *heretics*, their doctrine *impious*, and avers, that he would die a thousand deaths, sooner than receive *such* doctrine, from *such* persons. The entire letter of Arius, from which Lardner has candidly quoted, is given by Milner, in his Chh. Hist. 12mo. Edit. 1822. vol. ii. 47.

Here then, in the very *bud and blossom* of Unitarianism, and by one who was called "affable and courteous," we find bandied, the detestable terms,

---

* Paley, Dr. Channing has the assurance to call a "decided Unitarian."—Letter to S. C. Thatcher, p. 24.

"ignorant," "impious," and "heretical:" — Orthodoxy claimed for *self*, and denied to all others, and all this, with the fullest assurance!* We will only add to this, something from Mr. Norton's own pen, relative to Bishop Horsley. "There are many perhaps, unable to perceive the strength of his arguments, who yet receive an impression, of the goodness of that cause, the confidence of whose defender, seems never to falter." (*Gen. Repository.* i. 40.) If this was meant to imply, that Bishop H. manifested such confidence, to make an impression; we beg leave to affirm, that the allegation will imply nothing less, in the case of Arius, Francken, Socinus and himself.

Bruyere, that faithful student of "characters," did not let matters of this description, escape him. "Nothing," he says, "more nearly resembles a *lively conviction*, than an *obstinate conceit;* whence proceed parties, cabals, heresies." Bruyere's Works. 6th. Edit. Lond. 1713. i. p. 255.

NOTE E. (P. 13.)

PERSECUTION.

In the text, "the Athanasian creed" is inserted, as well as the doctrine of the Trinity. Mr. N. must know, that that creed is dropped, by at least *every* Protestant denomination, in the United States. It surely were most unwise, to attempt to win us, by such invidious representations. If it were mentioned to *our* reproach, on account of its damnatory clauses, in bare self-defence we say, that the quotations from his own pages, are a fair offset against it.

His remarks upon the effects of Trinitarianism, seem to authorize the inference, that this form of Christianity, and this alone, has belched forth persecution and its attendant horrors, with the fury of a laboring volcano. If they do, we most solemnly protest against their partiality and injustice. The subject of persecution, is one we have studied occasionally with reference to two questions: what professing Christians *first* began to persecute their brethren? and what persecuted with the *greatest severity?*

We know that persecution is a subject, parallel to what Biblical critics style in their department, "*locus vexatissimus.*" And we know also, that the sentiment of a large number, in relation to it, is quite unfavorable to those who are imagined to hold strict opinions in theology. Hume undertakes to palliate the pitiless persecution which the early Christians suffered from the heathen, by supposing they abounded in the provoking qualities, of "imprudent zeal and bigotry." (Phil. Wks. iii. 64.) There are those, who with as much readiness, and with as little authority, charge every so called persecution, *within* the Church, to these same excuseless faults. As if it must always be true that a certain class of Christians will infallibly be in the wrong.

It will not answer for us therefore, to make such professions of freedom from zealotry, sectarianism, and proselytism, as are found on p. xxxiii. of Mr. N.'s preface. We hope, however, that we have not forgotten the maxim of the judge, of the interpreter, of every candid and honest man: "*audi alteram partem.*" We have of course found differences, in such authorities as Alexander and Arius, Athanasius and Eusebius of Nicomedia, Tillemont and Philostorgius. Gibbon is variable, but both he and Jortin discover, we think, less of impartiality than does even Lardner: very frequently is some emollient gloss spread with a delicate spatula upon their pages for the Arians; while the enormities of the Orthodox, stand out awry, denuded and unvarnished. When there are such contrarieties in testimony, and when perhaps a court of justice, might for one reason or another involving their interest, discard the whole, what shall we do? We know but of a single way of proceeding, since we cannot shut the court, and call for other testifiers, none others being accessible, and that is *to believe both sides*, and reconcile them as well as we can.

---

* So Photinus, allowed no creed but his own to be Orthodox, and called every other, heretical. Parker's Ecc. Historians, p. 275. 3d edition.

With this purpose as a guide, we shall make out such a story as our materials will allow.—Mosheim says, that the principle which justified visiting errors in religion, when adhered to after proper admonition, with penalties and punishments, was approved by many, from the very time when Constantine gave peace and security to the Christians,—that this principle, was corroborated by examples, in the conflicts with the Donatists and Priscillianists,—was unequivocally sanctioned, by the authority of Augustine, and transmitted down to succeeding ages. (Vol. i. 322.)

Now, in respect to the question, which *first* persecuted one another, Trinitarians or Anti-Trinitarians,[*] we may leave out Augustine, who was not born till 354, and the Priscillianists, who sprang up at a still later period. Only, we would remark of Augustine, that how severe soever his standard for the dues of a heretic, he earnestly protested against persecution unto death:[†] an extremity, from which, had he taken lessons of Unitarians who flourished *before* him, he might have learned not to shrink.

The case of the Donatists, *did* occur, previous to the age of Arius. But they were generally Orthodox; or if there were Unitarians among them, as Priestley[‡] alleges, what was exhibited in the days of Arius, would only render easier, a solution of their inveteracy, in the manufacturing of trouble. The ground on which they rested their apology for schism, was, a mere point of external order. Still, for that, they hesitated not to sacrifice the peace, and sunder the unity of the Church. Now, we believe, it is an admitted principle in politics, that he who will endanger the most precious interests of a State, for a *very small cause*, is punished, not in proportion to the abstract consequence of his crime, but the magnitude of the interests he puts in jeopardy.[§] Treason, may exist in an act, which if not treasonable, would hardly deserve notice.—With these *data* we say, that if the Donatists, for a mere point of order, would hazard and wreck the tranquility and unity of the Church, they merited severe, not to say the severest reprobation. We believe Unitarians think it a good argument, that Trinitarians deserve weighty censure, since they make a schism in the Church, for such an insignificant doctrine as the Trinity.[||] They ask us, how we can be so presumptuous and cruel, as to rend the seamless garment of Christ, for such "anise, mint, and cummin;" and did they sit in council upon us, we might have from them such an appeal, in the shape of no "ambiguous" decree.

---

[*] This term is more appropriate than Unitarians, and is used by Dr. Channing himself.—Remarks on Dr. Worcester.—We have not used it however invariably.

[†] Epistle to Marcellinus, A. D. 412.

[‡] Ch. History, i. 464.

[§] Blackstone, iv. 16. Paley' Mor. Phil. 11th edition, v. 2. pp. 296, 299. In a scale of crimes "the first degree, should consist of those, which immediately tend to the dissolution of society." Beccaria, p. Am. Ed. p. 29. "Crimes, that disturb the public tranquillity, ought to be derived from the nature of the thing, and to be relative to this tranquillity: such as imprisonment, exile, corrections, and other chastisements, proper for the reclaiming of turbulent spirits."—Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws, Book XII. ch. iv. also Vattel. B. 1. ch. ii. §. 16.

[||] Schism, says Dr. Channing, (Letter to Thacher, p. 21.) is the greatest of Anti-Christian sins! *O tempora! O mores!—Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

If they do, or would do thus, how can they stigmatize the Catholics, for some pungent castigation of the Donatists, who were willing to put so much at risk, for such petty causes, — who showed a most unexampled bitterness of temper, in literally scraping, washing, melting, burning or breaking, chalices or altars or churches:* in rejecting and contemning the *validity* of all Catholic ordinances: who showed and persevered in all this bitterness, before the face of the whole Church, and in spite of the voice of council after council, and the Emperor himself: — and who, some how or other, (excuse it as historians will,) were associated with, and defended by, the Circumcelliones, as predatory and ferocious a horde of villains, as ever polluted the earth with their pestiferous visitation?†

Unitarians, are lovers of social and political order. In Massachusetts, singular as it may seem, they have been the avowers and maintainers of the principle, that *government should interfere* for the support of religion.‡ Ought they then to declaim, against the lifting of the political arm, to crush such a rude and reckless, most uncharitable and ungentlemanly confederacy of radicals, as these Donatists? We think not, and we might go on then to say, that if so much might be admitted, in respect *to them*, it would not perhaps be difficult to prove, that it was right for Constantine, to secure the peace of the Empire in the days of *Arius*, by austere civil enactments. For, if speculative opinions are not worth polemic toil and pain, if religion consist altogether in certain emotions, and creeds are matters of indifference; then it is *as* wrong, (not to say far more so,) to disturb the harmony, and blast the comfort of Society, by waging warfare for the Unity, as for the Trinity of the Godhead. And if so, how could Arius be excused, for turning incendiary with such little cause, and lighting a train which almost made the Christian world, a general scene of conflagration?§ But he would not rest. He gave bishops, towns, provinces, realms, an empire, no peace whatever. The Monarch on his throne, beheld the wavings of the fiery flood, and trembled to think, that in the fervent heat of the raging elements around him, the very pillars of his government might melt away, and the noblest principality on earth be drowned in destruction and perdition. He lifted his royal voice, and cried aloud, to hush the angry storm to rest: but his expostulations, entreaties, and commands, flew by like the idle wind. Is it wonderful, that at last he "girded himself with power," and in the tone, and with the menaces of irresistible authority, exclaimed, "hitherto shalt thou come and no further?"

But this is hurrying down too fast to a later period. — Our question is, which *first* persecuted one another, — Trinitarians or Anti-Trinitarians? The cases of the Donatists and Priscillianists, being disposed of, and the authority of Augustine, having been shown to be pre-quoted, (if we may use a convenient compound,) the way is now fairly open, to examine the bearing of facts, in the age of Arius and Alexander, upon this important point.

---

* Fleury Ecc. Hist. Lib. xv. Sect. 32.

† Gibbon, iii. 67, &c.

‡ Christian Disciple, N. Ser. v. 282.

§ Well has Boileau described, the "persecution, torture, murder," which "followed in *his* train," and the *magnitude* of the matter, for which he brought death upon the world and untold woes: — *one syllable!*

> "Lorsqu' attaquant, le Verbe et sa divinite,
> D'une syllabe impie un saint mot augmente,
> Remplit tous les esprits, d'aigreurs si meurtrieres,
> Et fit du sang Chretien, couler tant de rivieres."
>
> Boileau Sat. xii. 199.

Arius, was a gifted, learned, affable and courteous, presbyter of Alexandria, of blameless life and deportment. Still, like Cæsar and many others, honorable, wise, great, and even good, "he was ambitious." Disappointed about elevation to the episcopate,[*] a subject, which in *later* times, has spoiled estimable tempers, he was resolved to show, that in talents and learning, he was no whit behind his successful competitor. He broached new doctrines, gained many favorites, and made much stir. The spiritual authority of the Church, was in one way and another exerted against him, no doubt with less gentleness than it might have been, if wielded by another than his rival in the race, for the "golden apple "of ecclesiastical promotion.

He is at last, excommunicated. Thus deprived of *the countenance of the church*, what would a man, "exceedingly well qualified to form a party, and carry on any enterprize he should engage in,"[†] as Lardner admits Arius was, — what would such a man chagrined, mortified, and exasperated, do? Might he not, permit an attempt, to enlist *the multitude* or *the State* in his behalf, and might he not connive at practices, which in the day of honor, and the station of emolument, he would have scorned? [‡] This seems consonant, with what we know of human nature, and Tillemont, quoting from the writers of the age, states authoritatively, *even more* than we have presented in the form of supposition. The Arians he says, "were continually raising seditions and persecutions against the church,[§] on the one hand, stirring up the magistrates against her, by the solicitations of unhappy courtezans whom they had seduced, on the other exposing Christianity, to the mockery of its enemies, by the shameful behavior of young girls of their party, running perpetually about the streets. After this, we must not be surprised, at what the truth constrains Eusebius of Cæsarea to say, that the divisions of the people against one another, ran so high in Alexandria, as to give occasion to the heathen, to make a jest, of the most solemn parts of our religion in their public theatres."[||]

Now, that Arius was excommuuicated, i. e. had ecclesiastical censures passed upon him, we hardly call persecution. Arius knew what the church was, before he entered it: he knew that a violation of its creed, would be censured if necessary, by excision from its communion. If knowing this, he still *voluntarily* entered, he had no right to complain of the consequences. As well might a foreigner, to whom our laws seem unjust, presume to violate them with impunity.[¶]

---

[*] Dict. des cultes Religieux i. 119. It is doubted in a note in Murdock's Mosheim, i. 343. Philostorgius Lib. i. ch. 4, says that Arius even preferred Alexander before himself: a moderation however, as Tillemont well says, intrinsecally improbable, and quite estranged from his disposition. Ecc. Hist. vi. 242. also Ceillier Hist. Aut. Sac. iv. 402. This need not be questioned a moment, if we can believe with Lardner, that he was "exceedingly well qualified to form a party." He had says a biographer, "*un fonds de melancolie, d'inquietude, d'ambition, et un gout secret, pour les nouveautes.*" — Biog. Universelle ii. 466.

[†] Vol. iv. 306. 4to edition.

[‡] Arius, was a poet, and wrote pieces in behalf of his creed, to be scattered among the common people, not remarkable it is said for their *decency*, and which had as much of *argument* in them, as the theological part of Hudibras.

[§] Alexander, in a letter to the Bp. of Byzantium, says, that Arius and his followers attempted to raise a persecution against him, when the church was *at peace.* — Notes of Tillemont. vi. 737.

[||] Tillemont, Ecc. Hist. vi. 249.

[¶] Compare Miller's Lecture on Creeds, in the *Addenda* to the Spruce Street Lectures, pp. 338, 339, &c. A most lucid, fair, and valuable tract.

The answer is, if you think so, stay away, no one obliges you to come here, but if you do come, you must conform to our rules, for juridical science teaches us, that there is no objection to *implied powers*[*] in the constitution of an organized society, and if there be *one* such power, it is that of self-preservation.

Passing the excommunication of Arius by, we see, if we are not mistaken, in the statement of Tillemont, something which looks like *the beginning* of that practice, to appeal to power *without the church*, in order to harass those *within it*, which in the very essence of persecution, — "the head and front of its offending."

To us then, it seems at least plausible, that the charge of *first* persecuting brethren, belongs not to Trinitarian Christians.

Nor can we see, in the civil penalties and severities, which followed the great council of Nice, so much the hand of Ecclesiastics, as of an Emperor, who cared little, which side was right or wrong, so that there were no disturbance within his government. Constantine's severity, as even Gibbon seems to allow,[†] arose from pique, at the want of deference shown by *both* sides to his authority.

We fully believe, he called the council, with the "untutored sense of a soldier and statesman," not to determine a creed, about which "a Roman general whose religion might be still a subject of doubt," would little care: but to quash disputes, by which the provinces of his noble and extensive empire, were "distracted with religious discord." We think this "imperfect proselyte," i. e. to Christianity as he is called by Gibbon, from whom we have all along been quoting, would have pronounced the same judgment, and inflicted the same penalties, let the cause have issued as it might. Worldlings would admit as much, for they, arguing from a worldly knowledge of human nature, would say, that it naturally became the Emperor, as a politician and a philosopher, to be more concerned about the safety of a great state, than the petty victory of a sect of dogmatists. We believe they judge human nature, as it is often exhibited by men in power, but too correctly. We think therefore, that Constantine acted the part he would have acted, if neither orthodox nor heterodox, but a complete indifferentist. He wanted political salubrity and peace, and nothing more. The unsettled condition of his own religious sentiments (to say nothing of the authority of Gibbon,) is fully shown, in his speedy recal and patronage of Arius, and the efforts he made to re-instate him at Alexandria.

The persecution which followed the council of Nice, we then think was Constantine's alone: the out-breaking of an "unttuored" soldier's will. Military chieftains, are not remarkable for lenity, whether their aim be to crush *theological*, *political*, or *financial* heresy. But do we not believe, that the party which he happened to espouse, had their persecutions also? O yes, and enough of them, and enough of them without excuse, to satisfy the most eager and grasping anticipation of our concessions. Under Constantine's example as a cover, and with his authority as a shield, they pursued their own favorite plans, with melancholy, disgusting, and terrific severity. But we must say, that when the under spoke of the wheel became the uppermost, when in a few years, the fortunes Arianism revived, and rolled onwards to the summit of power, its votaries certainly equalled, and as a moderate and candid authority says, even *eclipsed* their oppressors.[*]

---

[*] Story's Commentaries on the Constitut. 1. 418.

[†] Gibbon, iii. 29, 30.

And what is very remarkable, they were if possible, more unsparing towards different sects of their own persuasion,[†] than towards those of a completely opposite faith.

> "Amid the woods, the leopard knows his kind,
> The tiger, preys not on the tiger brood;"

But Arian, could not show his fellow-Arian, mercy. Perhaps however, this is more consonant to human nature, than at first sight we may suppose.[‡] We have rarely if ever, seen *more rancorous animosity, than between different parties of the same denomination.* Even Solomon has said, the contentions of brethren, are like the bars of a castle, i. e. you may as easily break through the gates of a Bastile, as remove the causes which sustain them. *Acerrima ferme proximorum odia sunt,* says Tacitus. Witness the Jesuits and Jansenists among the Catholics, and — but we forbear to come nearer home. If any are suffering from this party spirit, we give them a text below from Warburton, for their study, imitation and comfort.[§]

In a short compass then, this is as correct a view as we can give, of the commencement of persecution, after division and hostility arose in the Church, through jarring opinions respecting the internal character of the Godhead.

Subsequent to the days of Constantine, in the time of such emperors, as Constantius and Valens on the Arian side, and Theodosius and Justinian on the other, we are willing to grant, that it is hardly worth one's while to adjust a balance, for weighing the alternate vengeance of orthodox or heterodox persecution. We are willing to say, in the general language of Winterberg: "A seculo quarto, in orbe Christiano, nihil magis salutem afflxit et imminuit, quam rixæ et contentiones de dogmatibus, quam inimicitiæ in secus sentientes, quam crudelitas immanissima, in eos, qui decreta partis adversæ tanquam ex tripode dicta revereri nollent.[||] "Our calmer reason," says even Gibbon, "will impute an equal, at least an indiscriminate measure of good and evil, to the hostile sectaries, who assumed and bestowed the appellations of orthodox and heretics."[¶] We are willing to take and give, at the hands of the infidel historian, if while doing so, we can bespeak his suffrage, for a man like Athanasius, who, he says, "in the various turns of his prosperous and adverse fortune, never lost the confidence of his friends, or the esteem of his enemies:"[**] — a man, who, when asked by Constantius to grant the Arians a church at Alexandria, answered by merely proposing as an exchange of concessions, that the Orthodox should have a church at Antioch,[*] and was replied to by his *very tolerant* opponents, with this *very sufficient* reason, (at least for them) that "*it would be inconvenient.*"[†] We are willing to do this, till we reach the age of those Goths and Vandals, whose blind devotion and ignorance, says a writer in the "Pillars of Priestcraft and Orthodoxy, &c." vol. iv. 270. were first made use of by the *clergy*, but who, in his own blind and ignorant zeal, forgot, that these people were converted by Bp. Ulphilas "a decided Unitarian," and were for centuries, the determined advocates, of a "craft" and a "doxy," the prototype of which, says Jerome, made the whole world groan.[‡] Of these tremendous scourges, we are compelled to exclaim, that none who bore the Christian name, ever so outraged humanity as they. To them, unless the Arian Constantius, (Gibbon iii. 66.) or the Arian Valens,[§] or the hateful Circumcelliones, (Gibbon iii. 69.) can claim the precedence, is due the infamous celebrity, of devising the punishment, of *burning* a fellow Christian. (Gibbon iv. 400.) So relentless was their bigotry, that it was their last sentiment, in the fearful hour of dissolution. (Gibbon iv. 401.) So demoniac, was their temper, that it did not spare woman, and made woman herself unsparing: and this too, in despite of a dignity and rank, which should have respected themselves, if they could not respect the same qualities in others. An Arian father-in-law and a king, amputated the nose and ears of a princess; (Gibbon iv. 273.) and an Arian mother-in-law, and a queen, seized another princess, whom her "blandishments" could not convert from Orthodoxy, seized her by her hair, dashed her against the ground, kicked her till she was covered with blood, and at last, gave orders that she should be thrown naked into a fish-pond. (Gibbon, iv. 411.)

---

[*] Dr. Walch quoted in Murdock's Mosheim, i. 357. Let the following instance supply the place of a multitude of quotations.

"The rites of Baptism, were conferred (conferred!) on women and children, who for that purpose, had been torn from the arms of their friends and parents: the mouths of communicants were held open by a wooden engine, while the consecrated bread was forced down their throats: the breasts of tender virgins were either burnt with red hot egg-shells, or inhumanly compressed between sharp nnd heavy boards." — Gibbon, iii. 66.

[†] Fleury, Ecc. Hist. Lib. xix. Sect. 35.

[‡] Kames' Sketches, iv. 264.

[§] "I believe no one (all things considered,) has suffered more, from the low and vile passions, of the high and low amongst our brethren, than myself. Yet God forbid, it should ever suffer me to be cold in the Gospel's interests; which are indeed so much my own, that without them, I should be disposed to consider humanity, as the most forlorn part of the creatiou." — Warburton's Letters, p. 40.

[||] Commentationes Theologicæ, iv. 423.

[¶] Hist. iii. 71.

[**] Hist. iii. 39 and 40.

The answer to all this may be, that these Goths and Vandals were a short time before, but perfect savages. True: but had they been good Orthodox propagandists, we are not *sure*, though we are *somewhat suspicious*, that their conduct would have been accounted a regular part, of the *Auto da Fe* "train," of "persecution, torture, murder, malignant bigotry, and loathsome hypocrisy," which has followed the doctrine of the Trinity. And even if they were such savages, could not the *improved* religion meliorate them *a little?* And if it could not, how could their Unitarianism be vanquished by such as Theodelinda, who completed its overthrow, even among her inhuman Lombard subjects, before the conclusion of the sixth century?[||] Her triumph, (says Waddington p. 102.) "may be read by the Catholic, without a blush, and recorded by the historian, without a sigh; since it was accomplished, if not by the process of rational conviction, at least, without the savage inflictions, by which sudden religious changes are usually effected."

And again, if the Goth's and Vandals were perfect savages, so were the original inhabitants of England; and yet when Ethelbert "the most potent king of Kent," was converted by the Orthodox St. Austin, and might have extended Christianity in his kingdom, by the force and constraint of civil power,

[*] Waddington, note, p. 96.

[†] Priestley's Ch. Hist. ii. 129. The Dr. is said to be candid. We must certainly give him full credit for the above quotation.

[‡] Hieron. adv. Lucif. tom. i. p. 145.

[§] Murdock's Mosheim, i. 355, notes. An *accident* says Gibbon, iii. 262.

[||] Compare, Fleury, Ecc. Hist. Lib. xxxv. Sect 13. — Biog. Universelle, xlv. 272.

he did not do so, "for he had learnt from his instructers and leaders to salvation, that the service of Christ, ought to be voluntary, not by compulsion."[*] In England therefore, Christianity, under Orthodox auspices, grew by the gentle means of moral suasion, and became a nursing mother to the soil: in Africa and elsewhere, under Arian auspices, it seemed the genius of "unmixed evil," stalking about with giant strides, bathing the ground with blood and searing it with fire.

Truth requires, perhaps, that this strong statement, be sustained by examples, in addition to what have been given already. The following may suffice.

Says Limborch, the partial friend of Locke that "decided Unitarian,"—"some had their tongues cut out, others their hands, others their feet chopped off, others their eyes dug out, and others were miserably slain through the extremity of their tortures."[†] This is but a sentence, from a whole chapter on "Arian persecutions," which were thought quite awful enough, to be introduced as a prelude to the history of the Inquisition. Says Gibbon: (iv. 399.) "The cruel and absurd enterprise, of subduing *the mind* of a whole people, was undertaken by the Vandals (i. e. the Unitarians) alone." He then goes on to detail, the horrors of this crusade of crusades out-heroding Herod, — this *maximum* of inferno-human vengeance, — whose design was, not from mistaken zeal, to recover a lost sepulchre, but with "unmixed" self-will, to make others think, as that will chose. And he thus shows, how this plan, "steamed up from hell," (as Dr. Channing, in an ever memorable *argumentum ad invidiam*, said Unitarianism was *not*,) was consummated. "Respectable citizens, noble matrons, and consecrated virgins, were stripped naked and raised in the air by pullies, with a weight suspended to their feet. In this painful attitude, their bodies were torn with scourges, or burnt in the most tender parts, with red hot plates of iron. The amputation of the ears, the nose, the tongue, and the right hand, was inflicted by the Arians."[‡] "A new mode of conversion, which might subdue the feeble, and alarm the timorous, was employed by the Arian ministers. They imposed by fraud or violence, the rites of baptism."[‡] "*The Arian clergy, surpassed in religious cruelty the king and his Vandals*"*!!!*[‡]

Would not any one, if these accounts of "persecution, torture, murder," and of "all that is malignant in bigotry," if not of "all that is loathsome in hypocrisy," were read to him *without names*, believe, that we were extracting, from the *stolen* records, of 'The Holy and Apostolic Court of the Inquisition?' Would he not start, as Priestley did, under the scourges of Horsley, and say of us, as he said of that heavy-handed controversialist, when we told him, that we had been extracting from the *published* annals of Unitarianism, that we were falsifiers of history, and defamers of the character of the dead?[§] But facts, are "*monumentum ære perennius*:" they cannot be undone, and would not be belied, by an Infidel, who said, that the difference between the histories of a Trinitarian and Unitarian, was that, which exists between sketches by the pencil of bigotry and the pencil of reason.[||]

We will now, but add a word from the "heretic" Tucker, and submit our view of persecution to the candor of our readers.

---

[*] Bede's Ecc. Hist. p. 70. London, 1723.
[†] Hist. of the Inquisit. p. 72.
[‡] Gibbon, iv. 405.
[§] Horsley's Tracts, pref. p. x.
[||] Gibbon, iii. 20, notes.

"As for the pretence of this article being the foundation of spiritual tyranny, this is not true; for history and experience testify, that those who have erected schemes of tyranny did not find it sufficient for their purpose, but were forced to build upon additions of their own, such as transubstantiation, purgatory, the custody of the keys: our modern seducers of the populace pretend to extraordinary illuminations, peculiar providences, and wonder-working powers, and Mahometism, that religion propagated by the sword, totally rejects the Trinity for this notable reason, because there cannot be a son without a mother as well as father. Perhaps nobody was ever hurt barely by his reception of the creeds, how erroneously soever he may have understood them: it is the stir made about them, that does the mischief. Any speculative point, as the individuality of compounds, or super-addition of a new existence upon their conjunction, might raise as great disturbances as the disputes between Athanasius and Arius, if once warmly espoused as a matter of state, or taken up for a party distinction."*

NOTE F. p. 21.

ATHEISM.

That these expressions about Atheism, are not too strong, let the following authorities show:

Lord Bacon, gives us an opinion, from what he saw in his day. "If this bridle," (i. e. "the fear of government and of speech amongst men," from which last, it has in our day pretty nearly emancipated itself,) "If this bridle were removed, there is no heresy, that would *contend* more, to spread and multiply and disseminate itself abroad, than Atheism."

Works, Montag. Edit. i. 216.

Bp. Blomfield, who is well acquainted with London, which has bred all sorts of radicalism and infidelity, tells us, that "an intolerant and persecuting spirit, is the never-failing characteristic, of the Atheist and the leveller."

B. on the Acts. p. 45. 2d edition.

The Abbe Bergier, who was familiar with France, holds the following language, at the close of his article on the Inquisition. "We congratulate the French and Germans, that they have not the tribunal among them; but we confidently assure them, that if *unbelieving philosophers*, had the mastery, they would establish an inquisition, as rigorous as that of Spain, against all, who would persevere in attachment to religion." Theol. Dict. iv. 215.

Hear Robert Hall. "It was late, before the Atheism of Epicurus, gained footing at Rome; but its prevalence, was soon followed, by such scenes of proscription, confiscation, and blood, as were *then*, unparalleled in the history of the world." "An attempt has been recently made, to establish a similar system in France, the consequenees of which, are too well known, to render it requisite, for me to shock your feelings by a recital." Works. i. 46. Eng. Edit. "They are eager to displace a Deity, from the minds of men, that they may occupy the void: to crumble the throne of the Eternal into dust, that they may elevate themselves on its ruins." i. 41.

---

* Tucker's Light, &c. iii. 259.

Hear even Voltaire. "I would not willingly, lie at the mercy of an Atheistical prince, who might think it his interest, to have me pounded in a mortar, for I am very certain, that would be my fate. And were I a sovereign, I would not have about me, any Atheistical courtiers, whose interest it might be to poison me, as then, I must every day be taking alexipharmics. So necessary is it, both for princes and people, that their minds be thoroughly imbued with an idea of a Supreme Being, the Creator, Avenger, and Rewarder.

Phil. Dict. i. 31. *Edit.* 1819.

We close this series, with the following.

"Upon the whole, as the world within the compass of a few years past, is advanced in all kinds of knowledge and arts, and every useful branch, of what they knew before is improved, and innumerable useful parts of knowledge, which were concealed before, are discovered: why should we think, the Devil alone, should stand at a stay, take no steps to his farther accomplishment, and make no useful discoveries, in his way? That he alone, should stand at a stay, and be just the same *unimproved* Devil, that he was before? No: No: as the world is improved every day, and every age is grown wiser and wiser, than their fathers, so no doubt, he has bestirred himself too, in order to an increase of knowledge and discovery, and that he finds every day, a nearer way to go to work with mankind, than he had before."

History of the Devil. 321, 322.

Note G, p. 26.

That this *original sin* of Arius, lost nothing by transmission, two or three authorities, not to mention others, can clearly evince. Says Severus, "*Ariani, perfidiam suam occultabant, non ausi palam, erroris sua dogmata, prædicare.*" Sulp. Severus Hist. Sac. Lib. ii. Many of the Orthodox bishops, as we are assured by Theodoret, (Lib. ii. ch. 21.) were carried by the Arians, from the council of Rimini, to Nice in Thrace, there detained, and *cheated* into an acknowledgment of an Arian creed. And this asssurance, comes from a man, whom Du Pin, (cent. v. pt. 2. p. 64.) has to defend from the charge, of writing history, for the *abuse of the Orthodox!* Of Eunomius, thus writes Ceillier, in his Hist. Aut. Sacres: "*Il suivit ce conceil et envelloppa son impieté d' une multitude de termes obscurs et embarrasses.*" Vol. xiv. p. 84.

Note H, p. 30.

Moral Qualifications of an Interpreter.

We have spoken strongly, on this subject, in the text, and as some may think, our observations ought to be better fortified, the following list of authorities is subjoined.

"For we believe, that to be true, which some have affirmed, that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite and passion, against the truth of *geometrical theorems* themselves, (as e. g. of a triangles' having its three angles, equal to two right angles,) whereby men's judgments might be clouded and bribed; notwithstanding all the demonstrations of them, many would remain, at least skeptical about them." — *Pref. to Cudworth's Intell. Syst.*

"The *will*, is one of the principal sources of belief; not that it produces belief, but that things appear true or false to us, according to the way they are looked at. The will which inclines to one thing, more than another, turns away the mind, from considering the qualities of that, which it does not approve; and thus, the whole mind, led by the will or inclination, limits observation, to what it approves, and thus forming its judgment, on what it sees, it insensibly regulates its belief, by the inclinations of the will, i. e. its own preferences."

Pascal's Thoughts, p. 20. *Craig's edition.*

"It would be well, if people would not lay so much weight, on their own reason, in matters of religion, as to think everything impossible and incredible, which *they* cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right rules of reason, in the whole course of our lives? Reason *itself*, is true and just, but the reason of *every particular man*, is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his passions, his interests, and his vices. Let any man but consider, when he hath a controversy with another, though his cause be ever so unjust, though the whole world be against him, how blinded he is, by the love of himself, to believe that wrong is right, and right is wrong, when it makes for his own advantage. Where is then the right use of this reason, which he so much boasts of, and which he would blasphemously set up, to control the commands of the Almighty." — *Dean Swift's Sermon on the Trinity*, pronounced by Bp. Gleig, (Letters p. 203.) the best popular sermon on the subject, he ever saw.

"Thus, good people, should we understand such matters, expressed in the Divine Scriptures, that the holy table of God's word, be not turned to us, to be a snare, a trap, and a stumbling stone, to take hurt, by the abuse of our understanding." — *Homily*, 22. *pt.* 1. *An information to them, which take offence, at certain places of the holy Scripture.*

In his last hours, said Bp. Butler to his chaplain, "Though I have endeavored to avoid sin, and to please God, to the utmost of my power, yet from the consciousness of perpetual infirmity, I am still afraid to die." "My Lord," said the chaplain, "you forget that Jesus Christ is a Saviour." "True," was the answer, "but how shall I know, that he is a *Saviour to me?*" "My Lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.'" "True," said the bishop, "and I am surprised, that though I have read that Scripture, a thousand times, I never felt its value till this moment: and now I die happy."

Chr. Disc. N. S. i. 368.

One of the most important of the moral qualifications of an interpreter, is, a *sympathy* with what he is to interpret. Here was a passage, without "ambiguity," but until the proper sympathy with it, was awakened in the bishop's mind, it was dark or of no striking significance to him. *When* that sympathy came, *then* came spiritual discernment and spiritual appreciation. The simple proposition, "Jesus Christ is a Saviour," will be a bare and cold historical fact, to all who have not due convictions and feelings about those sins, which make a Saviour necessary. When a man can enter, *with his heart*, into the language of our sacramental confession, "the remembrance of them, is grievous unto us, the burthen of them, is intolerable," *then*, and not till then, will he know how to interpret, the apparently unambiguous proposition, which has been instanced.

To proceed : — " How zealously and earnestly, they ply the people, with the great duty of searching the Scriptures, and yet, all the world cannot persuade them, either to believe or hear those Scriptures, though speaking never so plainly, against their erroneous practices."

Nalson's Countermine, p. 26.

" Several, stamp the characters of Divinity, on an idol which the fancy has set up, and wonder, that all mankind do not fall down and worship it. Every slight argument that countenances it, is demonstration, and every one that opposes it, is a palpable fallacy. They see it in every text of Scripture, and are surprised at the unaccountable blindness of other people, that they do not see it too." *Seed's Sermons*, iii. 110.

" For how great soever his acquisitions are, of speculative knowledge, the corruptions of the heart, will certainly, sooner or later, seduce and corrupt the mind." *Du Pin's Study of Theology*. p. 103.

" Were the minds of all men alike, and rightly disposed, all arguments and reasons, would work alike upon them all. But interest, partiality, pride, and other ungovernable affections, cause all the disorders in the mind."

Hon. C. How's Meditations No. 22.

" Scripture, like everything else, is liable to very extraordinary interpretations; and when men enter upon the study of it, with a disposition to search into mysteries, or with a prepossession for any peculiar set of tenets, and a desire to establish these, in preference to every other, they no doubt may run into the most extravagant imaginations, and find in the words of God himself something like a color, for all the perversions and follies of their own disordered mind."

R. Morehead's Sermons, Episcopal Chapel Edinburgh. p. 16.

" There is but one precise point, to show a picture in : the rest, misrepresent by nearness or distance, by being too high or too low. Perspective, will tell us this nice place in *painting;* but in *thinking* and *morality*, it is not so easily fixed. Things are often mismarked, both in contemplation and use, for want of of application and integrity." *Jer. Collier's Essays*. i. 240.

" Many qualifications are requisite, in order to judge of some truths, and particularly those, which are of the greatest importance : proper learning and penetration, vacancy from business, a detachment from the interest of all parties, much sincerity, and a perfect resignation to the government of reason and force of truth." *Wollaston's Rel. of Nat. Edit.* 6th. p. 62.

" Reason, that divinity of philosophers, totters, is frequently driven from her throne, and even deserts those, who have most cultivated her friendship, and acknowledged her power." *Lord Lyttleton's Lett.* p. 20, 21.

" Truth, is a thing, which every man is ready fo declare for, and thinks, he, has its sure posssion. But then, it must be in his own little sphere, though ever so contemptible, a hut or house. He must never look abroad, or go out of doors for it. Every monster of imagination, in his own cell is *truth*."

Morgan's Physico-Theology p. 269.

Little did this Infidel, like many others, think that his positions were as applicable to himself as to those against whom he wrote. A principle, is always *general*, and a principle of the science of Interpretation, one of the *most general* things in the world: and yet, even this science is not protected from monopolizing and *one sided* views:—a proof almost complete, if there were no other, that the moral qualifications of an interpreter, are matters of the first moment, and to be looked to, before any other qualifications whatever.

Behold another Infidel, unconsciously committing *felo de se,* when he thinks *only*, of slaying his Christian neighbor. "There is indisputably an influence, exerted by emotions and passions, over the understanding itself. They have sometimes the effect, of making that argument appear valid to one man, which is regarded as inconclusive by another; in a word, of begetting various opinions on the same subject." *Essays on Formation of Opinions*, p. 48.

From something which we have lately seen written by the celebrated continental scholar, De Wette, it would seem, as if he were verging to such views of the qualifications of an interpreter, as have here been defended.

And now, after showing the necessity of proper moral qualifications for an interpreter, we might still go on and say, that without these same qualifications, even correctly interpreted Scripture is of little use. "Suppose a man," says Pascal, "to become convinced, that the proportions of numbers, are truths immaterial, (i e. existing independently of matter,) and external, and dependent on one first truth, on which they subsist, and which is called God: I do not find that man, advanced one step further, towards his own salvation." *Thoughts* pp. 57, 58. *or Chap*. vii.

There is what is called, a speculative belief in Christianity. But there are persons, in whose minds such a belief lies as inert and unfruitful, as do certain seeds in the ground, when more heat and moisture than usual, is necessary to make them germinate. So their Christianity, (if it be Christianity,) requires the dew of a divine blessing, and the warmth of a faith "that works by love," to make it vital and operative. Compare Rom. ii. 28, 29. *

NOTE. I. p. 31.

UNLEARNED INTERPRETERS.

We cannot help referring here, to Mr. N.'s chosen example, both in his review and book, (and which, of course, we think a very carefully selected one,) as far from being particularly happy. "Ye have an unction, from the Holy One, and ye know all things." 1 John ii. 20. This, is the ambiguous passage, which is to show how easily common readers may and will mistake, the sense of Scripture.—We confess it to be an ambiguous passage, to the cavilling and querulous theologian. But to one, who had practically and powerfully felt, the influence of Christianity, (i. e. in common parlance, a truly converted man,) we really think, the *sentiment* of the passage, its oriental costume out of the question, remarkably plain.

---

* Le Bas's Sermons, ii. 244.—Quarterly Review, xvii. 459.

John had been speaking, of Anti-christs. They went out from his brethren, left the fellowship of Christians; because they were not of them, had no genuine fellow-feeling with them. But ye, (there is a contrast in the disjunctive, which every unlearned interpreter would *feel*, little as he might know of the mysteries of "ambiguity,") but ye do, — what? Obviously, — do not go out. And why? Ye have an unction, from the Holy One, and ye know all things.

We are confident, with a persuasion "free from all doubt and difficulty," that a right Christian heart, a mind prepared with the proper *moral qualifications*, would interpret the *sentiment* here, correctly, and without hesitation; though unskilled in the dubitations and tortuosities of "ambiguity." Nay, we will go further, we believe, it would come to a true decision, *the sooner*, for this very want of skill. We do not think, after all, that language is such an extremely uncertain medium, for the communication of thought.

The knowledge of what words *may* mean, is not most helpful, in our humble estimation. It makes many *oscillate*, in a manner, amusing to mere curiosity, but afflicting to anxious philanthropy. It has troubled the world, with men, who have "piled up reluctant quarto upon solid folio, as if their labors, because they are gigantic, could contend with truth and heaven."* An *honest* man, means *one* thing, by language: it is only *deceivers*, who mean *many* things, or *nothing*, by it. "It is saying little," says the powerful author, of the late work on fanaticism, "to affirm, that no composition, whether historical or didactic, (if the language in which it is written be understood,) fails to convey to readers, of ordinary intelligence, the *principal intention* of the writer; unless indeed, he be himself wanting in sense, or designedly conceals his meaning, under ambiguous or enigmatic terms. This is plainly implied, when it is granted, that language is a good and sufficient means of communication, between mind and mind. To affirm any thing less, were to stultify humanity, and to break up and derange, the entire machinery of the social system. All men, might as well become anchorets at once, if indeed language is found to be a fallacious medium of intellectual exchange." †

This seems to us, so much like a concatenation of axioms, (as no doubt it did to its author,) that but for the singular views, about the intrinsic ambiguity of language, which have been obtruded on us, we should never have sought, for such propositions as it contains, the authority of a great reputation. We say *singular*, not because we doubt, any more than Mr. N. does, that words are, in themselves considered, intrinsecally ambiguous. We have never doubted this fact, since we were taught it in college, in different phraseology, viz. that words are arbitrary signs of ideas. But we fear, that the term "intrinsic," has been used, with an emphasis and a frequency, which has made it convertible for another, quite dissimilar, viz. "invariable." We do fear, that Mr. N.'s declamation about intrinsic ambiguity, will help some to doubt, some to speculate, some to evade, and some to be indifferent, *because*, they will think, that which is intrinsecally ambiguous, is *always* ambiguous; — a conclusion, not one whit more strange to us, than are to him, the, "to the last degree extravagant and absurd," conclusions of Paulus, which in his view, have no equals, but Orthodox commentaries![*]

---

* From Junius' Letters, No. xx.

† Fanaticism, p. 243.

We well know, as Dr. Beattie has taught us, that "it is easy to write plausibly, on any subject, and in vindication of any doctrine, when either the indolence of the reader, or the nature of the composition, gives the writer an opportunity, to avail himself, of *the ambiguity of language*."[†] But we trust, that it is not necessary, to prove the sacred writers, *honest* men, who would mean but *one*[‡] thing: and we believe, that no *sincere* inquirer after their meaning, will be indolent. How then, can the ambiguity of language, be *so very* troublesome, to such an inquirer? — We cannot think it will be. If the writers of the Bible, had a "principal intention;" then, if one only have a spirit in sympathy with theirs, i. e. the right moral qualification, he will catch this "intention," sooner, vastly sooner, than the most learned of explorers, who are wandering up and down, seeking for it in the *mists* of words and phrases, which they themselves have created. It is easier, than is imagined, for a man to transfer the cloudiness of his own brain, to the page he is reading: to think, when his own heart is out of tune, that the discord exists in what his heart does not chime with. But, when there is harmony between what is written, and the mind and heart, which come in contact with it; *then*, as in water face answereth to face, so the mind sees and the heart feels what is written, just as he who wrote, meant they should do. — To us, this is a subject, which we think as plain, as others will think it "ambiguous" There are "babes," to whom it is intelligible, and there are "wise and prudent," from whom, in relation to the Bible, it may "be hidden." But we shall be none the less "fully persuaded," of the correctness and simplicity of our views, about the unambiguous character of the language of *honest* men, guided by the Spirit of all truth, when studied by *sincere* and *anxious* men, whose hearts, the same Spirit has attuned to unison, with the language they study. This, is a position, which even violence shall not wring from us. We will never consent, to have the humble, unlettered, but genuine Christian, shaken in his faith, and injured in his hopes, by the illusive "statement," that language intrinsecally, means any thing or means nothing, and that *therefore*, he must surrender at discretion, to the *dicta* of the self-styled wise.[§] No, we tell him, he may even put them at defiance, and fearlessly follow a *sanctified heart*. Such a heart will lead him into all truth, when without it, the wisdom of Solomon might but "lead to bewilder."[||]

"He that believeth," i. e. gives God *all* his confidence, before man, man's reason, or any thing below, "hath the witness in himself." Ought it not, to be so? Ought not God to bless him, who will trust himself, *exclusively*, with a degree of light and conviction, which he withholds from others? Ought not a heart, which is not so foolish as to trust in itself, to be able to adopt, with *philosophical* truth, the words of Dante?

---

[*] Ch. Disc. N. S. i. 410.

[†] Essay on Truth, Pt. 1. chap. ii. Sect. 9.

[‡] Horne's Introd. 4th Lond. edition, ii. 493. or Int. to Pt. ii. ch. 1.

[§] "Whoever is wise, in the history of human science; or with philosophic mind, has traced the characters of the learned, has frequently discovered, that *erudition*, with all its industry, is often more remote from truth, than *ignorance* with all its stupidity; and that while the learned, outstrip the vulgar in knowledge, their own prejudice often outstrips their own knowledge."
Dr. Fletcher on Rel. Controversy, pp. 91, 92.

[||] Horsley's Nine Sermons, pp. 165, 6.

> "The flood, I answered, from the Spirit of God,
> Rained down, upon the Cov'nants old and new:
> Here, is the reasoning, that convinceth me
> So feelingly: each argument beside,
> Seems blunt and forceless, in comparison."

Paradise, Canto xxiv. 96—100. Carey's Translation, slightly altered.

NOTE K. p. 33.

RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT, — FREE ENQUIRY &C.

We were once present, at the delivery of an oration by a distinguished personage, who siezed an opportunity to dilate on these topics, with enthusiastic fervor. His remarks were welcomed with vociferous applause, — clapping — stamping &c.

"I presume," said a dry country parson sitting near us, "I presume Sir, it is the *most pious* part of the audience, who are expressing their joy on this occasion."

NONE L. p. 38.

THE PROTESTANT VATICAN.

Protestants complain, of the decrees of the Vatican: must it at last be said to them, "thou that preachest, a man should not steal" infallibility, "dost thou, steal" it? — And yet, we are at times almost tempted to exclaim, "Behold! a greater than" the Vatican "is here."

For in the first place, we may have no principles of interpretation, which can be even defended. (p. 88.)

Should we however survive this deprivation, and attempt to interpret the Bible for ourselves, in the honest exercise of "the right of private judgment," we are reduced to the verge of syncope, by the drastic dose, that, mean the Bible what it may, "its Trinitarian exposition must be false." (p. 105.)

Should any strength be yet left us, and we attempt to lisp, that the Bible correctly interpreted, contains Trinitarian doctrines, we are made "twice dead, plucked up by the roots," by the *decretum absolutum*, "Oh no! these are not the doctrines of the gospel." * — Most truly, if we can have no principles of interpretation; — if our interpretations, when attempted, must all be wrong; — if what we declare to be in Scripture, cannot be found there; — we see not, how we could be in worse plight, under the ban of the successors of St. Peter. This "statement," quite throws into shade, the Bull Unigenitus, which nullified but one hundred and one propositions. It nullifies our every possible proposition, and is an Interdict, with a vengeance!

* Ch. Disc. N. S. i. 430. The "cool and dispassionate" impression, with which Mr. Yates, closes his Vindication of Unitarianism, is, "that if it be not *certain*, that the commonly received doctrine of the Trinity, is false, there is an end of all religion, and no certainty upon any subject." — Vind. p. 284.

Well has Chillingworth said: "He that would usurp an absolute lordship over any people, need not put himself, to the trouble and difficulty of abrogating and annulling the laws made to maintain the common liberty, for he may frustrate their intent, compass his design, as well, if he can get power and authority, to *interpret them as he pleases*, and *add to them what he pleases, and to have his interpretations and additions, stand for laws:* if he can rule his people by his laws, and his laws by his lawyers." *

We care little for our Protestantism, if it discharge us from one thraldom, but to enslave us to a second. If we *must* have an *infallible dictator*, † it matters little whether he reside at Rome or at Cambridge: for,

"It is a poor relief we gain,
To change the place and keep the pain."

Are we to go back to the days of Du Moulin, and with him say: "A prodigious thing, that sinners and guilty persons, will take upon them to be infallible judges of the sense of the laws, which concern their crimes and offences; that sinful men should be judges of that word, by the which, at the latter day, they shall be judged! This, is to subject religion unto men; whereas men should be subject to religion."

Du Moulin's Buckler of the Faith. pp. 25, 26. *Oxford*, 1620.

Note M. p. 42.

The Unity of God.

Notwithstanding the admonitions, upon the *supposed* simplicity of this subject, given by Bp. Horsley‡ and Mr. Stuart,§ it may be thought, that the positions of the text, need further aid. The following authorities, are therefore quoted.

Says Dugald Stuart, "the existence of a Deity, does not seem to be an intuitive truth."‖ If then, we have to reason out, even God's *existence*, much more must it take a longer process to learn his *nature*.

But this "nature," says Arminius, "cannot be known *a priori*."¶ "If," says Locke, "you do not understand, the operations of your own finite mind, that thinking thing within you, do not think it strange, that you cannot comprehend the operations of that Eternal Infinite Mind, who made and governs all things, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain."** "We may know that there is a God," says Pascal, "without knowing *what* he is."††

Such authorities as these, may teach us *generally*, that the deductions of reason about the internal character of the Godhead, must partake of that *dimness*, into which, says Dr. Ware, our mortal vision is not penetrating enough to go.

---

* Chillingworth's Works, i. 197.

† Le Clerc perhaps, brought the Popery of Toleration into such repute, as to stimulate imitators. He was thought to aim, at "the Inquisitor-generalship in the republic of Letters." — Biog. Universelle, xxiii. 515.

‡ Tracts, pp. 286, 7.

§ Letters, pp. 36, 7. 1st edition.

‖ Phil. Act. and Mor. Powers, Book iii. chap. 1.

¶ Nichols' Arminius, ii. 112. So said Plato, vid. Enfield's Hist. Phil. i. 226.

** Essay, Book iv. chap. 10. § 19.

†† Thoughts, chap. 7.

We come now to the specific subject, of what is called the Divine Unity, as a part of this internal character. We say, "what is called," remembering the language of the "heretic" Tucker, who is so unfortunate, as to let slip the declaration, that "Unity" is a coined word, as well as "Person," and "Trinity:" * a declaration, which we believe to be no less true than impartial.

Of course, if our Unitarian friends, stickle too much *for*, or strive too much *against* words of human manufacture, they must find themselves at as great a stand, as others are gratuitously decreed to be. We will imagine them then, content to let the matter of coined words pass; albeit we do not tell them, that if words are so highly "ambiguous," they can with an ill grace complain of those, who now and then make one, with at least the honest endeavor, of avoiding the consequences of this serious imperfection.

In reference then to proof from reason, of *what is called* the Unity, we appeal first, to an authority, whom some perhaps will little expect to hear cited, *scilicet*, Mr. Hume. "Were one Deity antecedently proved," says he, "who were possessed of every attribute, requisite to the production of the Universe, it would be needless, I own, *but not absurd*, to suppose any other Deity existent. But while it is still a question: Whether all these attributes, are united in one subject, or dispersed among several independent beings; by what phenomenon shall we decide the controversy?" † We might quote much more from him, if necessary.

If so acute a mind as Hume's, could see no more luminous proofs of the essence of Divinity, in Nature, it is not wonderful, that such minds as Paley's and Dr. Brown's, should not be more discerning. It is somewhat entertaining, in relation to Paley, to find him, with that faculty of *seeing double*, possessed by some, now claimed as a Unitarian, and now accredited as Orthodox. Dr. Channing, esteeming him valuable as a *retainer*, on his side of the question,‡ looks upon him as a "decided Unitarian." Mr. Yates, discovering him to be *a bad witness*, for the Unity of God as taught by reason, can discover him, only in the ranks of Orthodoxy.§ Dr. Brown, we presume will not be deemed his associate, in this last position, and yet he unequivocally says, that an attempt to prove the absolute and necessary Unity of God, from the light of Nature, is "at best, only a laborious trifling with words."‖

We might go further and adduce the testimony of theologians, for we have before us, references to Van Mastricht, Synop. Pur. Theologiae, Calvin, Leighton, Gleig, Storr, Pye Smith, Nares, Dwight, Shuttleworth, to say nothing of what might be gleaned, from such writers as Bœthius and Grotius, Addison and How, to whose pages we have also guides: we hope, not altogether "ambiguous." But here, we at present rest.

In closing this note, we cannot but express a little astonishment, at the confidence, with which some have dogmatized upon the subject of Unity. "The Unity of God," says a controversial writer, "is a simple, indivisible, and perfect Unity." Such language, of course implies, that there is a Unity, which is not simple, which is divisible, which is imperfect, i. e. in other words, that after all, Unity is but a *relative* thing. Here then, we ask, how *he* knows that the

---

* Light of Nature, iii. 260.

† Phil. Works, ii. 471.

‡ Letter to Thacher, p. 24.

§ Yates' Vindication, p. 147.

‖ Brown's Philos. iii. 449.

Unity of God, is *such a sort* of Unity, as he positively affirms it to be? In order to be competent, to such an affirmation, he must be intimately acquainted, with *all* the sorts of Unity in existence, and so intimately acquainted with the internal nature of God, as to know that one, and one only, of these Unities, belongs to him: and thus, to put his finger, upon the *precise* one, which belongs to God, he must know scarcely less than the Supreme Being himself.[*] At any rate, before he can speak oracularly, upon this subject, he must know, what Unity *in the abstract* is. And now we ask: what is Unity, in the abstract? *We* do not even pretend to know, and think, that any modest man, might pause and falter, before the conclusion of such a mind as Plato's: "Unity can neither be named, nor spoken of, nor conceived by opinion, nor be known, nor perceived by any being."[†] And shall we dogmatize, upon such a tenuous and intangible subject, in relation to a nature, "higher than heaven — deeper than hell — longer than the earth — broader than the sea?" Rather, doth it not become us to feel as did Klopstock's Eloa, who had been attempting to fathom the mysteries of the Godhead, and who expressed the result, thus sublimely.

"To the First of beings, to him whom no name can express, no thought conceive, I have just soared; desiring to see him face to face, in all his tremendous glory. I reached the suns, that gild the radiant path to heaven, and they were dimmed. I then ascended to the celestial throne, where darkness progressive, deepened beyond darkness; but no words can express the depth of the sable cloud, in which the Eternal was involved, nor the awful terrors, with which he was environed. I stood, amid the profound repose of the fair creation. I sunk prostrate, adoring the great Omnipotent in silence."[‡]

Metaphysics, as it appears to us, dwindle to an infinitesimal meagreness, when brought into competition with a being, to whom such language is applicable, for the purpose of measuring his dimensions, or sounding his essence. We may be thought too yielding, and be told perhaps, that we add to the perplexity of our contemplations, when directed towards God. If so, we shall reply in the language of Necker: "What becomes in IMMENSITY, of that insignificant phrase; *It is one difficulty more?*"

Necker on Religious Opinions. 165.

NOTE N. p. 45.

VANITY OF PHILOSOPHIZING.

Dr. Priestley, would have us believe, that the philosophizing, against which the sacred writers level censure, was introduced by the Gnostics, but Tittman, teaches us, that there are no traces of Gnostic philosophy in the New Testament. We apprehend, one need not go to a sect, for the origin of this propensity: it is as universal, as human nature. "Vanity," says Pascal, "is so rooted in the heart of man, that the lowest drudge of the camp, the street or the kitchen, must have his boast and his admirers. *It is the same with the philosophers.*"[§]

---

[*] He must beyond question have attained that elevation to which Lucifer could but aspire. — See Isaiah xiv. 13, 14.

[†] Taylor's Plato, iii. 161. also Bp. Berkley's Works, i. 29.

[‡] Messiah, Book IX.

[§] Thoughts, chap. 2.

Bacon, complains of this vanity as infecting pretended students of Nature, not less than theologians. "For," he says, "as in the inquiry of divine truth, the pride of man, hath ever inclined to leave the oracles of God's *word,* and to vanish in the mixture of their own inventions, so in the self-same manner, in inquisition of Nature, they have ever left the oracles of God's *works*, and adored the deceiving and deformed imagery, which the unequal mirrors of their own minds, have represented unto them. Nay, it is a point fit and necessary, in the front and beginning of this work, without hesitation or reserve to be professed, that it is no less true, in this human kingdom of knowledge, than in God's kingdom of heaven, that no man shall enter it 'except he become first as a little child.'"* "Glory and curiosity," says Montaigne, "are the scourges of the soul: of which the last, prompts us to thrust our noses into everything, and the other, forbids us to leave anything doubtful and undecided."† Much might be written on this subject, but it must be a graphic pen indeed, which can inculcate lessons about it, so beautifully, so expressively, so almost divinely, as is done, in two philosophical parables, in the first twenty-seven verses of the 4th chapter, of the second book of Esdras, and to which the reader is referred. May *the proper limits of theological research*,‡ become a less strange thought, and a less novel expression, than it now is, to too many. Then, we may hope to see return upon us, that happy period, of which Schroeckh thus speaks, in his compendious history of the Church: "Felix certe eo numine, Ecclesia hujus ævi fuit, quod, *vix ulli* doctorum, auderent *placita sua mandatis divinis*, *venditare;* omnes autem, *summam religionis, ad sacrarum literarum auctoritatem* revocarent." *Hist. Religionis.* p. 90. 6th edition.

"We live in a strange age," says an old statesman, "when every one, is in love with his own fancy, as Narcissus was with his face, and this is, *true spiritual pride*, the usherer in of all confusions. The Lord deliver us from it; and grant we may possess our souls with patience, till the great wheel of Providence turn up another spoke, that may point at peace and unanimity, among poor mortals. In these hopes I rest."

Howell's Famil. Letters. Book. iv. *Lett.* 29. *London* 1678.

NOTE O. p. 47.

IDENTITY OF PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Great names, have led to mistakes, on this subject. There are at present, three such names, which seem to be quoted, with peculiar zest, — Newton's Locke's, and Milton's. But of the first, we hold it no heresy to say, in the language of Davies, "There may be some truth also, in what another foreigner has said, that in some of his theological writings, Newton has made amends unto mankind, for his superiority to them in other respects. There is still more truth, in what his own learned editor said of him, that in the science of quantity, he was unequalled, but that in matters of religious inquiry, he was but one of the people. It has been remarked by Gibbon, that the study of the mathematics has a strong tendency, by the habits of thought which it induces to incapacitate the mind, for the nice perception and correct appreciation of moral evidence. It can be matter of just surprise to none, therefore, that a man, whose mighty faculties were so absorbed in the investigations of that science, as were those of Newton, should have failed to attain, to a correct view of a system, whose evidence, from the very nature of the things, can never be made to assume the form of mathematical demonstration." * We hold it to be no heresy to say as much, and to say further, that *his* mind suffered, as his fellow philosopher declares too many minds have done, "from the intermingling and tempering with one another, of Divine and human knowledge." And the more confident are we in our position, when Newton's philosophy is quoted in behalf of Anti-Trinitarianism, since we are assured by Whiston, that Newton was irreconcilably angry with him, for calling him an Arian. †— As to Locke's Anti-Trinitarianism we find it *somewhat hard* to admit it, when in his second Vindication of the "Reasonableness of Christianity," Wks. vii. 417, he tell us, it is *very hard* for a Christian, who reads the Scriptures with attention, and an unprejudiced mind, to deny *the satisfaction of Christ*. And for Milton's, strange as might have been many of his notions, it does seem to us *liberal* interpretation, in at least the comparative degree, to quote his testimony against Orthodoxy; when in relation to his advocacy of a doctrine *pre-eminently incredible*, it was said of him by the celebrated Mr. Erskine, at the trial of Cheetham: "The mysterious Incarnation, of our blessed Saviour, (which this work blasphemes, in words so wholly unfit, for the mouth of a Christian, or for the ear of a court of justice, that I dare not and will not give them utterance,) Milton, made the grand conclusion of the Paradise Lost, the rest from his finished labors, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of world."

---

* Works, Montag. edition i. 267.

† Essays, i. 320. edition 1685.

‡ See Book i. of Davies' Estimate of the Mind.

We say these things, contemplating with no diminutive wonder, the strained efforts of some, to magnify *human* authorities, ‡ when but yesterday, as it were, it was the fashion to lessen and to decry them: — nay, "*none so poor as to do them reverence.*" How long is it since we have been told, that the inflexible decrees and symbols of councils, were worth no more than the parchment or paper upon which they were engrossed? And shall we now be silenced by the very tensile decrees and symbols of astronomers, metaphysicians, and poets?

Ah! says Montaigne; "Methinks philosophy has never so fair a game to play, as when it falls upon our vanity and presumption, when it most lays open their irresolution, weakness and ignorance. I look upon the too good opinion man has of himself, to be the nursing mother of all the most false, both public and private opinions. Those people, *who ride astride on the epicycle of Mercury*, who see so far into the heavens, are worse to me than a tooth-drawer that comes to draw my teeth: for in my study, the subject of which is man, finding so great a variety of judgments, so great a labyrinth of difficulties, one upon another, so great diversity and uncertainty, even in the school of wisdom itself; you may judge, seeing those people, could not resolve upon the knowledge of themselves, and their own condition, which is continually before their eyes, and within them; seeing they do not know how that moves, which they themselves move; nor how to give us a description of the springs they themselves govern and make use of; how can I believe them, about the ebbings and flowings of the Nile! The curiosity of knowing things, has been given to man for a scourge, says Holy Scripture." * — But why a diatribe against philosophy, it may be asked by multitudes, who are "ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge," of the conservative truth, "*medio tutissimus ibis?*" Shall we adopt, they cry, the exploded maxim, "ignorance is the mother of devotion?" — He is a calumniator, who draws such inferences from our pages. He is a wilful and malign misinterpreter, who says, we scout philosophy, and who would therefore bring our arguments into discredit, by insinuating that we dare not or will not have a mind of our own, and follow through fear, or with hypocrisy, or for gain, "the beaten track." No: we disesteem not philosophy. To be sure, we would not dwell upon her *unrivalled* excellence, like some mistaken chanters of its praise, and let her usurp a dominion, which was never assigned her, and which she may convert, unless we misconceive omens, into general and detestable tyranny. We would only tell her, as a plain old-fashioned writer, told certain mistresses of other days, who were disposed to be peeping into the families of their neighbors, to be "a keeper at home." Then, we shall hold her, is as "reverend estimation," as a Lady Abbess, would be held in, by the scrupulous Catholic, within the walls of a convent.†

---

* Davies' Estimate of the Mind, Vol. i. pp. 146, 147.

† Simpson's Plea, p. 26.

‡ The supposed Unitarianism, of Newton, Locke, and Milton, forms the subject of a Tract! See No. 77, of the Tracts of the Am. Unit. Association, Nov. 1833.

"The Church," says Chateaubriand, "has never spoken with such severity, against philosophic studies, as the various philosophers whom we have quoted. If she be accused of having looked rather coldly upon that knowledge, which, to use the words of Seneca, *cures us of nothing*, you must also condemn that multitude of legislators, statesmen, and moralists, who, in every age, have protested more strongly than she has done, against the danger, the uncertainty, and the obscurity of the sciences. — Where shall she discover truth? Is she to seek it in Locke, so highly extolled by Condillac? in Leibnitz, who deemed Locke so weak in metaphysics? or in Kant, who now attacks both Locke and Condillac? Shall she take up the maxims of Minos, Lycurgus, Cato, Rousseau, who banish the sciences from their republics? or adopt the opinion of the legislators, by whom they are tolerated? What dreadful lessons, if she but looks around her! What an ample subject for reflection, in that well known history of the *tree of knowledge which produces death!* The ages of philosophy, have invariably bordered upon the ages of destruction." ‡

And yet, we are told, that religion is in a crude undeveloped state, and that it must be taken from the hands of poor mismanaging divines, and entrusted to philosophers, who will bring it forth in all its glory, like the sun from an eclipse. We doubt it. We utterly doubt it. Cost what it may, and it will probably cost enough to say so, we fear we are incorrigible heretics, under the deep cloud, to use the Roman Catholic phrase, of "invincible ignorance," respecting this very fashionable opinion. It is to us, (*πατάξον μέν, ακοὺσον δὲ,*) it is to us, little better than sing-song. With the firmly persuaded author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," we can go hand in hand, and say, "True Religion, unlike human science, was given to mankind in a finished form, and is to be learned, not improved: and though the most capacious human mind is nobly employed, while concentrating all its vigor upon the acquirement of this documentary learning, it is very fruitlessly and very perniciously occupied in giving it a single touch of perfectionment."[*] To enquirers, we should ever give the advice of the saintly Leighton: "Whatever you do, with regard to other studies, give always the preference to sacred Christian philosophy; which is, indeed, the chief philosophy, and has the preeminence over every other science, because it holds Christ *to be the head*, in whom, all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hid."[†][‡] And for ourselves we desire no better motto, than the profession of Sir Thomas Brown, in his Religio Medici: "In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself. But in divinity, I love to keep the road; and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the Church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motion, from the epicycle of my own brain. — In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the Church is my text: where that speaks, 'tis but my comment: where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but follow the dictates of my own reason."[§]

---

* Essays, ii. 484, 5.

† Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop, to what they understand. — Pope.

‡ Beauties of Christianity, p. 301.

To those who think this subject deserving further investigation, the following references may perhaps be of some service.

Hey's Lectures. Book iv. Art. i. § 16.
Powell's Discourses. Hughe's Edition p. 211.
Bonnet's Inquiries. Phila. 1803. p. 296, 7.
Diodati sur le Christianisme. pp. 57, 58.
R. Morehead's Sermons p. 15.
Rollin's Belles Lett. iii. 306.
Bp. Hurd's Works. viii. 121. — Quarterly Review, xxx iii. 356. &c.
Christian Obs. 1819. p. 494.
Bp. Berkley's Minute Philosopher, *last two* chapters.
Tittmanni Opusc. p. 565. &c.
Prof. Lee's Six Sermons &c. pp. 135—143.
Wardlaw's Christian Ethics, Lecture, i.
Chalmer's Bridg. Treatise, last chapter.

It does seem so curious a matter, even in this age of marvels, to find philosophy exalted to the rank of a *Catholicon*, that we have not yet unlearned the amazement, with which we have contemplated its promotion. We cannot forget what Le Clerc says, (Hist. Eccles. Sect. 2. an. 101. § 21.) that philosophy made the Fathers, inventors of *new dogmas*. We might harmonize such a testimony with the recommendation to give philosophy, something "a little lower" than Papal supremacy, if we could believe with Leibnitz, (Esprit de Leibnitz, tom. ii. p. 48.) that the Fathers had *rejected* all which was *bad* in the philosophy of the Greeks. But to believe this of them, would be to destroy that famous argument against the Trinity, viz: that it was all stolen from Plato. So we are compelled to think, that philosophy has made the good men play pranks in theology, and then to have the same source of witchcraft, recommended as excellent to ourselves. This is somewhat embarrassing to our humble Trinitarian reason, and we freely confess ourselves deficient, in the commodity of "new light." We must be *satisfied* therefore for the present with the "old light" of Erasmus. "*Satis est*," he assures us, "*Satis est* ad consequendam salutem æternam, ea de Deo credere, quæ palam de se prodidit in sacris literis, per selectos ad hoc viros Spiritu suo afflatos; quæque post versans in terris ipse discipulis aperuit; ac demum per Spiritum Sanctum iisdem in hoc selectis discipulis patefacere dignatus est. Haec simplici fide tenere, Christiana philosophia est: haec puro corde venerari, pura religio est: per hæc tendere ad caelestis vitæ meditationem, pietas est: in his perseverare, victoria est, per hæc vicisse, summa felicitatis est. Ceterum hominem, *ultra haec, humanis rationibus de rebus divinis vestigare, periculosae cujusdam atque impiae audaciae est.*" Erasmi in Evang. Johannis Paraphrasis Cap. i.

---

[*] N. Hist. of Enthus. p. 82.

[†] Works, iv. 253.

[‡] It may be said, that Mr. N. says almost as much of theology in his pref. pp. xxxiv. and xxxv. We think not. We are quite *sure* of Leighton's meaning; but his words, if somewhat similar, are notwithstanding "ambiguous."

[§] Lib. Old Eng. P. Writers, iii. pp. 13, 15.

NOTE P. p. 49.

We are promised *much*, if we will fall down and worship "the golden image," which reason, "the queen of opinion," hath set up. It *ought* to be a prodigious temptation, which should induce us to swing loose from ancient moorings, and attempt to discover a "new continent" in theology, when so many millions have been safe, happy, and virtuous, (as virtuous we fearlessly say, as human beings have ever been,) and for hundreds of years,—without doing so. *Why*, should we change? what vast gain, is to accrue? It seems clear as noon-day, that the *onus probandi* here is not ours, and that the pretensions of those who urge a reform, ought to be tested *most rigorously*, as the distinguished legal authority on our title-page has ordained.

Is there any temptation to change, in the vacillating course and indefinite end, if end it could be called, of such a man as Dr. Priestley? He began with Calvinism, then he "became an Arian, next a low Arian, and then a Socinian, and in a little time, a Socinian of the lowest kind, in which Christ is considered as a mere man, the son of Joseph and Mary, and *naturally as fallible and peccable as Moses or any other prophet.*" More than this, "he knew not when his creed would be fixed."[*] To a man on the eve of a change of opinion, the question, *What* am I going to believe, is surely of the most serious moment. Unitarianism in the history of one of its most celebrated advocates, answers him, I cannot tell,—you must follow your own judgment, withersoever it leads you, and even make it your boast, (to the correctness of this part of the representation, our own ears have been witnesses,) your boast, that you know not what you shall believe from day to day. And is a man, when [†] "it is not doubted, that all the *best* influences of Christian faith, may be felt, and the Christian life acted out, and the consolations and hopes of the Gospel enjoyed," by Trinitarians: is a man readily to abandon *their* faith, and plunge into "the vasty deep," with no better guide than that reason, whose "frailty" has been confessed, by such even as David Hume? [‡] "There are," (said old Bp. Sanderson two hundred years ago: — What would he say now?) "There are, God knoweth, afoot in the Christian world, controversies more than a good many,—*decads*, *centuries*, *chiliads*, of novel tenets."* Those may adventure among them, who will: we question no man's right. Those may hope from such an adventure, who can: we shall be neither so presumptuous nor so foolish, as to foredoom them.† All we ask, is, that we be not blamed, as wanting excessively in fortitude, in honesty, or in intellect, if for our part we choose to be cautious, and to cling still to a faith, which has been our best comfort on earth, and which we trust will be our rod and our staff, in the valley of the shadow of death. We confess ourselves *suspicious* of reformers, (if our neighbors like the acknowledgment better, *afraid* of them,) for we cannot forget the testimony of an intelligent, vigorous, and philosophical writer upon the study of Law, in his chapter on the connexion between that and the study of religion.

---

[*] Magee on the Atonement, 1st Am. edition, p. 108.
[†] Dr. Ware's Lett. to Trinitarians, p. 9.
[‡] Phil. Works, iv. 513.

"It is curious enough to observe, that many of these searchers after truth, are men, who have been employed near half a century, in this pretended pursuit; and yet, have they not settled one single principle: nay, they are more full than ever of doubts and conjectures: and as age and fatigue, have exhausted their strength, and robbed them of their wit, their questions gain in childishness and folly, what they loose in subtlety and invention; nor is this a single case, I never in my life, met with an old searcher after truth, but I found him, at once, the most wretched and the most contemptible of all earthly beings." *Letters on the Study of the Law* p. 305.

"'Tis certain," said even an Infidel, "that the practice of pulling down, is far pleasanter, and affords more entertainment, than that of building and setting up. Many have succeeded to a miracle, in the first, who have miserably failed in the latter of these attempts. We may find a thousand engineers, who can sap, undermine, and blow up, with admirable dexterity, for one single one, who can build a fort, or lay the plat-form of a citadel."

Shaftsbury's Characteristics. iii. 134.

Quantula, heu! laus est, vel plurima, posse nocere!
Frigidus hoc serpens, hocque cicuta potest.

---

* Sermons, p. 490. 8th edition, 1689.
† Seed's Sermons, iii. 108. 3d edition.

ERRATA.

On p. 18, for *alternative*, read alternatives. On p. 20, note, for 1. *Cor*. read 2. Cor. On p. 31, for *which to*, read to which.

REMARKS

ON A

PAMPHLET

PRINTED BY THE

PROFESSORS AND TUTORS

OF

Harvard University,

TOUCHING THEIR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE GOVERNMENT OF THAT SEMINARY.

By AN ALUMNUS OF THAT COLLEGE.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET.
1824.

REMARKS,

&c. &c.

Although this pamphlet purports to be simply a memorial to the Corporation, yet it is, in fact, an appeal to the whole public, and, as such, is the fair subject of comment. It is, we believe, rare, for memorialists to print their own memorial before it has been submitted to the body to which it is addressed. The fair excuse might be, that they wished to place a copy in the hands of every member of the overseers; but it is a departure from usage, since it was competent to the Overseers alone to order the multiplication of copies, if they should deem it expedient, and it is well known to be the common course. We find no fault, however, with the measure, since it has placed it in the power of every friend to the College to treat it as a public question.

The first objection, which occurs on reading this memorial, is that the present officers of the College should assume such a tone of complaint, and express such a strong sense of the injustice done to them. One would naturally believe that the supposed wrong was of *recent* occurrence; that they had accepted their respective offices under the expectation of managing the whole affairs of the College; of distributing its income as they should see fit; of assigning their own duties and fixing the compensation for them; of bestowing all the honours of the College, and of enjoying all the patronage attached to its appointments. In short, that their titles, and rank, and honourable salaries, and pleasant duties, were but inferior considerations, but that they had been gradually and purposely deprived of much higher advantages and benefits, upon which they had a right to calculate, when they accepted their offices.

We are then extremely disappointed, when on perusing their own statements we find, that even Dr. Ware, the oldest of them, was elected by a board of *non-resident* fellows; (and it is a little curious, that the *only resident* fellow resisted his appointment;) that during one hundred and fifty-two years, the Corporation has never ceased to be composed in whole or in part of *non*-residents; that these non-resident fellows were elected by the votes of the *officers themselves*, and that their election has been always submitted to the overseers, and approved by them.

It must therefore excite surprize in all unprejudiced minds, to read the following sentiments in the memorial, tending to fix the impression of *purposed injustice* on the part of gentlemen, who had been invited to bestow their time and talents upon the concerns of that Institution.

> "But by this time the Tutors had been *gradually excluded* from the board of Fellows; the Corporation, *so called*, had *forced itself* into their places, and *claimed* to be the *lawful* fellows." p. 5.

It should be remembered that the President, one of the officers, is ex-officio a member; and the memorialists contend, that during nearly 50 years of the last century, they, the officers, had a *majority* in the board besides the President. How then the non-resident fellows could have *forced* themselves into the board against the will of the officers, and against the will of the *overseers* who are visitors, it is not easy to perceive. Again page 29—

> "But in the course of time, a *new* and *anomalous* body has *formed itself* between the overseers and the *resident Fellows*, and nearly destroyed the sphere of action of the former."

Here again is a distinct averment, that the present Corporation and its predecessors had intruded themselves into the body *against* the will as well of the officers as of the overseers. This is so directly opposed to history, that it requires only to be separated from the ingenious statements and reasoning, which accompany it, to produce conviction.

In the additional remarks addressed to the overseers, not printed, the memorialists add, that the reformation of the College could in no way be so effectually brought about "as by *restoring* the University to its original constitution, and *removing from between the overseers* and the *immediate government a third* *non-resident body* which has *really undermined* the two others, and while *it has taken* from the immediate government its responsible powers, and its most valuable privileges, has almost rendered nugatory the functions of the overseers."

These quotations, which are but the epitome of a long train of remarks tending to the same conclusion, justify us in saying,

That the officers of the College represent the gradual change, perfectly conformable to law, and which the good sense of *their own* predecessors and the *public sentiment* had required, and produced, as the effect of a deliberate scheme from age to age, to *oust* the officers of the College of their most valuable rights; that to this end, the overseers were made the dupes, and surrendered their most important rights and privileges. And that, at present, the power is vested in a body having *no pretence of title*, and in no *suitable* degree qualified to perform the duties of the offices which they have been invited to accept, by the unanimous concurrence both of the *Corporation and Overseers.*

We humbly suggest, that this representation is not supported by the facts adduced by the memorialists themselves. The first election of Mr. Mather, Mr. Wadsworth of Boston, and Mr. Stevens of Charlestown, in 1672, who were, as it is by mistake alleged, the *first non*-resident fellows, must have been a voluntary act on the part of the officers of the College. No elections in any body have been less the subject of cabal than those of the fellows of the College. If at any time the officers from 1672 to this day had been dissatisfied, they always had an appeal to the same body to whom they now apply, and of course the remarks above quoted were not well advised.

There is another circumstance in relation to this memorial, which is highly deserving of attention as a preliminary consideration. The claim set up by the memorialists is to the *exclusive* possession of all the seats in the corporation. No body but *fellows*, they say, are eligible. Every tutor is ex-officio a fellow; and although no professors existed in the College till 1721, yet they maintain, that every professor is also *ex-officio* a fellow. Nothing supporting this construction can be found in the charter, nothing in the laws or statutes of the University; but yet they contend, that they are *all* fellows, and that the choice must be confined to them. This is not indeed directly asserted, but it is implied in every part of the memorial. They must have been indeed embarrassed about the cases of professors *non-resident*, as the admission of their eligibility would seem to impugn the general rule, laid down by them; and therefore they rejected all the non-resident professors from their memorial, and the Corporation are thus deprived of the privilege of choosing Chief Justice Parker, and Drs. Jackson, Warren, Gorham, Bigelow, Channing, and Mr. Ticknor. They have introduced an expression unknown to the charter and laws of the College, that "the persons *concerned in the immediate* government, and *resident at Cambridge,*" are alone the fellows out of whom the election is to be made. Nor have they been very precise in carrying this assumed principle into effect. They have admitted into their class of persons capable of being chosen, Mr. Norton, who teaches only theological *graduates*, and Professor Stearns, who is employed only in the instruction of the graduates of the law school, both of whom are not in the government of the College, while they have passed by Chief Justice Parker and the Medical Professors, and Mr. Ticknor, who are concerned in the instruction of *undergraduates.* They have also overlooked Mr. Nuttal, who is authorized to instruct the undergraduates in Botany, and Mr. Sales, who is the Instructer in the French and Spanish languages, under the Smith foundation, both of whom are *resident instructors.* If the election to an office of actual instruction, where residence happens to exist, does of itself constitute a man so elected *a fellow*, it is very difficult to perceive, why all these officers are not equally fellows; unless in the statutes of each professorship and in the laws providing instructers, some are declared fellows, and others not.

It is a matter of some surprise, that if the construction contended for by the memorialists be clear and well founded, there should have been but one attempt on the part of the instructers to claim the right of entering the Corporation against its will, and against the pleasure of the overseers from 1672 to this day.

I take the facts from their own statement. It matters not, that some of them have been from time to time admitted. No one pretends, that they are *ineligible.* Yet when Colman and Sewall, and Appleton and Cooper, non-residents, were successively chosen during a period of 80 years, they must have been elected to the injury and against the *rights*, (as the memorialists contend) of some tutors and resident officers; and it is singular, that no body since Welsted and Sever in 1722, has ever presented a respectful memorial on the subject. The memorialists seem to be aware of this objection, and they hint that nobody understood the charter; that the facts were hidden under the rubbish of ages, and that the truth is *now*, with one memorable exception, first brought to light.

In other *human* concerns, even those which are held to be the most inviolable, and guarded with the utmost care, viz. the title to real estate, there is some respect paid to prescription; but here an uninterrupted usage of 152 years is treated as of *no* account. When we call it an uninterrupted usage, we speak technically, and strictly, as lawyers. There was indeed a claim, but it can scarcely amount to a continual claim, since it was never repeated, since 1722. This case, which seems to be the strong hold of the memorialists, we shall hereafter examine thoroughly. It is at present sufficient to say, that there has been an uninterrupted construction of the charter of 1650, since the year 1672 by the admission of the memorialists themselves, *adverse* to their pretensions; a usage, created by the predecessors of these same officers, as jealous of their rights, and as intelligent probably as they now are, and which has been uniformly approved by the board of overseers, by the people assembled in the convention of 1780, and by the assent and approbation of the whole publick.

It would be idle to contend, that the charter was forgotten or unknown, because the first choice of *three non-residents at once*, took place within 22 years after the date of the charter, and the repeated attempts from 1672 to 1707 to amend the charter must have rendered it familiar to every statesman and every scholar.

It may be added in connexion with these remarks, that the President, Dunster, and such fellows as there may have been in 1650, were so discontented with the charter, that they refused to act under it, as appears by the letter of President Dunster resigning his office. The difficulty seemed to be *then* the same, which the officers now feel, that any foreign control was obnoxious, so that the actual operation of the charter must be dated from 1656, which reduces the period in which the College fellows had exclusive control over the College, to 16 years only.* That their administration was not very successful or *popular*, may be inferred from the catalogue of graduates, and from the fact that the Legislature in 1672 granted a new charter, in which the *majority* is given to *non-resident* fellows. A suggestion is thrown out by the memorialists, against the argument of the President and Fellows in 1722, in which they contended that the old usage was against the exclusive claim of the officers, and cite as proofs of it the various acts of the Legislature amending the College charter, in *all* of which *non-residents* were named; as if it were absurd to quote an *hostile* attack on the charter, as a fair *construction* of it. Be it so. But this argument is a full offset to the rash proceedings in 1722, and shows that in the infancy of the College, there was a repugnance to the surrender of that institution to *Academic men only.*

---

* See note D. (page 53) by which it will be seen that there had been *one non*-resident from the very date of the charter.

After these preliminary remarks, which are designed to show the unfavourable aspect, under which the claim *first* presents itself, let us proceed to inquire, on what legal or equitable ground this pretension, which has slept soundly for 102 years, now rests. Corporations are the creatures of the government. Their existence is alone derivable from the charters of the ruling power, the sovereign, be that power vested in a king, or in an elective legislature. Their powers and privileges can only be learned from the terms of their grant. If that should have been made in rude and barbarous times, and should be doubtful in its provisions, usage, long continued usage, may be admitted to explain its meaning; but where its provisions are plain and perfectly intelligible, no resort can be had to such usage, to change the *express* provisions of the charter.

We agree with the memorialists, and it gives us pleasure to find some points of agreement, that the words of the charter are *not doubtful*, and we *hold* them to that *admission*, and shall moreover show it to be true. Yet their whole argument is founded on supposed analogies and gratuitous conjectures, as to what the Legislature *might have meant;* and their doctrine goes to a direct repeal of the most *positive* provisions of *that* charter. They were probably aware of this, and therefore cite a sentence from a speech of that eminent jurist, Mr. Webster, in which he says truly, and he is very seldom wrong, that "the original charters and laws of the first settlers were short, and much was left for construction." This is true, but it does not apply to the charter of Harvard College, which is full, clear, precise, and technical, showing that the framers of it were well conversant with the law of corporations, as then settled by the British Courts; and although many charters contain more particular provisions, yet no lawyers of the present day could express themselves in language more distinct, or which could convey to a jurist more definite ideas. President Dunster, in 1650, applied for an act of incorporation, and the Legislature granted one. It will be conceded, that there were at *that* time certain persons in Harvard College *called* Fellows, but that they were *not* Fellows in the sense in which that term is understood in the English universities, is demonstrable. No fellow could have been legally chosen, till a college was properly founded and chartered. There had been no body in our opinion existing, authorized to create fellows. Fellows in England are precisely as we understand them, *members of a corporate* body under a charter, granted by the king, holding a *property* in their offices. The overseers under the first charter were not fellows. It is the charter, which makes them *fellows*, and by the grant of perpetual succession and of *free* election, in case of vacancies, the fellows afterwards elected become *members of the Corporation.* It is inconsequent to talk of fellows of a College, which had not been incorporated. The statutes of *each College* fix the *duties*, *salaries*, *privileges*, *restraints* of the fellows. These statutes may be changed, and yet the fellows would still hold their offices in virtue of the charter. The memorialists, it appears, have set out with what we deem a radical error; they have assumed, that the obligation to reside, infra parietes, to teach, to continue in celibacy, (this last restriction they have had the caution to omit) are necessary ingredients in the character and office of a fellow. While *we* contend, that by repealing the laws compelling fellows to subscribe the thirty-nine articles, or forbidding them to marry, or requiring *residence*, and instruction, the fellows would retain *all their rights as before*, could maintain an action for their salaries, and give their votes, and no other consequence would follow, than that they might reside where they pleased, and marry, whenever their fancy might lead them to conjugal enjoyments.

It surely will not be pretended, that by using the word *fellows* in the charter, our ancestors intended blindly to adopt all the *statutes* affecting English fellows, so as to require subscription to the articles of that hierarchy, which they regarded as an abomination; and yet it would be difficult to see on what ground, the mere use of a general term, applied to the associates of most other scientific societies, should be construed to limit the choice to *resident instructers* by analogy to the British usages, and yet reject the other, which are quite as inseparable usages, of celibacy, and subscription to Episcopacy.

We are ready to admit that one, and possibly two or three of the fellows named in the charter had been previously elected fellows, a sort of shadow of the fellows in the English colleges, but they could have possessed only the *name;* they could have had none of the rights and powers which are vested in the English fellows; and we must require positive proof in the place of assumption, before we can believe that in a school of twenty-nine students, there were five resident fellows, and much more difficult will it be to convince us, that there were five *resident instructers*, besides the President, to teach that limited number of students. It is highly improbable that there could have been more than *two* tutors when the President himself was always an instructer. It can scarcely be credited, that Jonathan Mitchell, Comfort Star, and Samuel Eaton, who were only *Bachelors* of Arts, were not only *instructers* but *Fellows.* We doubt whether academic usage ever allowed of the election of a fellow, till the candidate had received his master's degree. But it may be so, and if so, it would give us no very high idea of the early fellows. Now it is immaterial which of these circumstances or conditions failed. If any *one* of the members of the *first* corporation had not been *previously* a *fellow*, or if any *one* of them had not been *previously an instructer*, the hereditary title of the memorialists fails. They contend, that all the tutors and officers were *fellows* and *instructers.* It is on the ground, that every *instructer* is *ex-officio* a *fellow*, that their claim reposes; for it is not pretended that any of the memorialists have been elected *fellows*, but they claim *to be* elected, because they are *instructers;* and they can make this claim on no other ground than that *all instructers or tutors* were of necessity fellows, and this indeed they assert. But they have not proved that there were always, in the infancy of the college, *five instructers*, besides the President. Should we even admit that there were in truth *five tutors*, besides the President, in 1650, which would leave them a fraction less than five pupils each, can it be expected that we should believe that there were still five tutors in 1672, when the first *non-resident* fellows of the Corporation were chosen, and when, by the management of the *academic* fellows, the students had been reduced from 29 to 16, while the State had probably increased its population four fold? This would seem to be highly improbable in the miserably impoverished state of the college funds, when we recollect, that a century after, *four* tutors were deemed sufficient for 200 students.

Let it then be granted, that the fellows from 1650 to 1672 were not all tutors or instructers, but some of them simply resident graduates, chosen for the convenience of having a board always at hand, then the claims of the memorialists, grounded on their being *tutors* or teachers, entirely *fails*, and the whole body of resident graduates stand on equal grounds of *right*, and of *eligibility*, with them. We are persuaded, that it will be found, that the board of fellows was in part composed from 1650 to 1672 of transient residents; of young graduates not concerned in the instruction, but who were elected fellows, simply because of the convenience of assembling the Corporation on the spot. It is incredible, that five tutors could have been supported to teach sixteen students in the simple branches then taught, and if it were so, it would well account for the general dissatisfaction which led the Corporation to elect at once in 1672 three respectable *non-resident* fellows. The attempts to amend the College charter from 1672 in 1707 shew, that great discontent existed with the *actual* administration, and the undoubted fact admitted by the memorialists, that in these abortive charters *non-resident* members were *invariably inserted*, is a conclusive proof that the public considered that the root of the evils was to be sought in the confinement of the elections to *residents.* Even when the government, in 1707, ordered, that the charter of 1650 should be considered the only valid one, it is admitted, that in reducing the Corporation from 14 to 7, they left but *two resident* fellows in the board. When they were recurring to *first* principles, to the *old* charter, it was deemed a compliance with it, to leave *three* out of five *non-residents* in the board!* Nor do we hear of any complaint with this construction, for 15 years, till the famous unsuccessful attempt (as serious as the present) in 1722. This we reserve for separate discussion. We now recapitulate the facts as we believe they will appear. If the memorialists can show, and it is incumbent on them, claiming to disturb a usage of 152 years, to take the burden of proof on them—if they can show that we are mistaken in our facts, we shall be ready to acknowledge it, though, happily for us, let the facts as to the *early* history be as *they may*, our main arguments will not be affected. The facts we take to be these, that there were at the time of the charter two or three fellows *so called*, academic, titular fellows, and probably one or two tutors. The Legislature named *five fellows*, who, with the President and Bursar, were to constitute the corporation. Some of these five were probably mere creatures of the charter. The Corporation kept up their number from 1650 to 1672, by choosing any resident graduates, whether *instructers* or *not*.* In that year the College was so reduced, being only about half as large as when the charter was granted, that these resident fellows, to inspire public confidence, introduced *voluntarily* three *non-resident* experienced men. The College revived, and the glorious Presidency of Leverett, a layman, fixed it on stable foundations. From that day to this, public opinion has compelled the Corporation, without one moment's interruption, to elect a greater or less proportion of non-resident fellows. Under this system the College has prospered more than any other in America. Every other college in the union we believe is governed by non-resident corporators "in whole or in part."

---

* It is true, that this construction was made by the Corporation, but it must have been confirmed by the Overseers.

We have said enough as to the history of this introduction of non-residents. Let us now see whether it was repugnant to the charter.

The charter of 1650 provides, "that the College "in Cambridge shall be a corporation consisting of "*seven persons*, to wit, a President, five Fellows, and "a Treasurer, or Bursar, and that Henry Dunster "shall be the first President, Samuel Mather, Samuel Danforth, Masters of Art, Jonathan Mitchell, "Comfort Star, and Samuel Eaton, Bachelors of

---

* See Notes A. and C. (pages 49 and 52.)

" Art, shall be the five fellows; and Thomas Dan-
" forth to be the present Treasurer. All of them be-
" ing inhabitants of the Bay, (not all of them, observe,
residents at Cambridge, instructers or fellows) and
" that the said seven persons, or the greater number
" of them procuring the presence of the Overseers
" of the College, and by their counsel and consent,
" shall have power, and are hereby authorized at
" any time or times to *elect a new President, Fellows,*
" *and Treasurer,* so oft, and from time to time as any
" of the said *persons* shall die or be removed, which
" said President and Fellows, for the time being,
" shall *forever hereafter*, in *name* and in fact, be one
" body politic and corporate in law to all intents
" and purposes; and shall have perpetual succession:
" and shall be called by the name of President and
" Fellows of Harvard College, and shall from time
" to time be eligible as aforesaid."

We here pause, and ask all professional men, whether judges or advocates, if the framers of the foregoing section were illiterate men; men who did not comprehend the law of corporations; men who used language at random; whether this provision is one of those "short ones," to which Mr. Webster referred, so common in the earlier acts of the province, and one which requires a liberal construction in order to carry the meaning into effect; or whether, on the other hand, it is not full, clear, definite, admitting of no possible doubts or cavils?

We ask what was the *tenure* by which the persons named in the charter were to hold their offices?

Was it "so long as they should continue to be *resident* in Cambridge, and to *instruct* the students," as the memorialists contend, or was it for life, or "quam diu se bene gesserint?" Did they forfeit their offices by *leaving* the town of Cambridge? If such had been the intention, instead of the words, "*so oft, and from time to time, as any of the said persons shall die or be removed,*" would not the accurate writer of that charter have said, "*so oft as any of the said persons shall cease to be instructers in the said college?*" This would have rendered the question clear, and would have required no greater circumlocution.

The tenure of the first named corporators was then for life, or "quam diu se bene gesserint." If they left the College, until removed, they continued fellows of the corporation. It is *said*, that Samuel Danforth,* one of the persons named in the charter, soon after removed to Roxbury, and was there settled as a *parish clergyman*, and it is believed that he continued to hold his seat in the corporation till his death, which happened many years after. This is inferred from a minute of the President in the College records, in which he notices the death of Mr. Danforth at the time, and adds, that he was the oldest member of the corporation. I have never seen the entry, but have heard the fact from authority, which, I think, entitled to confidence.

There is one authentic circumstance in corroboration of it, *indeed amounting to the fullest proof of it,* which is, that Samuel Danforth is inserted as one of the new fellows of the College in the abortive charter of 1672, and he is there described as being *at that time fellow of the said College*, and he is the *only* person *so described.* If this single fact be unquestionable, then the whole superstructure so ingeniously built up, on the analogy between our fellows and those of the British colleges, fails. For as Mr. Danforth was *named* in the charter, *as he soon after quitted* the College, and still *continued fellow*, there is a construction *coeval with the charter*, and perfectly in accordance with its literal, and even liberal interpretation, that the *tenure* of fellows was for life, or until removed for incapacity or ill conduct, and that *residence* was never considered a *requisite.* This *fact only* confirms a construction which could scarcely be resisted *without it.*

---

* See note E. (page 54.)

If the *tenure* of office necessarily precluded the idea of *residence* as an indispensable condition, how was it as to the *persons* who were *eligible?* This is the second inquiry. The charter is silent. If the framers intended to limit the freedom of choice, they would have said either after the word elect, "out of the resident instructers of the said College," or they would have added a proviso: Provided, however, that no person shall be eligible as a fellow, who shall not be at the time of his election a resident instructer of the College."

To be sure, if the instrument had borne the marks of that simplicity, ignorance, and brevity which were so frequent in the earliest acts of the colonial legislature, it would be unfair to require this sort of precision; but in a charter so perfectly technical, and which exhibits such convincing proofs of legal attainments and legal accuracy, it is *as unfair* to contend at this late day, that a tenure expressly for life or till *removed*, which means an *involuntary* removal, and a *right of choice* entirely *unlimited*, are now after 174 *years uninterrupted usage* to be limited by the insertion into the charter of clauses, (supposed by the memorialists to be *intended* to be inserted there,) *limiting the duration of office to the actual time of residence* and *instruction*, and the *choice* in *all* cases to *residents*. It will be seen, that we have changed our time of prescription, from 152 years, since which the memorialists *themselves* admit, that there has been a constant succession of some non-resident fellows to 174 years, because we carry back the alleged usurpation to the *very date* of the charter itself *in the undisputed case of Mr. Danforth.*

We think it needless to say any thing further as to the construction of the charter as a legal instrument, but we would not omit to notice the argument attempted to be drawn from the preamble. Where a statute is doubtful, it was anciently the practice to recur to the preamble to explain the meaning of the law makers. It was a dangerous practice, because the preamble was written with less care, and often did not set forth all the reasons which induced the Legislature to make the law, or set them forth imperfectly. Hence the legislators of the United States, both in the general and state governments, have gradually abandoned the usage of setting forth, in a preamble, the reasons of their acts, leaving to the courts of law to infer the intent from the *enactments* and *provisions.*

The memorialists seem to place great reliance on that part of the preamble, which recites, that grants had been made for the "maintenance of the President and Fellows," and they would infer from this, that no fellows were intended to be incorporated, who were not to be *maintained* at the college expence. Now the preamble will bear no such construction. It was a simple recital of *well known facts*, that sundry grants and bequests had been theretofore made for the *maintenance* of the *President* and *Fellows.* This was *true;* there was a body of men who called themselves fellows, who resided at the college to finish their education, who required support, and the object of the act was to create a corporation to take care of the funds thus destined to the support of these *academic* fellows, but it by no means follows, that the corporation so created was intended forever to consist of these dependent fellows only; the great concern was to place the College funds under safe management; so that the fellows resident at the College might be sure of receiving their stipends. This is, and has been, one of the great cares of the corporation, and they have provided most ample funds and salaries for the maintenance of the President and officers of the College. There is another remark in this connection, which it would be improper to omit. Much use, repeated use, is made of a note in the pamphlet, published by the Corporation in 1812, relative to the constitution of the College, in which it is admitted, that "for the first fifty years, the President and Tutors were called Fellows of the College," yet it must be observed, that a part of that note was selected, to be used as an admission against the Corporation, and the residue of it, omitted, probably from inattention. The whole note is as follows:—

"From the commencement of the College, and "for more than half a century, the tutors, who, with "the President, conducted the instruction and imme-"diate government, were called 'Fellows of the "College.'" So far the memorialists cite the note, but they omit the conclusion. "*After* the *establish-"ment* of the *Corporation*, there *were Fellows of the "House or College*—and 'resident Fellows' and 'Fel-"lows of the Corporation.'" "This name (that is, "of *fellows*) is now, and has been for more than 60 "years, confined to members of the Corporation;" that is, the others have been since discontinued, but the title of Fellows of the Corporation has existed from the *very day* of the charter without a *moment's* interruption.

There is one other suggestion which we would beg leave to make in reference to the charter. The memorialists have in one place intimated, that as they are not members of the Corporation, they must be "its servants." This intimation savours rather more of feeling than we could have desired. That the highest and noblest employment to which a cultivated mind can be devoted, the formation of the characters of those to whom all the concerns of our republic are to be intrusted, should be, by the *instructers themselves stigmatized*, as an employment of *servitude*, merely because the public reserve to themselves the right of selecting the most honourable and excellent men for this highly important duty, and to assign to them their respective portions of it, and to grant, as they do with regard to the judges of the highest courts, the honourable compensations which they should receive, seems to us to be rather fastidious. But the charter itself makes a clear *distinction* between *officers* and *servants*, and so far as *that* goes, (though we are not disposed to press it as an argument, although supported by an usage so ancient) it *proves*, that the charter contemplated a set of *men above the servants*, but *elected* by the President and Fellows, to whom the name of *officers* is given. This precisely corresponds with the invariable usages of the College.

We have shewn, as we believe, that the charter gave unlimited powers of election to the first and all succeeding fellows. But we are met by an opinion expressed by the legislature of the state, in 1722, adverse to our construction. The high respect paid to this opinion; the strong, but very natural, terms used in praise of it by the memorialists, would, alone, induce us to pay *any* attention to it. In 1722, 72 years after the charter, and nearly as many years after a construction had been given to it by the election of non-resident members, two discontented tutors, emboldened by causes which we shall soon explain, set up the *same* pretension which is now again renewed at the end of *another* century. Instead of applying for a mandamus, or a quo warranto, in order to settle the question of right, they went directly to the Legislature to ask them to *judge* upon *private* rights. The Legislature took it up, and *without an order of notice*, a measure of ordinary decorum, or hearing the Corporation, they decided against them in both branches. The Governor, Shute, had *some* respect for *constitutional* principles. He offered his assent, on condition that it should not affect the *vested rights* of the present Corporation.

The fury of the popular branch, probably excited by causes which we shall suggest, could not brook this restraint on their summary vengeance! They requested the Governor to withdraw his condition, as it completely defeated their object. *Mark this fact.* They were not contented to restore the charter to what they pretended to be its legal construction, unless they could *instantly get rid of certain obnoxious men.* The Governor calmly replied, that he could not withdraw his conditional clause, because he was advised to *insert it by the upper house and by the*

Overseers. Mark this again! Yet we are told, that *all* branches concurred; that the Governor's condition was a *nullity.* It was an *absolute* approbation, and so would be considered in *these better* days. Strange indeed, that the memorialists in *that* case, and the *lower* house on the spot, and at the time, could have been so mistaken! Strange, that an assent on a *condition* inserted in it, which defeated it, could be construed into an absolute assent:

It failed, however, for that session, and was renewed in another. Then the Corporation prayed to *be heard;* the Council agreed to hear them, but the house *absolutely refused to listen to them.* It was not a case of *legislation.* It was a question of *right;* a purely judicial question, and yet the only parties in interest were refused an hearing! But the Council proceeded to *hear* the Corporation, and magnanimously *rescinded the vote* they had passed the year before.

This is the famous, and only precedent, which the memorialists cite against an usage of 174 years. Who would have expected, that one of the most barefaced usurpations on the records of Massachusetts, would have been selected as an authority to control the express privileges of a clear charter, and an uninterrupted usage under it?

That the charter created a *private* Corporation is settled by numerous *British* authorities, and by the great case of Dartmouth College in our own country; that our legislatures never had the power to repeal, or to construe, by act or resolve, their *own* charters, is also clear. We shall cite some parts of the powerful argument of Mr. Webster, in support of these positions;—

"The Legislature of New Hampshire has no more power over the rights of the plaintiff, than existed, *somewhere*, in *some* department of government, before the revolution. The *British Parliament* could not *have revoked* this grant as an act of ordinary legislation." "The Legislature of New Hampshire has the same power over this charter, which belonged to the king who granted it, *and no more.*" "But the king cannot abolish a Corporation, or *new model* it, or *alter its powers* without its assent." "This is the acknowledged and well known doctrine of modern times."

Now, though the attempt in 1722 was not to abolish the charter, it went to the privation of real or supposed rights under it, and if the *fellows de facto* were not the *fellows de jure*, there was an adequate remedy at common law, either by mandamus or quo warranto.

The Legislature had no authority in the case, and the example is one at which the memorialists as well as ourselves ought to blush for the Legislature of our State. Yes, it was indeed a disgrace to the State, at a period so long after the Revolution of 1688, to see an attempt to exercise powers so truly despotic.

It may be said, however, that though unjustifiable as a precedent, and of no sort of authority, still it is respectable as the *opinion* of so many individuals. It might have some little weight in that respect, if it had been unaccompanied with so many circumstances, shewing the existence of strong passions controuling all sense of right. The conduct of that legislature, so contrary to that of all preceding and all subsequent legislatures, in their conduct towards the College, led me to suspect that there must have been some temporary excitement tending to warp their judgments, and I think I have discovered it.

In 1717, the Corporation had elected the Rev. Benjamin Colman, Pastor of Brattle Street Church, a fellow. His principles of church government were very offensive to the Mathers, and to the rulers of the Church and State generally. They were desirous of ousting him from the corporation. Hence the reservation of the Governor, though moderate and just, saving the rights of the incumbents, defeated their great object. Tutors Sever and Welsteed were but the tools, with which this unholy and illiberal work was to be accomplished. We are confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that when in 1725 Colman was legally elected President, the government *refused to grant* him *his salary*, and his election was opposed on the ground, that it was dangerous to intrust the Presidency of the College to a man, who denied the *supremacy of the associated clergy*—who was an avowed opponent of Consociations.

Be this conjecture right, or wrong, and we sincerely believe it right, it is at any rate clear that the interference of the Legislature was against the fixed principles of British law, of regulated liberty, and was attended by such circumstances of haste, passion, and unfairness, as to be utterly unworthy of notice. The more liberal spirit of the succeeding generations, of the last century, and the deeper interest taken in the *political* concerns of our country, laid asleep these religious feuds, and when our constitution was revised in 1780, it found the Corporation in the possession of *four non-residents* out of *five* members. Governor Bowdoin, a bright name in the annals of this State, was one of these *non-resident* fellows, and selected as the President of the Convention, which framed the State Constitution. As all the charters had fallen by the revolution, or might (if the people had so pleased,) be considered as fallen, they were at liberty to remodel all the corporations in the State. At least, there could *then* have been no power to control them. Towards Harvard College their attention was *specially* directed, and they made its concerns the subject of a *special chapter;* an honour due to that ancient seminary, and reflecting equal honour on the framers of the constitution, who, in the darkest period of the war, deemed that institution one of the highest interest. The Corporation was then *full; full* of *non-residents*, except *one.* It is admitted by *all*, that the office is a franchise; in this case, a *freehold*, to the members. They were *personally* confirmed in *their franchise.* This was the most *solemn construction* and decision, by an authority, before which all legislatures and courts which derive authority under it, must bow.

We shall now proceed to say something about the expediency of vesting the property of the College, the right of legislation, and election, and expenditure, in the officers who give the instruction. Yet we agree with them, that if the question of *right* be *on their side,* it ought not to be resisted on the score of inexpediency. They ought not to be deprived of the enormous powers and rights enjoyed by the masters and fellows of the English colleges; not that we have the least belief, or even suspicion, that any of the *present* government would wish to manage the College as the English Fellows manage theirs, or would prefer their own interest to the public welfare. We are convinced of their purity and disinterestedness; but we must say, that we supposed every reading man in Great Britain and in America, had been satisfied from the investigation in Parliament, as to the charities for education, that there had never been laid open before such a scene of corruption and abuse, and that this had arisen precisely because these corporations had been in the hands of the incumbents, under the visitation sometimes of those *self-chosen* masters and fellows of colleges, and sometimes of Right Reverend Bishops, but whose visitation had become perfectly nominal. We had imagined too, that the nearly universal consent of all reflecting men had settled the point, that the English colleges were grossly misused; that the apparatus was far too costly for the end, and for the actual good obtained.* We had thought, that it was admitted that the university at Edinburgh, with comparatively small means, had done more good in extent and degree. It is well known, that in Edinburgh there are no splendid apartments for its numerous professors; no sinecures, in many cases no salaries or emoluments, except what each man earns by voluntary attendance. This College is under the superintendance of the Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh! They even elect the Professors! We had supposed, that this division of power, giving to a public *external* body the legislation, election, and care of the funds, and to the officers the whole *interior* discipline and government, was consonant to the feelings, principles, and usages of every part of the United States; and that no body within or without the college walls, would dream of giving to the college *officers*, in its present state of importance, with its widely extended and complicated machinery, the care of the funds, the election of themselves to all offices, from the presidency down to a proctorship; with power to fix their own rewards, which might be indefinitely increased by giving various offices to one person; to make the laws prescribing their own duties, and to judge of the execution of them; to define the duties and offences of the students, and to try and punish them. We think the simple statement of these powers will be quite sufficient to make every man, who knows how very difficult it is to resist the temptations to which *almost* despotic power too often leads, hesitate.

---

* See note B. (page 50.)

Let us, however, examine the reasons adduced by the officers.

1. "The change would place the effective management of the College affairs in the hands of "*practical men;* men, whose lives have been spent "in the business of education."

We answer, Yes; but if they are *practical men* in the business of education, that very circumstance has prevented them from being *practical men* in the more extended sense. Precisely in proportion as they shall have devoted their *lives* to the business of education, they must have had fewer opportunities of knowing the world; its wants, and expectations; its opinions and feelings, its business and concerns. Now, in the present organization, as *practical* teachers, they have full scope for the exercise of their *acquired* knowledge. They have the whole discipline of the youth. The Corporation never interferes with the exercise of that authority; they pass all laws which the officers at any time recommend to enforce discipline, when the officers themselves *are agreed* in their opinions. Touching their instruction, the text—books which they recommend, have been adopted; and as to the course of studies, and the division of them for the last ten years, they have always had a voice, and their opinions have been generally followed.

We have conceded in argument, that they *have* this *practical* experience; that "they have spent their lives in the business of education," but is it true? Of the eleven signers of the memorial, five at least have had but very *short* experience in the business of instruction; and if the literal, and only fair construction of the charter upon the shewing of the memorialists be adopted, the *tutors only* are eligible; and, can it be pretended that the tutors, from two or three years residence, acquire that extraordinary amount of *practical* knowledge, as to make them superior to gentlemen of talents and education, who have had the benefits of experience as *students*, and who have had *children at the University?*

In truth, there is no great mystery or obscurity in the government of a College, which a man of good sense may not comprehend in a short time; and we believe that many members of the Corporation are as intimately acquainted with the true and best interests of the College, as *any* of the resident officers. It does not by any means follow that those who are *nearest* to such an institution, see it in the best and clearest light. Their very nearness magnifies to their eyes some objects, which appear very small to others. They must, of necessity, have personal interests and feelings, of the influence of which they are not aware.

For these reasons, I cannot believe that it would promote the happiness, harmony, and unity of action in the immediate government, to vest the power of election, and of fixing salaries and assigning duties in the actual incumbents. In addition to this argument, which, to my mind, is conclusive, I would add, that there *can* be but *five* of the officers *elected fellows.* The signers of the memorial were eleven. Professor Stearns withdrew his name before the memorial was presented to the overseers. Whether from more full consideration of the whole subject, or *simply* on the ground stated, "that he was not concerned in the immediate government," we are not informed. We hope, and believe, that the former was in part the cause. There are still left five medical professors, one law professor, the professor of rhetoric and oratory, the Rumford professor, and the Smith professor, who did not join in the memorial. We ask, whether it is probable that the fifteen officers, who cannot, in any case, be fellows, will be more contented, more disposed to submit to the government of their own associates, in the election of whom they have *no* voice, than they *now* are to a body of disinterested independent men, who cannot be even *suspected* of *personal* views? These non-resident officers have frequently questions of much interest to be discussed by the Corporation. Their interests may clash with those of the *officers,* who may *wield the whole College power.* I should fear, that there would exist neither the same respect, nor the same confidence, and of course not the same harmony, which has been uninterrupted for at least the last century.

---

* All the English fellows have a voice in election of fellows and officers.

Let us come now to the case of *elections* of *new* officers, and trace the probable effects of the *new* system, not only on the peace and unity of the immediate government, but upon the *public* interests.

A vacancy takes place in a Professorship, we will suppose a desirable one, for there are vast differences in the duties and labours. It would not be surprising, indeed it must happen, that one or more professors might wish to be *translated* from his or their own places, more onerous and less honourable, to one of these. But at the same time, there are tutors or a librarian, who wish the same advantage. Will there be no cabals, no parties formed in the *college government* on such a question? Will they *end in peace?* Will the government, which refuses such an office to a *fellow*, be on pleasant terms with him? If you say they will, you must contend, that the officers of the college are exempt from the passions, which so often agitate society. In the present organization no such heart burnings can exist, at least to the degree in which they would be felt, when the governors and officers are members of the same corps, and at least they would not interrupt the course of administration. Suppose a vacancy in the Presidency: the same difficulty would be felt in a still *greater* degree. No man who knows the history of the vacancy on the death of Dr. Willard, can doubt the ill effects of having a resident officer a member of the electing body. If one were to devise a plan with a view to render the corporation of the college the seat of incessant intrigues, and to *weaken its authority* over the *government and students*, you could not adopt a more effectual one, than to select out of the twenty officers, *five* of *them* to govern the whole institution. We make these inferences from our knowledge of human nature.

But when these memorialists speak of their *practical knowledge*, and of the *defect* of this qualification in the present Corporation, they have treated the subject as if the *President* was not a member of the corporation.

The President is ex officio the head of the immediate government. He presides at all its meetings, even on the least concerns. He knows every officer and every student personally. If he is not intimately acquainted with every thing of moment which takes place in the college, it is the *fault*, and a *grave* one, of the very gentlemen who claim this *right of control.* It is *their duty* to keep him regularly informed of every important evil, want and incident in the college. He represents the immediate government in the Corporation. They rely on his statements. There is on this plan unity of design and purpose. If the fellows were *officers*, they might be divided in opinion, and the Corporation irresolute. To be sure, you may have an *incompetent* President, a man destitute of talents, undiscerning, without sagacity; and so you may choose *college fellows* who may be *equally deficient.* But the *principle* cannot be affected by such chances. The question still recurs, is not *one* officer *always a resident*, *forever* a member of the college boards, quite competent to *represent them?* Can he not give to the corporation all that it is desirable they should know? In the selection of this officer, the greatest exertions have been, and will be forever made, to choose the most able man; and is it not going too far, is it not stretching an argument to its utmost point of tension, to contend, that the immediate government is *a practical body*, and the corporation *not* so, when the *President, a member of the immediate government, holding an office for life, always present at the meetings of the college officers,* is *invariably present* at the meetings of the corporation? We can only add, that it has been the invariable practice of the President to represent the opinions of the immediate government; to present them in full force, and not a measure is ever adopted without weighing these opinions. Even as to elections of Tutors, the President has been asked how the proposed choice would be relished by the officers. In short, unless you proceed upon the principle, certainly inadmissible, that the President cannot know or does not *fairly state* the true condition of the college, and the real opinion of the officers, the Corporation must be in possession of *all* the *information* necessary to enable them to act with discretion and judgment.

It is therefore fairly to be presumed, that you get under the present organization, as *fair* and *impartial a view* of the opinions of the whole government as you could do, if *five* of them were selected as the fellows. There would *still remain fifteen*, not *members*, whose opinions might entirely differ from those who were the *legislators*.

II. The second reason assigned is, "that by *restor-* "*ing* the chartered constitution of the college, (as "the memorialists of course choose to call it,) its af- "fairs will be committed to those whose *main busi-* "*ness in life* it would be to *conduct them*. The col- "lege is a very *extensive* establishment. Its affairs "are *numerous*, *complicated* and important. To un- "derstand them requires *much* study, to administer "them, *much time*."

This is all true, but the inference we should draw from these undoubted facts, would be precisely the reverse of that which the officers have deduced. The main business of *their* lives, as the statutes which they *have respectively subscribed*, will prove, is to *teach* the students in their several branches according to such laws as the corporation may prescribe. This duty, if fairly fulfilled, in the present increased size of the college, and in conformity with the growing demands of the public, is *quite enough* to occupy *all* their time. In the rapid progress of science, the Professors have much to *learn* to keep pace with the age, and it would be pernicious to the interests of the institution, that they should be called from their high and most important duties, to attend to the real and personal estate of the College in various parts of the State; that they should be convened to deliberate on elections, on new laws, to attend the legislature when questions are agitated affecting the college interests. The *more complicated* the concerns, the greater the necessity of the division of labour. If I were to express what I believe to be the opinion of the soundest friends to the college, it would be, that so far from being called to perform *new* duties, it would be desirable that the Professors should be required to *assist more* in the instruction. Instead, therefore, of employing them in affairs by which the amount of instruction should be lessened, the object should be as much as possible to diminish the duties of discipline and government, and to increase their opportunities for effective usefulness in the education of the youth committed to their charge. I say it with the deepest conviction that much more *ought* to be required than has yet been done, of the officers of the college. The apparatus is at present too large and too expensive in proportion to the effective instruction, and in place of assigning *new* and *extraneous* duties to the *officers*, which might afford them *reasonable grounds* for not giving more instruction, I would relieve them *as far as possible*, from a portion of the duties they now perform, in order to enable them to act with more effect in the substantial business of education.

It is said, that the Corporation, as now constituted, have their *cares* and *engagements*. Be it so; but they are cares and engagements which *qualify* them for *their* portion of the *common* labour. In what manner, and with what success, their portion of duty has been performed, may be known by comparing the state of the College at this day, with its depressed condition in 1783. It may be known by their judicious selection of the memorialists as officers, by their collecting around the College such a number of eminent and deserving men, called from all parts of the State; men, who feel the extent of their capacities and powers, and who make the public sensible of them by the constant display of their abilities and learning; but surely this judicious and discreet selection ought not to be urged as an argument against the present corporation, though it is not extraordinary, that such an assemblage of men of abilities may have produced in them a feeling of repugnance to the submission to the old and long established usages of the College.

We think, however, the public would pause, before they adopted the plan proposed by the memorialists. We say this, in the supposition, that the public in any of its constituted bodies, except the judiciary, could settle this question. We do not see in what manner, consistently with established principles and recent decisions, the question can be settled, unless *judicially*. Nor have we been able to comprehend the object of the application to the overseers.

The memorialists have cautiously abstained from pointing out the sort of relief they expect. If the overseers should agree to all their positions, they could only remove the present Corporation, they could not elect a new one, and the College would be derelict. But it is more than doubtful, whether the overseers could remove the Corporation on the ground taken by the memorialists.

It is impossible in the present state of public opinion, that the confidence absolutely necessary to the success of such an institution as Harvard University, should be reposed in a Corporation which should unite so much power in the same hands, as is proposed by the memorialists. It would not be reposed in the highest organs of the nation. Vest the President, and heads of departments, with the power of self-election, of prescribing their own duties, and fixing their own compensations, and the public confidence would be withdrawn from them.

A very large proportion of the College funds have been given to the College under the *present* organization, and much larger sums since the non-resident fellows constituted the majority, than before ; and it is fair to presume, that the donors placed a confidence in the Corporation as at present constituted, since it would not be pretended, that they were aware of this tutorial claim ; never asserted but once, and then unsuccessfully, 102 years since. To take the funds out of the hands of those to whom they were intended to be given, and to place them at the disposal of those to whom they might *never* have been entrusted, would be highly inexpedient.

The *second* advantage which the memorialists contend would result from the change, would be to bring the overseers into greater activity. This effect we admit must follow, if the present fellows should be removed, or the College would be abandoned by the public, and in that event we can see no reason, why it should not share the fate of the 10,000 charitable corporations in England, and in process of time become a mere job, and its offices sinecures. In other words, once remove all checks, and let the present highly respectable officers die, and they are mortal, we can see no reason why the College officers should not degenerate, and become selfish and corrupt. The same principles and feelings govern human actions here as in other countries, and if there are not abuses here as there, it is because *our systems* secure vigilance. The overseers must therefore in that case be more active. They must in that event do precisely what the Corporation now do, and with less power, and less constitutional ability to do it. We will explain this. The Corporation now have the expenditure of all the monies of the College; and it has been, at times, thought by the officers of the College, that they have held the purse-strings too tight, though in truth their sin, if any, is of an opposite character. But according to the invariable practice under the charter, the overseers have nothing to do with the *ordinary* expenditures of the College. And the words of the charter seem to support this usage.

If the present Corporation was removed, therefore, the overseers would not have it in their power to controul those details of expenditure and management which the Corporation now do. The constitutional defects of the overseers consist in their numbers, and the frequent changes in the body. One set may hear a question, and their successors decide it. That the overseers may be made, and ought to be made more efficient, I admit; but not by removing a body in whom they have confidence, and in whose appointments they have a voice, and thus leave no public agents between themselves and the officers.

The affairs of the college are multifarious and extensive. The overseers would be compelled, if the memorialists should succeed, to have a standing committee never to be changed (unless there should be a vacancy by resignation) to acquire and retain an intimate knowledge of college affairs. Not a grant should pass, no law be enacted, not an election made, without thorough investigation. In short, that committee should be precisely what the Corporation now is; and of what moment to the public is it, whether the supervision be effectually made by a body over whose appointment the overseers have a control, or by a committee of the overseers themselves? That the overseers *cannot*, never will, en masse, comprehend the whole affairs of the College, is certain; that somebody, other than the incumbents *should* do it, seems to us as clear.

We are in favour of a more active co-operation of the overseers, and the plan for producing that effect is in a fair train; but it would be indeed to abandon all fair hopes of amendment, and to make a long retrograde march, instead of advancing, to surrender all the college concerns to persons, whose interests can never be precisely the same as those of the public, and may sometimes be directly opposed to them. Men ought not to be placed in circumstances of such strong temptation, and in which they will be exposed to so much, perhaps often unreasonable jealousy. Prudence requires, that we should keep that institution free from such dangers and suspicions.

But lastly, the officers contend that the legislative self-elective power, and the disposal of the funds, would strengthen their hands in respect to discipline; and it is left to be inferred, that the evils which are now complained of, will disappear with their increase of authority. *Here* it is, that they have thrown in the suggestion, that they are mere "servants of the Corporation," that their situation is degrading; but there can be but five out of twenty officers fellows, and what will be the condition of the rest? *Servants* of their *fellows*, of their associates.

Let us suppose, for example, that the Corporation taking the hint of the memorialists, should resign one by one, and elect Professors Norton and Everett, George Otis, James Hayward, and Nathaniel Wood, tutors, the five fellows. This would be more in conformity with the precedents and reasoning of the memorialists, than any other choice, because the three last are *tutors*, that is, of the same class of men originally named. They are unmarried, and reside *infra parietes*, and therefore come as near to the description of an English fellow as any thing we can furnish. What would become of Dr. Ware, Mr. Hedge, Mr. Farrar, Mr. Popkin, and Mr. Channing? Would they not still be officers of the immediate government, and *servants of the Corporation*? No, that expression was misplaced. It was the proof of some feeling which should have been concealed.

In what way would the real energy of the immediate government be increased? They are uncontrolable, as it is, in the execution of the laws. There has not been an appeal to the Corporation we believe in 13 years, in which they rescinded the decisions of the government, without the supposed assent of the officers. There is not a pretence, that their authority is resisted by the students, because there is a power above them. In truth, when united in opinion, their suggestions as to laws are followed, and they are supported in their execution of them.

We contend, that a Corporation mixing with the world, selected out of various professions, and generally composed of men of eminence, enjoy a larger share of public confidence, than the officers of the College could do. They have a wider and more commanding influence in the government, and in private society.

When, therefore, the officers are obliged to execute the laws against the children of the powerful and influential, the Corporation are a shield and protection to the immediate government. We think that the students have a much higher respect for the laws, knowing that they are enacted by men often in high offices in the State, and that resistance to their authority would be more effectually discountenanced, than if they proceeded from the officers of the College. There is besides, a sentiment, which must extend to the youth and to their connexions, that it is abhorrent to our usages to make the same persons legislators and judges. The great complaint for many years has been, that the duties of the immediate government are great and burdensome, and interfere with those of instruction, and yet we are told that they will cheerfully add to these duties the care of the whole college property, its elections and laws. Five years might not pass away before in practice all the members who are fellows, would cease to instruct, except nominally, and the duty would be performed by deputies on small salaries. I think so, because I think it would be unavoidable, however well disposed the officers might be.

We shall now leave the memorial, simply adding, that when we first heard of it, we had mingled feelings of surprise and regret. We did not see, nor can any man now divine, to what it may lead; but we cannot but indulge the hope, that its final tendency will be to make the affairs of the College better known to the public, to inspire confidence in its present rulers, and to enkindle new zeal in its friends and the public, to support and cherish it.

We would, in concluding, repeat, that in any remarks we may have made, however they may have taken a tinge from the warmth of discussion on a point we deem of vital moment, we have intended no disrespect to the present officers of the College, who stand deservedly high in public esteem, and we concur with them in the opinion, that there could now be selected from their body, men, who could bring to the administration of the college affairs, as much ability, and perhaps acquaintance with that subject, and many others, as any who could be chosen. Our objections go to the union of two distinct departments, and the improbability that the immediate government under the proposed system, will continue to be as pure, able and disinterested as the present incumbents.

After all, the question of *right* is the grand one, which supersedes all others, and we do not see how the overseers can settle that; and for this reason, we have been surprised at the course taken by the memorialists.

NOTES.

Note A.

It is matter of regret, that the memorialists should have deemed it necessary to their argument to impute the procurement of the abortive charter of 1672 to a *consciousness* of defect in the title of the Fellows. Suggestions affecting character should not be hazarded, without the fullest proofs. What evidence is there that the *non-resident* fellows urged this application? What proofs that the *resident fellows* did not concur in it? What arguments can be derived from *that charter* itself? Were there not many most *important* powers given by that charter which might well be supposed to be the *principal* or only grounds? Besides, if the design had been to cure the defect, why adopt the same description of office? Why insert that important word, "fellow," so comprehensive, "so determinate" as the memorialists contend, embracing all the statutes, laws and privileges applicable to English fellows? Why not change it, for Governors or trustees, or directors, in the enacting clauses? Yet we find in the charter of 1672, the same tenure of office, the same unrestricted right of choice, and that it leaves the question nearly or quite as favourable to the ingenious construction of the claimants as it stood before. But it is singular, that one unanswerable objection to this imputation of selfish motives, escaped their notice. The fellows procured the charter (it is suggested) to *confirm* their usurpation!—and after obtaining it, they did *not accept* it, but *declined acting under it!!*

The late Chief Justice Parsons after full research into the history of the College asserts this to be the fact. The new charter *changed the name*, but he says, the corporation never recorded the charter of 1672, and continued to act under their *old name.* To Gentlemen conversant with the law of corporations we need not add, that the name is one of the essential characteristics of a corporation. By that *alone* can they act; and the neglect to *change the name* is the most complete proof, that they did not accept nor approve of the charter of 1672. We trust this defence of the motives of the early worthies of the college will not be deemed misplaced nor irrevelant.

Note B.

We are not among those, who feel a disposition to vilify every thing simply because it is British, because it exists, in the country, from which we have derived our noblest institutions, and our laws. We have, on the contrary, a sincere feeling of respect towards the institutions of that country, which, however imperfect, are the best adapted, with the exception of our own, to promote the freedom and happiness of mankind. But if we should select any part of their system, which is pre-eminently the subject of abuse, it would be their Universities. This opinion is founded on the authority of great and enlightened men in that nation, some of whom have obtained the rank of classical authorities.

The palaces, for they are much more truly so than the tenements (so called) allotted to their monarchs, the palaces of Oxford and Cambridge could not at this day be erected at a less cost than many millions of dollars. Those who may feel inclined to doubt this calculation may consult the separate history of the several Colleges. They will find that a single wing has been re-built at an expense of 100,000 dollars. Christ Church, erected by Cardinal Wolsey, could not now be erected, including its grounds, at a less cost than two millions sterling. The revenues of these 35 or 40 Colleges cannot be less than at least a million more. Yet this immense and costly apparatus is employed in the education, (as to the great mass very imperfect,) of a very limited number of students, when compared with those who receive on the whole, as good or better education, at the simple, and comparatively poor University at Edinburgh. We have recently seen an account of a suit in Chancery relative to the fortune acquired by a Master of one of the British Colleges, in which the Chancellor awarded to the heirs at law vast landed estates, and nearly 50,000 dollars in cash, and decreed besides 450,000 dollars of the Master's accumulations to public charities designated by his will. Surely it is not consonant to our Republican usages to foster such a power; and yet such a power would in process of time inevitably grow up under Colleges so constituted, as the Memorialists contend ours *should be.*

It is difficult for us to perceive what definite powers would be left to the Overseers, or to the Public, if the claim of right set up by the officers is pressed to its legitimate bearing. The term, "fellow," is said to have a "determinate meaning," and that meaning is alleged to include all the rights, privileges, and immunities belonging to a fellow in the English Colleges. As there are 35 or 40 of them *varying* in their statutes, any privilege existing in *any one* English College may be fairly claimed by our fellows, as the charter cites no one of them as a *model.*

What *might* be claimed, we know not; but we see, what *has been* claimed. Our Fellows suggest, as the *right* of a fellow, apartments in the wing of a College. They claim, that the *Tutors* shall be for life, for they expressly declare the wise limitation of triennial election made in 1716, "A new and oppressive innovation," but the most alarming claim of all is, that the analogy to the British Colleges confines the choice of Professors to *fellows*, that is, *to tutors;* under such a construction the College would have been deprived of some of its ablest men. If then, the Overseers are to be met, at every step, by claims of *right;* to be referred to usages, to us unknown, of the British Colleges, we do not readily see what great good they can effect. We admit, that the present officers do not contemplate the introduction of such radical changes; but their principles, if correct, inevitably lead to them; and they may be, *must be* enforced by the Courts of law, the moment you admit the radical principle, that "fellow" is a term of "determinate meaning," and that the Legislature *meant* to vest in the Academic fellows, *all the rights enjoyed by an English fellow.* The only question, in case of conflict with the Overseers would be, is this claim authorized by *British usage?* We think the Public will pause, before they admit such a construction. Yet if, in point of fairness, such is the *true* construction, let it go, and let us build another College, a College, founded on principles more conformable to our own usages and ideas of utility. It is true, that these vast powers may add much to the *weight* and *dignity* of the officers, but whether they will promote the good of the College; will render them more efficient *teachers*, we have great doubts.

NOTE C.

THE memorialists are not quite correct in saying, (page 13,) "that the charter of 1672 omits the *specification* of *five fellows*, "and a Treasurer, and merely enumerates the persons who shall "be President and Fellows respectively." The charter distinctly declares "that the President, Fellows, and Treasurer, "or the Fellows alone, when there is no President, shall be the "immediate Governors." There is no change in this respect. This mistake was probably owing to the memorialists omitting to read the whole charter.

Note D.

Since the foregoing remarks went to press, we received the following document, which seems to destroy *the only remaining prop.*

From Roxbury Church records :

"May 12, 1650. Samuel Danforth recommended and dismissed from Cambridge Church, and *admitted here.*"

[The original charter of the College in which Mr. Danforth's name is inserted as a fellow, is dated May 31, 1650, 19 *days after Mr. Danforth* had *joined the Church at Roxbury, with intent to become their minister.*]

September 24, 1650. The Rev. Mr. Samuel Danforth was ordained Pastor of the Church in Roxbury.

1674. Moneth 8. Day 19. Our Rev. Pastor Mr. Samuel Danforth, sweetly rested from his labours, being sick of a putrid fever 7 days, who was interred the 23d day of the same moneth, aged about 48 years."

We have shewn in the text that he *continued a fellow of the corporation till* 1672, and probably till his death. Will it be pretended *now*, that he was named in the charter *because* he was a *resident fellow*, and with the *intent* he should resign in three months? Why is not his successor in the same parish, Dr. Porter, now a fellow, as eligible as he was? We never doubted, that the memorialists were mistaken in some of their most essential facts, but we did not know that we should be able to shew their error so clearly. Well might the corporation say in 1722, when the right of choosing non-residents was questioned, that it had been the *invariable usage* from the *grant of the charter.*

If Mr. Danforth had been named in the first act, simply because he was an Academic fellow; and if "fellow" had its "determinate meaning," his removal from Cambridge and acceptance of a living, by English laws, *ipso facto vacated* his seat, then why did not President Dunster, a great stickler for academic authority, at once proceed to a new election? NO. This case occurring within four months after the charter proves, and proves incontrovertibly, that our simple ancestors meant no more by the word, "fellow," than associate or member. As the *President* and *Treasurer* had *names of office*, it was necessary to select *some* name to designate the *other* members. They might have called them, Trustees, Directors, or Governors, but they took a word of *general* as well as *particular* import, "FELLOWS;" they could not have anticipated, that such important inferences would, in after ages, be drawn from such an unexceptionable word. It is clear, that neither Dunster, nor the College Fellows had *any such idea*, because they elected Danforth one of the first fellows, after he had removed to Roxbury, and they did not consider his ordination as *creating a vacancy*. If there can be found a case of more complete title, from the words of the charter itself, and *uninterrupted* usage, yes; uninterrupted, since the date of the charter, we are unacquainted with it.

At present, we think the title of the Corporation rests on stronger ground, than that of any other corporate body in the state. It rests on the *explicit* and *unequivocal terms of the charter*, or *an uninterrupted usage of* 174 *years*, and on the *express confirmation* by *the whole people in* 1780, and the *implied confirmation* of *the Convention of* 1821; and we may add, on a succession of legislative acts, and the entire co-operation of the Board of Visiters for the last century. After this statement must we not read with some wonder this sentiment of the memorialists, "that this privilege was in 1806 after 170 years possession, entirely *wrested from them* by the non-resident members of the Corporation."

NOTE E.

WE would say a word or two as to certain *verbal* niceties or subtleties which are mingled with the more sober argument.

There is one, concerning the "equivoque" produced by the indiscriminate use of the words, "fellow," and "member." We need not quote the whole paragraph. Our readers may refer to it in page 10th of the memorial. "In thus making "*Fellow*," say the memorialists, "to signify no more than *Mem*"*ber*, the Corporation is made to consist of *seven* fellows instead "of *five*. The President and Treasurer are, by the charter, "members of the Corporation, and if *fellow imports only member*, "there are seven fellows instead of five, contrary to the provi"sion of the charter which limits the number to five."

We are not in any degree embarrassed by this refined criticism. The case is a *very common one.* Member is the general term in common language. The President is a *member* of the Corporation and *something more;* that is, he *has other duties and powers.* The Treasurer is a *member* and something more; yet neither of these officers are fellows, neither in common parlance nor in legal and academic language. The fellows are members of the Corporation, and nothing more. They are *neither Presidents* nor *Treasurers*, but *members simply.* It was necessary to give *some* name to *those members* of the body politic, who were neither President nor Treasurer. They might have called them by another English word, for socius, associate, or Trustees, or Directors, or Governors; but they preferred a simple English word of general meaning, equivalent to associate, Fellow. A religious body is incorporated by the name of Rector, Wardens and Vestry, and full power to take, hold, and manage property is vested in them. All these persons, though by different names of office, are equally *members of the Corporation;* but the Vestry are not Wardens; nor the Wardens, Rectors; nor the Rector and Wardens on the other hand, *Vestry men.* No person ever supposed that the words, fellow, and, member, were so perfectly confounded, that every one who was a *member* of the Corporation, was also a *fellow.* Nor are we more alarmed at the intimation, page 10th, "that the Corporation, *feeling* "that they *were not fellows* of the *College*, recollecting that "'fellow,' also meant, 'member,' and wishing to cling to the "name, have styled themselves fellows of the Corporation."

As to their *clinging* to the *name*, *that* the charter had prescribed. It was of the very essence of the grant. Corporations *must* act by their corporate *name*. But we ask these Gentlemen, how *they* would proceed, if the Corporation, overwhelmed by the force of the arguments of the memorialists, should gradually all resign, first filling the Corporation with the *true fellows*, as they style themselves. Their ground is, that *every* Tutor and *every* Professor is, from *his election simply*, a *fellow*. If a fellow, he has a right to the title of *Socius;* now as there can be but *five* fellows *at a time* in the body politic, and as the fellows, according to their claim, that is, the *officers concerned in the instruction*, are 20; or if confined to *residents*, 12, by what name could they *now* distinguish the *elected* fellows from those who were simply candidates for all the Professorships, to all future time, as the memorialists believe, and all the seats which may from time to time, become vacant in the Corporation? Would they not be *compelled* to adopt *some* word or phrase to discriminate between the *two* classes of fellows? And could they adopt a better one, than that which our ancestors chose, "Fellows of the Corporation" and "Fellows of the House?"

As, for fifty years after the charter, Academic fellows continued to be admitted, who could not be *fellows of the Corporation*, since those offices continued full by the longevity of the first elected fellows of the corporation, what course could they take but to distinguish them by these different names?

Why then adopt the unfounded suggestion, that this was *done* to *cover a defective title*, when recourse must be had to the *same* expedient, should all the officers *now* be declared Fellows, as they contend they are, and only *five of them* should have the honour of being Fellows of the Corporation!

We think, that the intelligent part of the public, especially those conversant with judicial inquiries, will be convinced, that these suggestions of the memorialists have no bearing on the question.

Longfellow's Poems
The Deserter
Sargent's Poems
Report Am. Tract Soc. 1848
Toplady On Prayer
Zollikofer's Sermons on Education
Eulogy on J. Q. Adams (Everett)
Remarks on Norton on Divinity.
Harvard University (Controversy)